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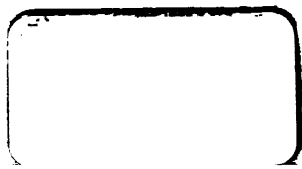
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'Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?'

..... E. B. BROWNING.

'O my sisters ! children small,
Blue-eyed, wailing through the city—
Our own babes cry in them all,
Let us take them into pity !'

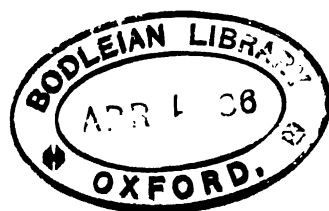
E. B. BROWNING.

LONDON:

WELLS GARDNER, DARTON, & Co.

PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

1885.



To

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

THIS VOLUME

IS, BY PERMISSION, MOST RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated

BY

THE EDITOR.

P R E F A C E.

THIS book, published for the benefit of the NORTH EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, in Hackney Road, I now present to the public, trusting that through their kind help the funds of this Charitable Institution may be increased by the profits derived from the sale.

To the authors and artists who have assisted me in compiling the work I must express my most sincere thanks; I am deeply indebted to them for their valuable and generous contributions, all of which have been so freely and kindly given in aid of this good cause.

To the friends also who have taken an interest in this volume I offer my best thanks.

MARGARET S. TYSSEN AMHERST.

88 BROOK STREET,
June, 1885.

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UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

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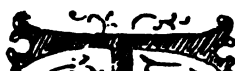
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- (15.) THE HACKNEY HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS (MISS PEARSE), Mare Street, Hackney, E.
- (16.) *Flower Stall.*—
- (17.) *Refreshment Stall.*—
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Fish Pond.—THE MISSES TYSSEN-AMHERST.

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LADY PEASE, Hutton Hall, Guisboro', Yorkshire.
LADY REED, Earlsmead, Hornsey Lane.
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MRS. R. BARCLAY, Hillside, Reigate.
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MRS. HENRY DEVITT, Bay Tree Lodge, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W.
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MISS FOWLER, Glebe-Lands, Woodford, Essex.
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MRS. A. GODLEE, 3 Greenfield Crescent, Birmingham.
MRS. GRIMWADE, St. James' Lodge, Croydon, S.E.
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MRS. A. LISTER, Leytonstone, E.
MISS MORLAND, Heath Lodge, Croydon, S.E.</p> | <p>MRS. MORRIS, Rutland House, Amherst Park, Stamford Hill, N.
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MRS. THOMASSET, Manor House, West Wickham, Kent.</p> |
|--|---|

History of the Hospital.



HE North Eastern dis-

NORTH EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, HACKNEY ROAD.

TO

ALFRED NIXON,

Secretary,

27, CLEMENT'S LANE, E.C.

188

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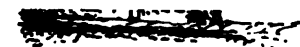
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every hundred
children born in the metropolis twenty-four die annually
during the first two years of life, and during the next

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Annual Subscribers of Half-a-Guinea may recommend TWO OUT-PATIENTS YEARLY.

Annual Subscribers of One Guinea or Donors of Five Guineas may recommend FIVE OUT-PATIENTS yearly.

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IN-PATIENTS.

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All admissions are subject to the approval of the Medical Officers.

The Physicians attend daily at 1.30 p.m. The Surgeons attend on Mondays at 1.30 p.m., and on Fridays at 9 a.m.

N.B.—No In-Patients are admitted under Two Years of age.

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MRS. STATHAMS, 64 Highbury New Park, N.
MRS. THOMASSET, Manor House, West Wickham, Kent.

History of the Hospital.



THE North Eastern district of the Metropolis in which the Hospital is situated comprises the crowded neighbourhoods of Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Haggerston, Hoxton, Hackney, and Kingsland, as well as the outlying neighbourhoods of Stoke Newington, Clapton, Tottenham, Edmonton, Leyton, and Walthamstow, and twenty years since was without any hospital accommodation for the children of the poor.

It has been stated that 'out of every hundred

children born in the metropolis twenty-four die annually during the first two years of life, and during the next

eight years eleven die out of the remaining seventy-six, not because of any dangerous sickness, but for want of sanitary and medical knowledge.'

The institution was commenced in 1867 in a small

house in Virginia Row, the most crowded part of Bethnal Green, as a Dispensary, open twice a-week for women and children ; its founders, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Fox, having become well acquainted with the miserable condition of many of the inhabitants during the cholera epidemic of the previous year.

From the moment the doors were opened the place was thronged with patients, and it was soon found necessary to give medical relief to children only. The fol-

lowing April a larger house was taken at 125 Hackney Road (not far from Shoreditch Church) ; a second physician was appointed, and the Dispensary opened four times a week.



Early in 1869 two small wards, containing twelve beds, were provided, and the institution fairly started as a Hospital for Children. Soon after Dr. and Mrs. Fox were obliged to leave England on account of the ill-health of the latter, and the management of the Hospital was transferred to a Committee.

During the year a third physician was appointed, and the Hospital opened daily; it also became necessary to make special arrangements for surgical cases by appointing a different hour for their attendance, and a surgeon was added to the staff.

As the expenses increased funds were generously supplied; a small fee was from the first, and still is, charged for out-patients not provided with a subscriber's 'letter,' while in the case of in-patients, admitted only by the doctor's order, a small weekly contribution is asked of parents able to pay.

Little as the payments are, collectively they add a good sum to the funds, and the plan has been found salutary for many reasons, especially as checking pauperism.

In 1870 a great need, in the shape of a Home to which children, recovering from illness, might be sent, was supplied by a lady who kindly offered a cottage with garden at Croydon, rent free, for this purpose.

The expenses of the Convalescent Home are borne by the funds of the Hospital, but its management is controlled by a Ladies' Committee on the spot. The fresh air and good food have been the means in many

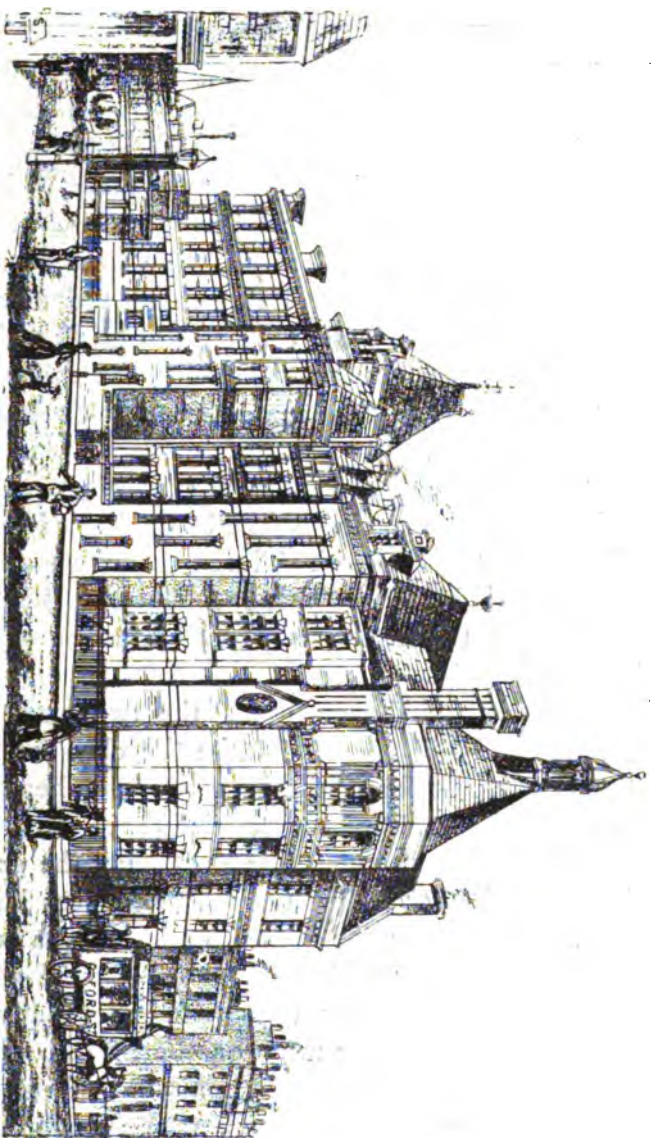
cases of completing the cure commenced in the parent institution.

Day by day the need of better accommodation became more apparent, and with the view of raising funds so as to be enabled to obtain larger premises, it was decided to hold a Bazaar: one was accordingly held at the Cannon Street Hotel in May, 1870, and was opened by H.R.H. Princess Louise. Several of the Princesses contributed articles for sale, and the success of the undertaking was doubtless largely owing to the kind interest which the Royal Family manifested in it.

The next important step was the purchase of freehold premises at 327 Hackney Road. The opening ceremony was held in June, 1872, when H.R.H. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne kindly presided, supported by a large company of distinguished persons, subscribers, and friends.

At first accommodation was found for only twenty beds, but this number was afterwards increased to thirty-two by taking in the adjoining house—the out-patients' department being still carried on at the old premises. A strong appeal was made about this time for annual subscriptions and donations to enable the Committee to erect a building suited to the requirements of the Hospital.

In March, 1874, the out-patients' department of the present Hospital was commenced, the treasurer, W. L. Barclay, Esq., performing the ceremony of laying the inscription stone. Two months later a Bazaar was held in the new building, and opened by Lady Augusta Sturt and



THE NORTH EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, HACKNEY ROAD.

Lady Frederick J. FitzRoy. Her Majesty the Queen and the Princesses again showed their interest by contributing articles for sale.

Two years later the first contract for the new buildings was entered into, and another Bazaar was held at Cannon Street Hotel in June, 1879, to raise the sums required for completing the buildings and furnishing the new wards. It was opened by H.R. and I.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh, and proved a great success. Besides the sums realised during the two days that it lasted, forty-seven cots at 3*l.* 3*s.* each were promised.

On the 2nd June, 1880, the new wards were opened for patients, which constituted the beginning of a new era in the history of the Hospital. The ceremony was performed by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the latter was pleased to name one of the wards after herself.

The present building, besides the two large Wards on the first and second floors (the Barclay for medical and the Connaught for surgical cases), with head nurse's rooms, lavatories, a ward for special cases, and a ward kitchen attached to each, contains a museum, the suspected cases' ward, and a large kitchen, with the offices belonging to it, in the basement; the house surgeon's room and committee-room, together with the out-patients' department, museum, and dispensary on the ground-floor; lady superintendent's room and linen-room on the first floor; on the second the housekeeper's, nurses', and servants' rooms; and on the third is an operating room, while above are more

nurses' rooms, and the flat roof over the ward is railed in so as to form a playground for such children as can be allowed out-of-doors. There is also a mortuary outside the building.

No infectious cases are admitted, but a small ward at a distance from the other part of the Hospital is kept in readiness to receive any suspected case, and an oven has been erected in which the complete bedding of such a patient can be placed and disinfected so as to prevent the spread of disease.

The number of beds now at the disposal of the Committee is fifty-five; these are generally full, and on occasions a few extra have had to be made up. In the Convalescent Home at Croydon, nine beds are provided, and in some cases convalescents are sent to a home at Northwold. This Home is in no way under the control of the Committee; but through the kindness of a lady subscriber residing in Norfolk, a certain number of the beds are placed at the disposal of the Hospital.

The number of out-patients is very large, numbering 14,249 during last year (1884).

Some years since the ladies started a Samaritan Fund in connexion with the Hospital, in order to provide clothing and, where necessary, surgical appliances for children upon their leaving. This Fund is kept separate from the General Funds, but a balance-sheet is published annually with the other accounts.

Recognising the importance of the institution and

the good work it is doing, the Hospital Sunday and Saturday Funds have, from the first, given it donations.

The following table shows the number of patients treated from the commencement to the end of 1884.

	1867-8 (to June 30 1868).	1868-9	1869-70	1870-71	1871-2	1872-3	June 30 (to Dec. 31 1873).
Number of Out-Patients	3,479	7,121	10,789	11,608	10,940	11,745	6,065
Number of Attendances	11,205	21,852	36,310	37,217	34,895	36,946	16,026
Number of In-Patients, including those sent to Convalescent Home	98	134	112	201	93

	1874	1875	1876	1877	1878	1879	1880
Number of Out-Patients	12,245	13,677	13,752	13,308	13,961	13,472	14,033
Number of Attendances	41,649	50,625	49,644	44,925	46,366	45,058	46,661
Number of In-Patients including those sent to Convalescent Home	262	316	356	330	379	397	456

	1881	1882	1883	1884
Number of Out-Patients	13,221	13,633	14,548	14,249
Number of Attendances	45,851	45,232	47,851	47,542
Number of In-Patients	447	394	528	522
Number of Patients sent to Convalescent Home ...	116	95	109	98

For some time the heavy debt has been felt to be a dead weight, only to be removed by some strenuous effort. Every economy is exercised, but the necessary expenditure is large, and during the last few years, in consequence of the depressed condition of trade, the annual subscriptions and donations have shown a continual falling off. To meet this deficit (nearly 4000*l*.) it has been decided to hold a Bazaar as on former occasions; this has been found to be the most ready method of bringing in a substantial sum, and the Committee appeal to their kind friends to give them their support, and thus save the Hospital from the financial danger which overhangs it.


At the same time they most urgently ask for fresh subscriptions, so as to place their annual income on a more substantial footing.

It is feared that, should the debt not soon be wiped off, it may be necessary to close some of the wards or otherwise curtail some of the useful work it is now carrying on. Surely no one who has it in his or her power to give the smallest help in preventing so sad an event will refuse to do so.



A Roumanian Romance.

I.

 BRIGHT spring day was drawing to its close. From the heights of the Hradschin, the ancient palace of the Bohemian kings, a young English couple looked down upon the quaint old city of Prague, which stretched out beneath them, and the gleaming river on which the venerable form of St. John Nepomuk appeared to gaze with a natural satisfaction at being no longer immersed in its waters. Something undefinable in their appearance and their manner revealed the fact to every one, from whom they anxiously strove to conceal it, that the English sightseers were a newly married couple. There is generally a polish about fresh matrimonial felicity which, like the glossiness of a new hat, shows that the object round which it plays has not yet been freely exposed to hard usage in the battle of life.

A young and an old native regarded the foreign tourists with eyes expressive of widely varying sensations. At length the youth's reflections resulted in words :—

‘How happy must that fellow be!’ he said. ‘He is young, and strong, and handsome. Like all Englishmen, he is doubtless rich, and he certainly has a lovely wife. What a complexion she has! What a wealth of golden hair! How the true goddess reveals herself in her gait!

If I were he, I would fling my best ring into the Moldau. I should like to fling at him the moiety of a brick.'

To him the old man, sardonically smiling, replied : 'Wait, as an English sage has said, till you come to the age of twoscore : then, in such couples as the one which stands yonder, you will recognize two more unfortunates, linked together, with more than Mezentian cruelty, till death does them part. If you want a lesson, go and listen to the cooing of these newly-paired doves. You will not understand its language, but its tone will teach you that to marry is a verb which has no perfect tense.'

Having thus spoken the senior departed, and was soon lost to sight in the rising shadows of evening. The junior followed his lessening figure for a time with his eyes, and then with dubious footsteps followed his advice. Furtively creeping close to the bride and bridegroom, he inclined his Czech ear to their English talk. To his surprise its tone was tart, even acrimonious. Gravely shaking his head, he stole away, sadder but wiser, saying to himself : 'It must be all his fault. A woman who has such long eyelashes cannot possibly be to blame.'

II.

TIMOTHY DIBB and his bride Hermione (*née* Azursang), the English gazers from the Hradschin's height, were to all appearance a perfectly well-matched couple. No fault in

my father. But I am sorry for my brother, and before I go I ask you to set him free, if you cannot trust him for all in all. It would be better for him in the end, and it would be more just and kind.'

Kitty made no answer, except a slight bend of the head. The cruel words stung her into pride. Barbara turned away, then paused and looked over her shoulder at the girl's drooping figure. But as she did not speak, Barbara gathered up her flowers and went her way, and Kitty saw her no more.

Ere long she and her father left the country also. They travelled far, and Barbara had many lovers, but she gave back love to none. And she did not return to the old house in the woods.

Harvest was gathered in, and the days shortened, and the slow months passed by. Kitty lived on monotonously with Alison and Paul and the big, wise colley who had been friends with Rupert. She talked more to him than to anyone about her absent lover, telling him how true and faithful Rupert was, though he could send no word to her from his far exile. 'He could not be so loyal to her,' she told him, 'if he were less true to the promise he had given to his father.' And did Jock remember Rupert? Was it for him the dog was waiting and watching, when he pricked his ears, and roused himself suddenly, and rushed barking into the garden? Would it not be a grand day, a beautiful day, when Rupert came home—Jock felt quite sure he would come? And Jock listened, licking her

hand, and giving short gruff barks, and he did his best for the little mistress who sometimes cried over him in quiet corners. Still he was not quite enough for her. Her tender nature needed the daily nourishment of kind words, and bright looks, of hope and praise—just the sound of a voice now and then, and the touch of a beloved hand. This silence—this blank dead silence—slowly broke her down. To doubt showed weakness; but let her be gently judged, poor child,—her very humility and self-distrust were all against her. She thought so little of herself, so much of Rupert. In the dark day of trial her faith faltered.

‘The child grows quieter and paler every day, Paul.’

‘Do you think so?’

‘Poor lamb!’ Alison was quite indignant, ‘You might see it for yourself.’

‘Not the quietness.’

‘Ah! you don’t watch her as I do. She does her best to seem cheerful before you.’

Paul smiled; he did not care to explain. What use in pointing out to this gentle, unobservant woman the signs of secret struggle that he was horribly familiar with: the restless eyes, the aimless wandering from place to place, the fits of feverish industry, the unfinished tasks, books eagerly begun and thrown aside unread, flowers gathered and left carelessly to fade, fitful bursts of gaiety sinking into dreamy silence all at once.

Paul saw it all with his queer watchfulness; he saw, but he made no sign. His was the cruel kindness, or the kind cruelty, which can endure to see suffering, without raising a

the unsavoury comparisons which his wife had, during the course of the day, established between her family and his.

‘I shall hate the map of Europe,’ he thought. ‘Paris will always be associated in my mind with her remarks about my great-uncle, the pork butcher. The name of Cologne will ever remind me that its stench suggested to her a reference to my father’s connexion with tallow. And the same with every other city we have visited. Here, at Prague, she has girded at the whole of my collateral kinsfolk. What she will find to say, when we get to Bucharest, I don’t know, but I am sure it will be something disagreeable about the race of Dibb. I’ve a good mind to change my name. But what if I were to change my conduct? Shade of Petruchio, could’st thou help me now?’

So saying, he flung away a half-smoked cigar in a pet, and sought the hospitable walls of the *Schwarzes Ross*—where, by this time, Hermione was tranquilly slumbering; dreaming agreeably of her beloved husband, whom she secretly worshipped, although she could not help teasing him about the lowliness of his origin, and the plebian nature of his kith and kin.

III.

A FEW days later the travellers found themselves at Bucharest. The wife was delighted by its bright and gay life, but to the husband it proved a City of anything but Joy. For there his annoyances culminated.

The Roumanians, it is well known, are great talkers. They pride themselves on the looseness of their tongues, which, in this respect, are said by their enemies to be in accordance with their morals. Possibly influenced by their verbosity, Hermione really talked—though some of her best friends would have thought it impossible—more than ever. And the subjects of her utterance were, even more than previously, the social inferiority of her husband, and the absence of blueness from the fluid which coursed in the veins of his relatives. He became exceedingly annoyed. That was nothing new. What was more serious, he detected in himself, with a shudder, a tendency towards becoming bored.

One day he found sitting next him at dinner, an old man whose face, he knew not why, vaguely reminded him of Prague. It was the hoary cynic who had talked so disagreeably about matrimonial bliss on the terrace of the Hradschin. Timothy had seen him there without consciously taking any notice of him ; but now that he met him again, unconscious cerebration gradually developed before his eyes that sunset, during the performance of which Hermione had made herself so unpleasant. After a time he entered into conversation with his neighbour, who knew English well, having learnt it, he said, in order to be able thoroughly to appreciate the misogynic railings of Bartle Massey in *Adam Bede*.

The bitterness of the old Bohemian acted like a tonic on the irritated nerves of the young Englishman, and the two chance acquaintances became great friends. Hermione,

also, took kindly to the sarcastic sage, who pleasantly reminded her of an exceptionally hideous old monkey, which had been the delight of her childhood. Whenever she talked in his presence about her husband's relatives, the greybeard looked at her in a way that reminded her of that monkey's expression when about to bite. It happened one evening, when the three friends were sitting together, apart from the other inmates of their hotel, that Hermione held forth with more than usual acidity on her habitual theme. When she had finished, a sudden silence prevailed. She looked at her companions, and saw that her husband was very pale, and that he was biting his lips, like a young girl on the way up-stairs to a ball-room. The old Bohemian was staring at her hard, and looking more than ever like the monkey of her youthful days.

At length he broke the silence. 'Shall I tell you a story,' he said.

'Pray do,' replied Hermione; while Timothy nodded assent. He was too vexed to speak.

'Very well,' said the old Bohemian. 'I will tell you a Roumanian story, a genuine popular tale, which I heard from a native of this city the other day. For I know Roumania well. Its national literature contains many disagreeable truths about women.'

Having thus spoken, he began his tale, which ran as follows.

IV.

‘ONCE upon a time, in a distant land, beyond the seven seas and the thirty-three mountains, there lived a king who had one fair daughter. Her character was, in most respects, as charming as her form and features ; she was always good-humoured and gay, for no one ever contradicted her, and she was invariably allowed to do what she pleased. She was devoted to art, and music she fairly worshipped. Her music master was probably the only person living whom she had once or twice permitted to hint that she could possibly be in the wrong. She was adored by her father’s subjects, who spent a good deal of their time in wondering what prince or other potentate was worthy of her hand.

‘From time to time the king presented to his daughter some royal suitor who longed to make her his own. But she rejected one wooer after another, not finding among these august amateurs a single voice that did not sing false. One day, however, a voice reached her ears which was true, and clear, and sonorous. It went straight to her heart, and instantly possessed itself of that hitherto unsusceptible organ.

‘“Whence come those rapturous notes ?” she asked her lady-in-waiting, who was not so musical as deaf.

‘“From a fisher-lad in the courtyard,” was the reply ; who has brought the fish for his majesty’s third breakfast.”

‘“Let me see him at once,” cried the princess.

‘The fisher-lad was ushered into her presence. He was pleasant to look upon, and a briny odour agreeably

exuded from his simple but picturesque costume. No awkwardness prevented him from showing to advantage. He not ungracefully bowed low before the princess, and then, at her request, sang to her nineteen baracolles. He would have completed the score, but he was interrupted by the lady-in-waiting, who was seized by a violent access of that species of fidgets to which an eminent artist has given the name of jim-jams.

‘The princess dismissed the singer with a present of flowers, for she always liked bestowing those gifts best which cost her nothing, and then proceeded to inform her royal parent that she wished to marry the tuneful fisher-lad. The king protested, and did his best to modify his daughter’s choice. But, as the hour of his third breakfast was close at hand, and an appetising odour of fried fish began to pervade the palace, he at length reluctantly gave his consent to the marriage.

‘The fisher-lad was made aware of his good fortune, and provided straightway with a wedding-garment. The bridal arrangements were soon made, and within twenty-four hours after his first performance in the palace, the young singer became the king’s son-in-law.

‘As the young couple sat in their chairs of state at the wedding-breakfast, a hard-boiled egg was solemnly placed before them. For in that country it was an essential part of the marriage ceremony that the bride and bridegroom should share an egg between them. Scholars trace in this custom the survival of a cosmogonic myth. However this may be, the egg-sharing was regarded by all who were

present at the banquet as a rite of the greatest importance. The bridegroom broke the egg-shell, and was about to divide its contents equitably between himself and his bride, when she suddenly demanded more than her fair share of the delicacy.

“Why so, my adored one?” asked her astonished husband.

“Because I am a princess, and you are only a fisher-lad,” she replied, in a tone the reverse of melodious.

Her husband was so vexed that he rose from his seat, cried with a loud voice, “I will never speak to you again,” and abruptly left the banquet-hall. The princess, after eating the whole of the egg, sent to inquire after her husband. But he had disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

Days, weeks, months passed by, but no tidings of the runaway reached the palace, in which the princess remained secluded, a prey to sorrow and bad temper. At last she determined to leave her home, and roam about the world in pursuit of her fugitive lord. In vain did her father weep, and her lady-in-waiting warn her that she would probably catch cold. With a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a change of raiment stowed away in a wallet on her back, she set forth on her lonely journey, resolved either to find her husband or to spend her days in exile.

Long did she wander fruitlessly, until her hopes had all but vanished. Her shoes gave way, and her robe became ragged, but still her strong will kept her up.

She encountered many perils, and was favoured with divers proposals of marriage, but she met them all alike with equal resolution and contempt. At length one evening, in a humble tavern, which she entered in quest of a night's lodging, she recognised in the tapster the husband who had deserted her. To rush up to him, to fling her arms round his neck, and to address him in terms of mingled reproach and tenderness, was the work of an instant. To her intense surprise he made no reply. He did not even respond to her caresses; but having extricated himself from them he gravely went on serving beer. Rising in haste from their seats the spectators of this strange scene felt no delicacy about expressing their opinion that the unkempt, travel-stained, and imperfectly shod woman before them was out of her mind.

"I am not mad," she cried, hysterically; "I only want my husband."

"What husband?" exclaimed the bystanders in chorus.

"This is my husband," screamed the unfortunate princess, pointing to the silent tapster, who still continued to mutely serve beer. "I fell in love with him because he used to sing beautifully, and he ran away from the wedding breakfast-table, and now that I have found him I want to take him back again home."

"Nonsense!" again chorussed the company. "That's not your husband. He's been tapster here for ever so long, and besides he's deaf and dumb."

"He's no more deaf and dumb than you are, and I'll

wager my head that I'll make him talk before three days are out," shouted the princess, who began to lose her temper.

"Well, that's fair enough," said the company. "If you can make him talk before twelve o'clock on the third night from now, you shall take him away with you. If you cannot we will cut your head off."

This was agreed to on all sides, and a formal document was drawn up, stating the conditions of the wager. The princess entered on her task with confidence, feeling assured that she would soon make her husband talk if not sing. But all her attempts proved unsuccessful. The silent tapster remained absolutely mute. In vain did she inform him of her undiminished affection, and assure him that if he would only return all should be forgiven. Equally fruitless were the compliments she paid to the rare quality of his voice and the exquisite finish of his execution. Insensible alike to caresses and compliments, he still stolidly served beer. Then she tried sarcasm, and followed it up with objurgation; but not a sound escaped from his lips, not even did a muscle quiver in his visage. The first and second day passed by, the third arrived. But still the tapster remained mute. As the third night drew near, the princess began to grow uneasy. She redoubled her efforts, but still in vain. A tremor seized her head, which seemed to her to be detaching itself from her body. With a shudder she looked on at the preparations which were being made for her approaching decapitation. It seemed to her most unkind

that the frequenters of the tavern should be gloating over the huge carving-knife which was being sharpened for the purpose, and measuring with morbid curiosity the dimensions of the pie-dish intended to hold her royal blood. By the time that the clock struck eleven she was almost in a state of collapse. By a quarter to twelve she had abandoned all attempt to make her husband speak, and sat by his side as silent as he. Silent also were all the lookers on. Eager as they were for the excitement of an unusual spectacle, they could not without emotion gaze at the symmetrically shaped head which drooped towards the frame from which it was so soon to be severed, as if exchanging a last farewell with the comrade of its life-journey. As for the princess, her brain was almost dazed. Glimpses of her past were revealed to her mental vision, recollections of infancy thrilled her with sudden starts, but entirely without reason; the notes of a five-finger exercise for the piano that had troubled her childish days rang incessantly in her ears. One minute to twelve arrived, and she was just preparing to die, when suddenly the tapster turned to her, and cried aloud,

“Will you ever call me a fisher-lad again?”

“Never! never!” she almost screamed.

“Then in that case,” said he, “we had better go back to your father’s.”

‘The husband and wife, entirely reconciled, embraced each other tenderly. The clock struck twelve. The carving-knife and pie-dish were employed for festive purposes, and the bystanders were consoled by a sumptuous

supper for the disappointment they had undergone. Before very long the young couple reappeared in the royal palace, and in it they lived happily ever afterwards. For the wife, rendered wise by suffering, never again taunted her husband with the lowness of his origin.*

V.

‘WHAT a nice story!’ said Hermione, when the tale had come to an end; ‘but how abominably the husband behaved to the wife, who only told him the truth. Don’t you think so, Timothy?’

Timothy made no reply. He sat silent, gazing out of window with eyes which seemed to regard more than the gathering shades of evening and the fireflies which chequered them with slowly sailing orbs of greenish light. Hermione turned to the old Bohemian, and was more than ever struck by his likeness to the monkey she had loved so tenderly and so long ago. Like the princess in the tale to which she had been listening, she found her mind irresistibly drawn towards her early days. Odours of violets gathered by her childish fingers in mossy dells seemed to be wafted in through the open window; sounds that had been familiar to her girlish

* The frame-work of this story has been borrowed from the 8th of Krennitz’s *Rumänische Märchen*.

the departure of three millions of the inhabitants of the Delta with the spoils of the people, the prosperity of upper Egypt still remained. Thebes, with its hundred gates, was indeed a mighty city; a city of palaces and temples, every one of which was a fortress, and through the middle of it, for it covered both banks, rolled the blue river of their god Nilus.

The palace of Rhampsinitus was, we need scarcely say, that which his ancestor had built, Medinet Abou. It is even now a beautiful structure, and deeply interesting to the English traveller, as holding still within its spacious walls the ruins of a lesser Christian temple, the metropolitan centre of a very early Christian Church of no inconsiderable numbers. At the day we speak of, the gods of old Egypt reigned without a rival, and Rhampsinitus was not without his pious reputation, for he had built a small but light and pretty shrine to Amun Ra. No palace or temple was more beautifully situate than Medinet Abou. Its tall pyramidal towers, its numerous elegant columns and statues, were surrounded by the dwelling-houses of this suburb. A grove of palm trees every here and there lent shade and coolness to its precincts, and behind it rose the highest peak of the snow-white range of the Libyan hills, whose slopes and rocky valleys were everywhere pierced with the tombs of kings and nobles in the harder stone, of peasants and dependents in the more friable stratum near the river.

And Rhampsinitus was a man of wealth! The harvest of Egypt had once more confessed the power of the benign Isis, and had filled the royal granaries with corn—the

royal coffers with considerable treasure. Strange, that the wealth of Rhampsinitus should have in any way depended on the regency of Joseph in the days of Aphophis the Shepherd King. But so it was that to his policy in first exhausting the treasures of the princes and nobles, who had hitherto been the purveyors, and therefore the actual rulers of the king, by compelling them to sell their land for corn, and then returning it with seed-corn on condition of a tribute ever after of a tenth of all the produce to the king, our patriarch had made Egypt's Pharaohs independent of their nobles, and richer in proportion than their wealthiest subjects.

So Rhampsinitus was very rich ; and as, alas ! the love of money ever increaseth with its abundance, our Pharaoh, we fear, began to love his money better than his people, from whom he exacted his full tenth with rigid punctuality. And what tended rather to increase this miserly propensity was the fact that, like his brother, he had no male heir to spend it for him.

One lovely daughter, however—the tall and graceful Amunethis—was the darling of her father, and the brightest ornament of his palace. Her hair was raven-black, bound up beneath a light golden head-dress, representing an eaglet, whose wings overshadowed either side, whilst the head bent in graceful curvature upon her high clear forehead. Her eyes were dark, yet scarcely black. There was a play of blue, dark deep, but bright, and sometimes flashing, which redeemed them from any sombre tendency ; her eyebrows finely pencilled, and her

long dark eyelids, stained with stibium, lent elegance and relief to the brightness which they covered. Her teeth were pearls, which shone the whiter for the somewhat brunette complexion which generally characterises Egyptian beauty. Her figure, tall and commanding, told of royal lineage, whilst the somewhat stiff, though graceful, bend of a fair proportioned neck, combined with the occasional flash of a proud eye to tell of a determined character. How should a Princess of Egypt, and probably a Royal Priestess of Amun - Rè, be otherwise than proud and impatient of control? Need we say that that Amunethis was a prize worthy to be sought by all the young princes of her father's kingdom? Wealth, beauty, and the probable succession to the throne, combined to bring many suitors for the hand of Rhampsinitus's lovely daughter. For none, however, had she ever yet shown any preference.

Now, as is but too common, Rhampsinitus had for some time been fondly persuading himself that his love of money was not avarice, but a prudent desire to lay by a store for his only daughter Amunethis. Often did he say to himself, 'Whoever wins her hand shall, at least, hold up his head among the princes of Thebes or Memphis.' Already, therefore, had he filled several coffers with golden rings, carefully weighed to the full talent by the Apis weight, when it struck him that suspicions would soon arise among the carpenters if he caused so many boxes to be made; and, perhaps, during some absence from home the palace might be less carefully guarded, and a bold robber carry off a chest—perhaps

even their lives might be endangered! He would have no more chests! A new idea had struck his mind—that he would build a treasury. And that of such solid masonry as should defy all access from without; and there he would lay his gold in bags or heaps, and keeping fast the key ever about his person, he felt confident it would be secure.

But whom should he get to build it? With whom entrust the secret purpose with which it seemed necessary that the mason should be acquainted? It happened that there still lived on the other, or eastern side of the Nile, close by the Temple of Karnak, an old mason named Piphthah, who had in his younger days been employed by his father in building the Temple of Medinet Abou.

Indebted to his father for much patronage and employment, he thought that Piphthah would be sufficiently bound to him in trust and confidence, and of his great skill he had no doubt. So for Piphthah he sent.

Whilst his messenger is going we will introduce our readers to the family whither he is wending his way not too quickly, for a burning sun shines in a cloudless sky above his head, and he is taking advantage of every bit of shade by the way.

The house of Piphthah was built of sun-dried bricks, none but princes and priests having theirs of stone. With making these masons had nothing to do. Brick-making was a monopoly of Pharaoh's, and woe to the builder who should use a brick not duly stamped with the king's mark. Nevertheless, the house was large for a tradesman.

little wordless peals of hope from their white bells, beneath the dry boughs where a robin was singing.

Poor Robin! his song did not come very brightly, for he was shivering and rather hungry, and the north wind blew. But he saw the snowdrops, and therewith a little strain of hope was mingled in his song, and he sang that though the winter was long, and the berries were all gone, yet that he could wait now, for the snowdrops had a message of hope and spring for every patient heart. They clustered, those little white messengers, all down a bank, and below it lay a lonely, frozen, silent, tree-encircled pool of water, hidden away in the woods, desolate and beautiful.

For the snow fell on it, and made it white and glistening, and the sun shone on it and brought out its hidden gold gleams and its diamond sparks, and the wind blew over it and stirred the snow, and laid bare the solemn purple mystery of its ice surface. Then again the thaw roughened it, and rain-drops made round holes in the snow, and the fair ice-plain grew uncomely. But to-day, as the snowdrops trembled in the wind, and the wintry sun shone mistily, the mere was glad and beautiful again, for it was swept quite bare of snow by the north blast, and newly polished into a smooth darkness.

Behold too, suddenly, voices, and laughter, and flashes of bright colour, had lighted up the lonely spot, for a merry group of skaters had come winding through the wood, and now were flying hither and thither across the ice. And the rough wind rejoiced over them, and the robin warbled louder than ever, and the red sun shone down. Only at

one end of the pool, where the great birch-trees overhung the water, there was shadow, and a shelter from the wind under the snowdrop bank.

‘Rupert! oh, Rupert, can it be true?’

It was a girl’s voice; very clear and soft, and full of surprised gladness.

‘True, little Kitty! true? Won’t you trust me?’

He stood grasping a handful of the slender birchen boughs that, sweeping into the water, had been caught fast and frozen, and as Kitty clung tight to his outstretched arm, he steadied himself on his skates by holding the flexible stems.

He was teaching her to skate, but graceful little Kitty was as awkward as possible, and could not manage it at all. Her feet had a way of sliding under her, and the ice seemed to rise up to meet the back of her head. Very slowly they had come hand in hand across the pond, he laughing, swaying easily, bending down towards her: she, flushed, happy, frightened, grasping at his arm, and it was ever, ‘Don’t be afraid, Kitty. I’ll take care of you. Can’t you trust me, little Kitty? I have got you fast.’

And Kitty trusted him, and yet was frightened still. Bravely she has balanced herself on one of her little skates; daringly she makes a glide forward, then falters, sways round, and falls helplessly against Rupert’s shoulder.

‘Never fear, Kitty, I have got you fast.’

She looks up at him half alarmed, half laughing, and he—looks back into the brown eyes. It is but a little

secret door about twenty yards to a secluded spot in a grove of palms, where the tamarisk combined to hide the lower space, and soon the work was set on foot.

In vain Mauthophre tried to wheedle the secret out of her husband ; he knew too well that curiosity likes nothing better than to tell a secret. But many a time did Piphthah ponder in his own mind the use to which his work was to be put, and again and again did the thought arise, How easy it would be for the mason to contrive a way by which a little of that superfluous gold might come all unperceived into his hands. Though honest in a general way, Piphthah was still an Egyptian. Moreover Rhampsinitus had screwed him down so tightly in his price that he thought it only fair if he could recoup himself a bit. And the temptation proved so strong that he at length devised a truly cunning means whereby he could at any time gain access to the treasury of the king.

All who are acquainted with the wonderful masonry even of the oldest Pyramids are aware of the beautiful accuracy with which the stones fit one another. Stones twenty feet long and six feet square are laid so closely one on another that it is impossible to insert the blade of a pen-knife between the joints. And Piphthah, having laid the foundation of the treasury a whole stone's width beyond the wall he was about to erect upon it, devised the first course so that one corner stone, *relieved by the course above of any weight*, should fit so accurately as that it should be impossible to perceive, by the closest scrutiny, that it had been put in *without cement*. No eye beheld when this stone was

laid down, but well the mason knew the treacherous spot. And as rapidly then as ever their arms could hew the stones, the old man and his sons pushed on the work until the massive treasury was at length completed. No window was inserted anywhere in sight, but on the cupola above, two narrow slits let in both light and air and yet ingeniously kept out the rain. The door of the treasury which opened into the secret passage was of massive stone, and turned upon strong iron pivots at the top and bottom. A strong lock of curiously made wards was inserted into the stone door and shot its massive bolt into the doorpost, of large pyramidal proportions, which surrounded the entrance.

The old mason was dismissed, having been paid his stipulated price, and soon was Rhampsinitus busily engaged in loading the stone shelves, with which the treasury abounded, with heap after heap of gold. Often after midnight might the creaking door be heard to turn, and when it closed again, not content with locking it, the Miser King would set his seal upon the opening chink, so that it was impossible for any to enter without its being known.

For several years the treasury remained inviolate. Closely Piphthah kept his precious secret ; nor was it till the general decline of work, which ensued upon the ceasing of temple building throughout the land, that he at length began to find himself driven by poverty to test his dangerous contrivance. Then, all alone, he crept at night through the tamarisk grove, and found himself close to the well-known corner-stone. He had provided himself with a very fine-pointed hard trowel. A little sand that he had

laid beneath the unweighted stone enabled it to slip, all too easily, upon the smooth foundation-stone without: and carefully inserting the fine point of his hard trowel, Piphthah soon felt the stone slide out sufficiently for him to get in his hand, and roll it back till there was an open space through which he might easily creep in. Eagerly he listened, but all was still. He lighted a small taper he had brought with him, and for a moment his eyes gloated upon the heaped-up masses of the bright gold rings which everywhere met his view. But he had little time to tarry; so hastily loading himself with as many as he could carry, taking them from the most obscure corner, he crept back through the secret opening, and at once proceeded, with true masonic skill, to replace the stone with all its former accuracy.

Rhampsinitus never missed his purloined treasure, nor did Piphthah ever tell of his ill-gotten prize. Slowly, and by little at a time, did he give Mauthophre money—for which he accounted by casual employment; and his sons were supplied with no less careful parsimony. But the crafty mason was fast growing old, and the once ample store was dwindling swiftly away, when Piphthah was seized with dangerous illness, and there was every prospect of his wife and sons being left in woeful want. Long, however, did he struggle between his conscience and his penury. He thought of the Hall of Osiris and the awful jury of Assessors of the dead. He saw the scales of judgment weighing up his guilty soul, and the terrors of his transmigration into the body of an unclean swine again and

again deterred him from revealing to his sons the fatal secret. At length, however, the tears of his wife and the thought of the destitution of his family prevailed, and calling his two sons alone to his bedside he revealed to them the secret of the movable corner-stone, imploring them to use their discovery in the most cautious manner. He soon after breathed his last.

Sincere and deep was the sorrow of Mauthophre, and, indeed, of his two sons, for they both loved and respected their father. His body was embalmed, his mummy placed upright in the room of mourning. Funeral feasts, however humble, had to be provided, and when at length the mummy was conveyed to its final tomb there was scarcely a piece of money left in the house.

The two brothers looked at one another ! It was long since their father had made a raid upon the treasury, so they thought they might safely take now a little more money without discovery. Accordingly at night they sallied forth. They soon found and removed the stone ; they both crept in ; and loading their bags with as many ingots as they could well carry, taking a little from one heap and a little from another, so that it might not be missed, they slunk silently away, replaced the stone, and safely reached their home.

Both brothers agreed now that it was better to reveal the secret to their mother, who, delighted with this sudden reverse of wealth, soon began to add to their comforts and to her own adornment. The young men, too, began to indulge in gayer dress and better food, only being prudent

enough not to let their neighbours suspect that they had suddenly grown rich. But, alas ! what is easily got is soon spent ; the thought that they could as easily come by more was too great a temptation ! In short, their visits to the treasury became so frequent that Rhampsinitus began to miss his gold. At first he thought it must be impossible. He examined the seal on the door ; it had never been broken. He looked at every stone in the building ; there was no sign of any opening. Still feeling certain that his heaps had lessened he resolved to place some gold in such a manner, marking its exact position, that he should be quite certain if it disappeared.

For some months all was safe, and Rhampsinitus began to think he must have been mistaken : till bringing soon after another heap he beheld at once his test-heaps disarranged, and no inconsiderable portion of his gold undoubtedly gone. How could it have happened ? In vain he tried to think how it was possible any one could gain an access to this strongest of treasuries. Was it possible that the evil spirit Seti had stolen his money ? Once more he would examine the building, and this time he held the light close to the floor, and there he perceived surely enough the marks of a sandalled foot ! Alas ! it had been the time of the inundation of the Nile—the blue mud had been on the ground the last time the brothers entered, and they never thought upon the footmarks they had left behind. What course shall the King take now ? He could detect no possible means of entrance, yet some there undoubtedly must be. And Rhampsinitus soon made up his mind what he

would do. He caused to be made a strong steel trap, which he fastened close down upon the floor and chained to an iron ring let so firmly into the stone that it could never be pulled out without long chiselling. The trap was so made that it would grasp the leg with unerring hold and lock itself with a spring lock which it was impossible to open.

Months passed again, and no sign of any intruder met the eyes of Rhampsinitus. But in an evil hour, when their ill-gotten wealth had been again expended, the two brothers resolved once more to visit the treasury; this time to reap the too sure punishment of long-indulged guilt. The stone was safely removed as before. The elder brother Setmai entered first, and having helped his brother Thothmenes to rise, was stepping back, when, in an instant, the trap was sprung; his leg was firmly clasped. The fatal spring closed with a sudden snap, and poor Setmai was inextricably fastened to the spot.

His first impulse was to cry out with agony, for, indeed, the grasp at his ankle was painful in the extreme. But the thought that this would bring immediate discovery prevailed to stop his cry, and he besought his astonished brother to attempt his delivery.

Thothmenes now struck a light, examined in every way the trap—exerted all his strength to open its jaws of steel. We need hardly say his every effort was in vain. What was to be done?

‘Fly, Thothmenes!’ the agonised brother cried. ‘Leave me to the fate which cannot be prevented. Why should

we both die, and leave our mother to starve, the stone left open, and the secret exposed to the infuriate king? Fly, do! the night already waxes late; the daylight will soon rouse the early risers from their beds, and all of us will perish miserably together.'

'Alas! alas! my dear brother! How can I save myself, and leave you to a miserable death? For the exasperated Pharaoh will no doubt inflict the cruellest torture on you?'

'You cannot possibly help me, dearest brother,' cried the almost fainting Setmai. 'Think of our poor mother, and flee whilst you yet can! Yet stay, dear Thothmenes, even your flight will not suffice. I shall be known, for Rhampsinitus has often seen us working together; then you and mother will alike be taken, brought to the torture, and cruelly put to death. There is but one course open; kill me at once. It will save my being tortured; then cut off my head and flee with it. Replace the stone as heretofore, and carry home with you the only witness of our identity.'

Poor Thothmenes, what could he do? No possible alternative could be found. With a trembling hand he drew a sharp knife from his belt, and kissing tenderly the fainting Setmai, he drew the knife rapidly and deeply across his throat, severing at one cut the head from the body. In an instant life and pain were ended, whilst the body of Setmai, resting against a shelf, stood upright still, a headless corpse!

It was with some difficulty that the shuddering Thoth-

menes was able to replace the stone. And when he did, he placed his brother's head in the bag he had intended for the gold. Not an ingot could he touch! He bore his ghastly burden to his home in safety. But, oh! what a tale to tell his mother! Poor Mauthophre! willingly would she have restored an hundredfold the gold she had received, had it been possible to get back her loving son. She must not even mourn for him in public. They must invent some excuse for his absence, and indulge their grief alone together at night.

In the meantime, what was passing at Medinet Abou? It so happened that the very next day Rhampsinitus proceeded to carry to his treasury another bag of gold. Little thought had he, when he removed the seal and turned the key in the ponderous lock, that he should find his trap sprung and the thief caught. But when he entered, and perceived, by the light of the little openings above, a headless trunk, standing up, caught in his trap, with no sign whatever of his admittance, and no conceivable means for the elopement of the head, the astonishment of the miser was beyond conception!

Unwilling to call his guard to the secret treasury, the king at length produced the key of the steel trap, and opening the jaws, released the lifeless body from its hold. Then, dragging forth the corpse into the open court, he summoned at once his guards. He told them a thief had been found in the palace, whose head had no doubt been removed by an accomplice, and that he was determined to discover the perpetrator of the deed.

Now, of all the indignities to which a dead body can be subjected, there is none, in Egypt, equal to the exposure of the corpse hung to a wall in a public place. Our readers will remember the suspension of the bodies of Saul and his sons on the walls of Bethshan, and the cry of shame which caused David at every risk to get them burial.

Such a sense of shame—such a cry of agony—burst from the unhappy Mauthophre when Thothmenes brought home the dreadful intelligence.

‘Oh! my son, you must get him away! Indeed, indeed, you must!—even if you risk your life in doing so. Remember how willingly poor Setmai gave his for you.’

‘But, mother, the body is guarded night and day by four of the king’s own guards! By what possible means can I convey it from their care? Yet stay! Even now I bethink me of a way in which, perhaps, I may succeed. We have two skins of wine, which we purchased with our last spoil; fetch them, dear mother, whilst I saddle the ass to carry out my scheme. Ask me no questions, but, rest assured, I shall not return without the body of our poor Setmai.’

Carefully did Thothmenes arrange the wine skins behind his saddle. In the necks he had inserted little wooden spigots, which he could loosen as he rode. Night was fast coming on, but the sun was not yet set, as gaily singing a merry song the clever Thothmenes rode past the guards, who, lying lazily on the grass beneath his brother’s

corpse, watched laughingly the grotesque rider on the donkey. Then did the crafty brother loose, a little, one of the spigots, and apparently unconscious of the leakage, was riding past, when one of the guards espied the running wine, and hastily ran forward to catch the luscious juice. For a moment Thothmenes expressed the greatest indignation, but the other guards coming laughingly to the assistance of their companion, after a fruitless struggle, Thothmenes burst out also himself into a good-natured laugh, and proposed that they should all sit down and enjoy the wine together.

Many a merry song did Thothmenes sing, and many a merry tale he told, whilst the soldiers laughed and drank, until just as the sun was setting behind the Libyan Hills, the guards all lay down, and fell into a drunken sleep. No sooner were they soundly snoring than Thothmenes arose, and taking from his girdle a sharp razor which he had prepared, he shaved off the upper half of their beards and wigs, and taking down the body of his brother from the wall he placed it hastily across the ass, and in the darkness of the night got safely home. Who can conceive the joy of poor Mauthophre? Many and loving were the congratulations she poured out upon her adventurous son.

Early in the morning came the relay of guards to relieve the watch of the previous night. Judge of their astonishment, and that of their officer, when they found them all four still fast asleep, their beards and wigs half shaved away, and the body they had been set to guard too surely carried off. Roughly they roused the sleeping

soldiers, who, conscious now of the trick that had been played on them, could only fall upon their knees and beg for mercy. At once they were manacled and led by the officer before the enraged Rhampsinitus. But even whilst they told him the truth Rhampsinitus could hardly contain himself enough to listen to the simple narrative of their offence. Of the author of the deception they could give no account, except that he was a good-looking, merry countryman, whom they should know again if they could see him, but which way he had ridden they had been too sleepy to notice. Rhampsinitus at once ordered them all to be scourged and confined to prison till the offender should be found.

A moment after, and the King thought long and deeply as to who could possibly be that clever fellow who had first gained access to his strong-built treasury, and then have carried away the head of his accomplice that he might not be recognised; and then have also brought away his body when close guarded by four of his own choicest soldiers!

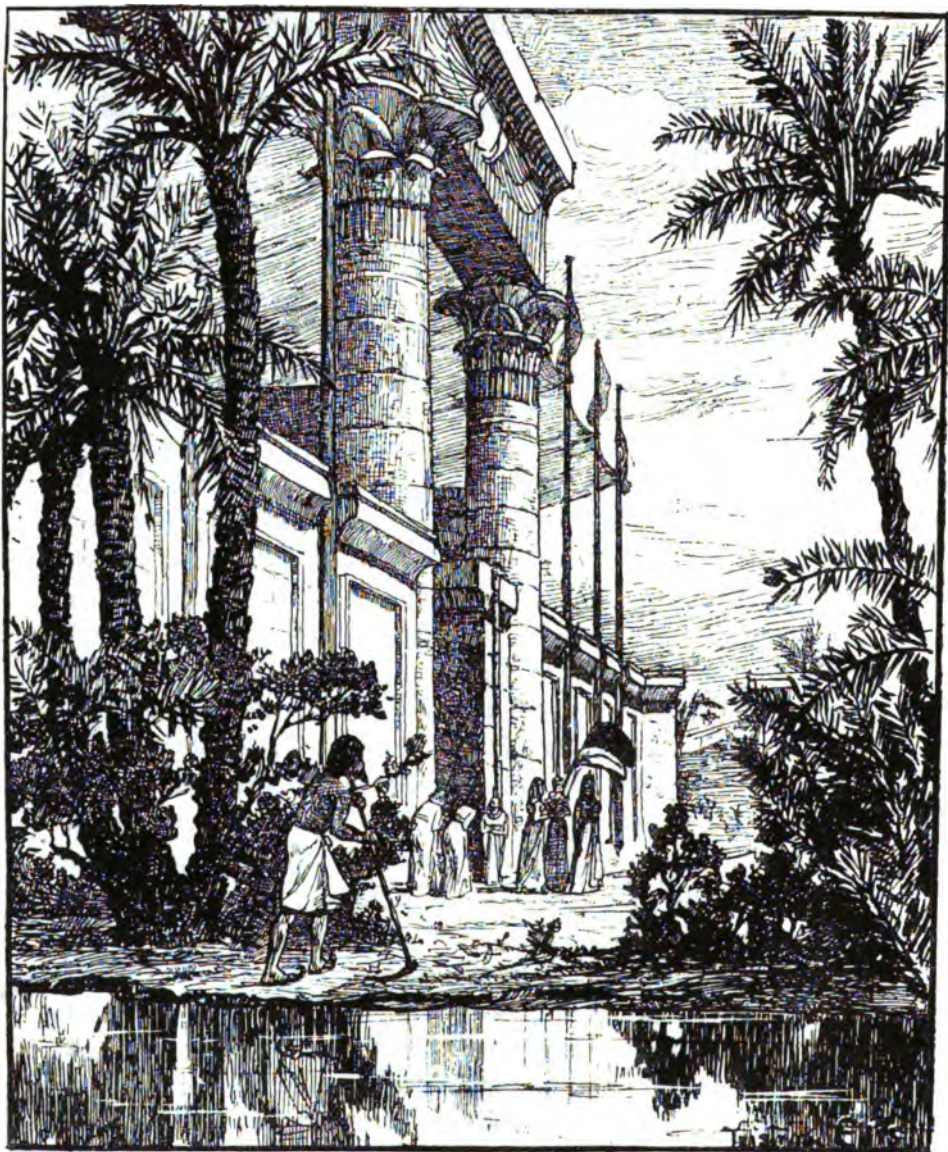
‘He must indeed be a clever fellow, and greatly should I like to outwit and catch him if I could.’

And now he turned in his mind many a project likely to accomplish this design, but only to discard them one after another as not likely to succeed. At last the idea occurred to him that he would use his lovely daughter as a decoy, Delilah-like, to induce the offender to reveal to her his guilt. And taking the beautiful Princess into his counsel, he published throughout all Upper Egypt a decree in which he promised the hand of his daughter to that suitor who

should tell her of the wickedest and cleverest thing which he had ever done.

Many a suitor came to try, but none confessed to anything so wicked or clever as the offence they sought to discover. If any had so confessed, it was arranged between the father and daughter that she should at once seize him by the wrist and cry for help to the soldiers of the guard.

Well guessed the crafty Thothmenes what was the real meaning of this strange decree. But Thothmenes had not beheld the lovely Amunethis without the greatest admiration. Often, when he had been at work among the tamarisk bushes, had he watched that graceful form, lightly but proudly treading her way, with golden sandals and with flowing robes, among the many footpaths which led down to the river. We say with flowing robes, for the dress then worn by those of Amunethis' rank was not what it had been a few hundred years ago, 'When nature's dress was loveliness,' in the eyes of the mighty Pharaohs of the earlier dynasties. Amunethis wore a skirt of neatly goffered plaits, projecting in front to allow the free motion of the legs in walking, a fashion which might well be followed in the place of those tight, scanty petticoats which a short time ago made us ever afraid our fair one would trip up and fall. The borders of the skirt, which was of deep rich crimson linen of the finest web, were worked with rich devices, between narrow bands in thread of purest gold; above the waist she wore a light rich bodice of deep blue, the seams of which were something of the surplice character, open from the shoulder in the front, but hanging



THOTIIMENTS SEEING THE PRINCESS PASS.

on either side till they reached nearly as low as the wrist. An armlet of the chastest gold, in figures of griffins and lotuses alternately, was clasped above the muscle of her well-formed arm ; whilst round her wrists were fastened bracelets of the same metal, but inlaid with jewels of the greatest value.

Such a vision had the youthful Thothmenes too often gazed on stealthily, when the Princess had passed him in his work. Nor had the lovely Amunethis forbore sometimes to cast a not displeased eye upon the handsome and amiable countenance of the stalwart Thothmenes. Once or twice their eyes had met, and as often had the Princess turned away her haughty head, yet not before a vainly suppressed blush had suffused her cheeks. And now, when the proclamation had been published a short time, the admiration of the young mason broke out into ardent love, and he boldly asked his heart to help him in the design he at once formed, whereby he might both thwart the crooked policy of the King and perhaps really gain the hand of his beautiful daughter. 'Yes, he would take his turn among her suitors. Yes, he would tell the wickedest and the cleverest thing he had ever done. Yes, and it should be a confession of the very truth, Only, when he had told it, he would still elude her treacherous grasp, and once more escape the malice of the King.' Then Thothmenes procured a dress of the finest linen and the choicest colours ; he too had hanging sleeves, fuller than those of the fair Princess, in which he could conceal his arms, a little below the wrists in loose folds ; his wig and beard were trimmed

in neatest fashion, so as to set off his handsome features to the best advantage. But ere he sallied forth upon his bold design he secretly cut off the arm from his dead brother's body at the elbow-joint, and concealing it in the sleeve of his right arm, held it so that the hand alone should be visible when he stretched it out. In this guise the young Thothmenes came to the Palace, and boldly presented himself to the guard as one of the suitors for the hand of the Princess. Without any obstacle he was introduced into the small but richly furnished chamber, near the entrance of the Palace, in which the fair Amunethis, most richly adorned, and in the height of beauty, awaited the arrival of her various suitors. For a moment the Princess looked up on the handsome face of her new suitor. At once she recognised the young mason of her former acquaintance, and somehow her heart indulged the hope that he might not at all events reveal himself as the culprit whom she would thus allure to death.

'Thothmenes,' exclaimed Amunethis, casting down her eyes, 'Is it not bold of you to seek the hand of the Princess who has so often seen you working at the stones beneath the palace walls?'

'Fairest of Princesses!' replied the enamoured youth, 'what mortal can resist the power of charms like thine? Yet had I never had the boldness to proclaim my suit but for the proclamation of thy royal father that he would bestow that dainty hand upon the happy man who should be able to declare to thee the wickedest thing and the cruellest thing that he had done above all others.'

‘And what, fond youth,’ she said, ‘canst thou declare? Methinks with so young and open a countenance thou canst never have done aught so wicked as to claim this prize, though I might well believe thee capable of *clever* things. Tell me then, oh, gentle Thothmenes, what has been the wickedest thing thou hast ever done, and what the cleverest, to claim my hand?’

‘Oh, lovely Amunethis!’ said the youth, ‘before the clear radiance of those piercing eyes falsehood must ever hide its baneful head, and truth confess its very soul, although the confession should prove fatal both to love and life, hear then the truth. The wickedest thing I have ever done was to cut off my own brother’s head when he was caught in a trap in the King’s treasury, and the cleverest thing was to steal his body from the King’s guards, and shave the beards of the saucy knaves.’

Hardly had the words left his lips than Amunethis rushed forward to seize the youth with both her hands. She grasped frantically his wrist, and was about to scream for the guards, when she felt the arm she had seized lengthen as if to separate itself, as it were, from his body, till it came off, and, unable to utter a single scream, she stood with her eyes fixed in horror upon a dead man’s arm which she was clutching! Ere she regained her power of speech the young Thothmenes had fled. Safely he reached his home, yet tarried not even there, for he knew the Princess had recognised him. But, urged by motives she alone could own, the Princess kept her counsel; she told not her father who he was, only what he had said and done.

Then Rhampsinitus, when he heard this fresh marvel of wisdom and skill, could not withhold his admiration of the young adventurer. With the consent of the Princess, which she did not withhold, he made a second proclamation to the effect that he offered a free pardon to the suitor who had so frankly confessed his offence, together with his daughter's hand, as he had promised, if he would present himself at Court, confiding in his kingly word.

Can we doubt the course the young Thothmenes would pursue? At once he presented himself before the Pharaoh! On his knees told the wondrous story which has filled these pages, and the King as frankly fulfilled his royal word by placing this time in his *real* right hand the not unwilling one of the lovely Amunethis: exclaiming, as he did so, 'Truly the Egyptians are the cleverest of all men, but thou, O Thothmenes, art cleverer than all the Egyptians!'

Their wedding was celebrated in the Temple of Athor amidst public rejoicings, and the happy young mason lived to ascend the throne of Egypt under the title of Rameses VII. His mother, Mauthophre, became henceforth an inmate of the palace, and was spared to nurse and bring up a royal prince, a lineal descendant of 'the Children of the Sun.'

ST. VINCENT BEECHEY.

LE JARDIN DES TUILERIES.

*THIS winter air is keen and cold,
And keen and cold this winter sun,
But round my chair the children run
Like little things of dancing gold.*

*Sometimes about the painted kiosk
The mimic soldiers strut and stride,
Sometimes the blue-eyed brigands hide
In the bleak tangles of the bosk.*

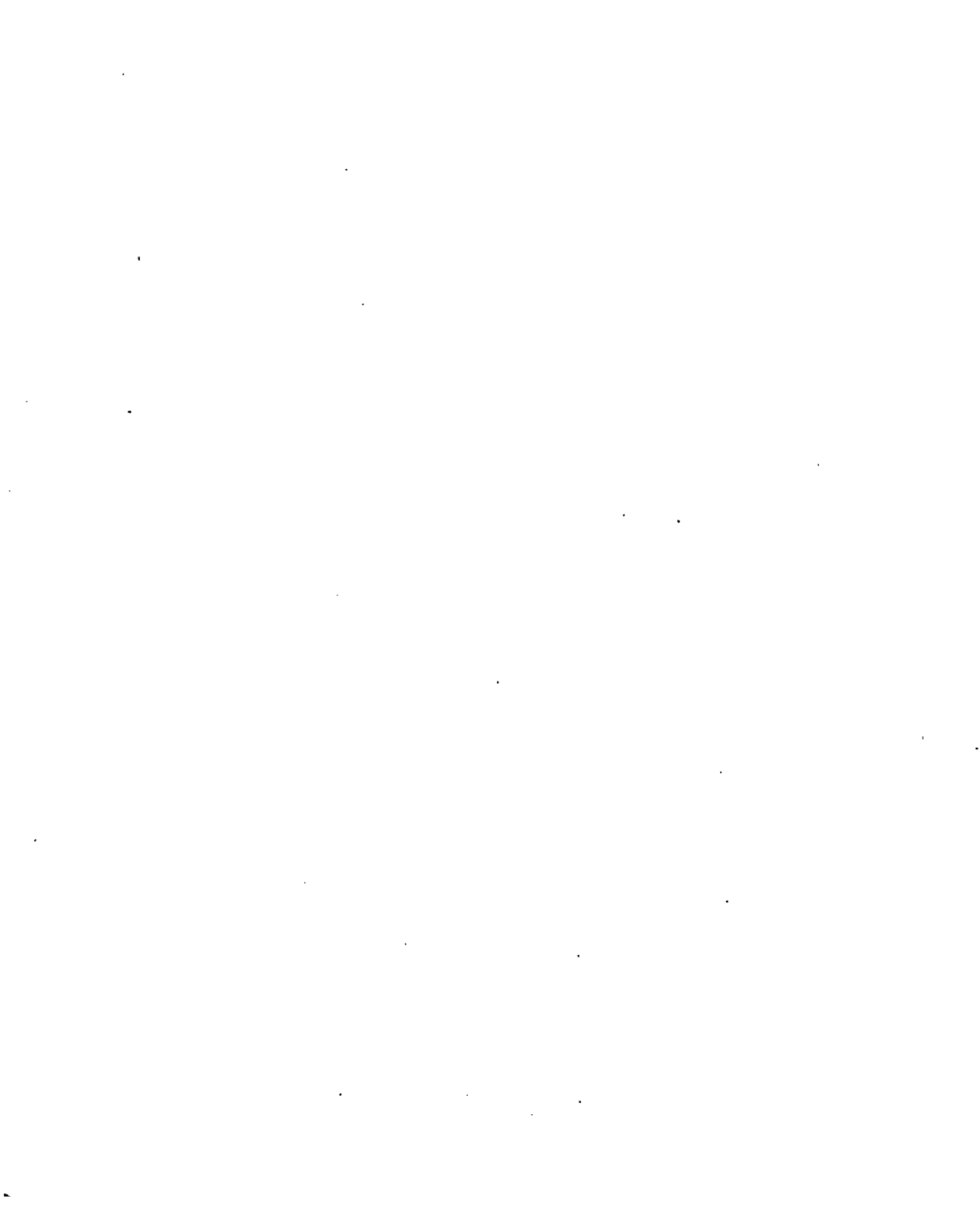
*And sometimes, while the old nurse cons
Her book, they steal across the square,
And launch their paper navies where
Huge Triton writhes in greenish bronze.*

*And now in mimic fight they flee,
And now they rush, a boisterous band—
And, tiny hand on tiny hand,
Climb up the black and leafless tree.*


*Ah! cruel tree! if I were you,
And children climbed me, for their sake
Though it be winter I would break
Into Spring blossoms white and blue!*

oscar wilde





African Moonshine.

ITTLE Jannita sat alone beside a milk-bush. Before her and behind her stretched the plain, covered with red sand and thorny 'Karoo' bushes; and here and there a milk-bush, looking like a bundle of pale green rods tied together. Not a tree was to be seen anywhere, except on the banks of the river, and that was far away, and the sun beat on her head. Round her fed the Angora goats she was herding; pretty things, especially the little ones, with white silky curls that touched the ground. But Jannita sat crying. If an angel should gather up in his cup all the tears that are shed, I think the bitterest would be those of children.

By-and-by, she was so tired, and the sun was so hot, she laid her head against the milk-bush, and dropped asleep.

She dreamed a beautiful dream. She thought that when she went back to the farm-house in the evening, the walls were covered with vines and roses, and the 'kraals' (*sheep-folds*) were not made of red stone, but of lilac trees full of blossom. And the fat old Boer smiled at her, and the stick he held across the door for the goats to jump over, was a lily rod with seven blossoms at the end. When she went to the house her mistress gave her a whole roaster-cake for her supper, and the mistress's daughter had stuck a rose in the cake; and her mistress's

son-in-law said 'Thank you!' when she pulled off his boots, and did not kick her.

It was a beautiful dream.

While she lay thus dreaming, one of the little kids came and licked her on her cheek, because of the salt from her dried-up tears. And in her dream she was not a poor indentured child any more, living with Boers. It was her father who kissed her. He said he had only been asleep—that day when he lay down under the thorn-bush; he had not really died. He felt her hair, and said it was grown long and silky, and he said they would go back to Denmark now. He asked her why her feet were bare, and what the marks on her back were. Then he put her head on his shoulder, and picked her up, and carried her away, away! She laughed—she could feel her face against his brown beard, and his arms were strong.

As she lay there dreaming with the ants running over her naked feet, and with her brown curls lying in the sand, a Hottentot came up to her. He was dressed in ragged yellow trousers, and a dirty shirt, and torn jacket. He had a red handkerchief round his head, and a felt hat above that. His nose was flat, his eyes like slits, and the wool on his head was gathered into little round balls. He came to the milk-bush, and looked at the little girl lying in the hot sun. Then he walked off, and caught one of the fattest little Angora goats, and held its mouth fast, as he stuck it under his arm. He looked back to see that she was still sleeping, and jumped down into one of the 'sluits.' (*The deep fissures, generally dry,*



HOTTENTOT.

in which the superfluous torrents of water are carried from the 'Karoo' plains after thunderstorms.) He walked down the bed of the 'sluit' a little way and came to an overhanging bank, under which, sitting on the red sand, were two men. One was a tiny, ragged, old bushman, four feet high; the other was an English navvy, in a dark blue blouse. They cut the kid's throat with the navvy's long knife, and covered up the blood with sand, and buried the entrails and skin. Then they talked, and quarrelled a little; and then they talked quietly again.

The Hottentot man put a leg of the kid under his coat, and left the rest of the meat for the two in the sluit,' and walked away.

When little Jannita awoke it was almost sunset. She sat up very frightened, but her goats were all about her. She began to drive them home. 'I do not think there are any lost,' she said.

Dirk, the Hottentot, had brought his flock home already, and stood at the 'kraal' door with his ragged yellow trousers. The fat old Boer put his stick across the door, and let Jannita's goats jump over, one by one. He counted them. When the last jumped over: 'Have you been to sleep to-day?' he said; 'there is one missing.'

Then little Jannita knew what was coming, and she said in a low voice, 'No.' And then she felt in her heart that deadly sickness that you feel when you tell a lie; and again she said, 'Yes.'

'Do you think you will have any supper this evening?' said the Boer.

'No,' said Jannita.

'What do you think you will have?'

'I don't know,' said Jannita.

'Give me your whip,' said the Boer to Dirk, the Hottentot.

The moon was all but full that night. Oh, but its light was beautiful!

The little girl crept to the door of the out-house where she slept, and looked at it. When you are hungry, and very, very sore, you do not cry. She leaned her chin on one hand, and looked, with her great dove's eyes:—the other hand was cut open, so she wrapped it in her pinafore. She looked across the plain at the sand and the low karroo-bushes, with the moonlight on them.

Presently, there came slowly, from far away, a wild spring-buck. It came close to the house, and stood looking at it in wonder, while the moonlight glinted on its horns, and in its great eyes. It stood wondering at the red brick walls, and the girl watched it. Then, suddenly, as if it scorned it all, it curved its beautiful back, and turned; it fled away over the bushes and sand, like a sheeny streak of white lightning. She stood up to watch it. So free, so free! Away, away! She watched, till she could see it no more on the wide plain.

Her heart swelled, larger, larger, larger: she uttered a low cry; and without waiting, pausing, thinking, she followed on its track. Away, away, away! 'I—I also!' she said. 'I—I also!'

When at last her legs began to tremble under her, and she stopped to breathe, the house was a speck behind her. She dropped on the earth, and held her panting sides.

She began to think.

If she stayed on the plain, they would trace her foot-steps in the morning and catch her; but if she waded in the water in the bed of the river, they would not be able to find her footmarks; and she would hide, there where the rocks and the 'kopjes' were.

('Kopjes,' in the karroo, are hillocks of stones, that rise up singly or in clusters, here and there; presenting sometimes the fantastic appearance of old ruined castles, or giant graves, the work of human hands.)

So she stood up and walked towards the river. The water in the river was low; just a line of silver in the broad bed of sand, here and there it broadened into a pool. She stepped into it, and bathed her feet in the delicious cold water. Up and up the stream she walked, where it rattled over the pebbles, and past where the farm-house lay; and, where the rocks were large, she leaped from one to the other. The night wind in her face made her strong—she laughed. She had never felt such night wind before. So the night smells to the wild bucks, because they are free, and a free thing feels as a chained thing never can.

At last she came to a place where the willows grew on each side of the river, and trailed their long branches on the sandy bed. She could not tell why, she could not tell the reason, but a feeling of fear came over her.

On the left bank rose a chain of 'kopjes' and a precipice of rocks. Between the precipice and the river bank there was a narrow path covered by the fragments of fallen rock. And upon the summit of the precipice a kippersol tree grew, whose palm-like leaves were clearly defined against the night sky. The rocks cast a deep shadow, and the willow trees also, on either side of the river. She paused, looked up and about her, and then ran on, fearful.

'What was I afraid of? How foolish I have been!' she said, when she came to a place where the trees were not so close together. And she stood still, and looked back, and shivered.

At last her steps grew wearier, and wearier. She was very sleepy now, she could scarcely lift her feet. She stepped out of the river bed. She only saw that the rocks about her were wild, as though many little 'kopjes' had been broken up, and strewn upon the ground, and she lay down at the foot of an aloe, and fell asleep.

But in the morning she saw what a glorious place it was. The rocks were piled on one another, and tossed this way and that. Prickly pears grew among them, and there were no less than six kippersol trees scattered here and there among the broken 'kopjes.' In the rocks there were hundreds of homes for the coneys, and from the crevices wild asparagus hung down. She ran to the river bathed in the clear cold pool, and tossed it over her head. She sang aloud. All the songs she knew were sad, so she could not sing them now, for she was glad,

and she was free, but she sang the notes without the words, as the cock-o-veets do. Singing and jumping all the way, she went back, and took a sharp stone, and cut at the root of a kippersol, and got out a large piece, as long as her arm, and sat to chew it. Two coneys came out on the rock above her head, and peeped at her. She held them out a piece, but they did not want it, and ran away.

It was very delicious to her. Kippersol is like raw quince, when very green; but she liked it. When good is thrown at you by other people, it is strange, but it is very bitter; but whatever you find yourself is sweet!

When she had finished she dug out another piece, and went to look for a pantry to put it in. At the top of a heap of rocks up which she clambered, she found that some large stones stood apart but met at the top, making a room.

‘Oh, this is my little home!’ she said.

At the top and all round it was closed, only in the front it was open. There was a beautiful shelf in the wall for the kippersol, and she scrambled down again. She brought a great branch of prickly pear, and stuck it in a crevice before the door, and hung wild asparagus over it, till it looked as though it grew there. No one could see that there was a room there, for she left only a tiny opening, and hung a branch of feathery asparagus over it. Then she crept in to see how it looked. There was a glorious soft green light. Then she went out and picked some of those purple little ground flowers—you know them—

those that keep their faces close to the ground, but when you turn them up and look at them, they are deep blue eyes looking into yours! She took them with a little earth, and put them in the crevices between the rocks; and so the room was quite furnished. Afterwards she went down to the river and brought her arms full of willow, and made a lovely bed; and, because the weather was very hot, she lay down upon it.

She went to sleep soon, and slept long, for she was very weak. Late in the afternoon she was awakened by cold drops falling on her face. She sat up. A great and fierce thunderstorm had been raging, and some few of the cool drops had fallen through the crevice in the rocks. She pushed the asparagus branch aside, and looked out, with her little hands folded about her knees. She heard the thunder rolling, and saw the red torrents rush among the stones on their way to the river. She heard the roar of the river as it grew, angry and red, bearing away stumps and trees on its muddy water. She listened and smiled, and pressed closer to the rock that took care of her. She pressed the palm of her hand against it. When you have no one to love you, you cling to the dumb things very much. When the sun set it cleared up. Then the little girl ate some kippersol, and lay down again to sleep. She thought there was nothing so nice as to sleep. When one has had no food but kippersol juice for two days, one doesn't feel strong.

'It is so nice here,' she thought, as she went to sleep, 'I will live here always.'

Afterwards the moon rose. The sky was very clear now, there was not a cloud anywhere; and the moon shone in through the bushes in the door, and made a lattice-work of light on her face. She was dreaming a beautiful dream. The loveliest dreams of all are dreamed when you are hungry. She thought she was walking in a beautiful place, holding her father's hand, and they both had crowns on their head—crowns of wild asparagus. Some people whom they passed, smiled and kissed her; some gave her flowers, and some gave her food, and the sunshine was everywhere. She dreamed the same dream over and over, and it grew more and more beautiful; till, suddenly, it seemed as though she were standing quite alone. She looked up: on one side of her was the high precipice, on the other was the river, with the willow trees, drooping their branches into the water; and the moonlight was over all. Up, against the sky the pointed leaves of the kippersol trees were marked, and the rocks and the willow trees cast their shadows.

Then in her sleep she shivered, and half awoke.

'Ah, I am not there, I am here,' she said; and she crept closer to the rock, and kissed it, and went to sleep again.

It must have been about three o'clock, for the moon had begun to sink nearer to the 'kopjes,' when she woke with a violent start. She sat up, and pressed her hand against her heart.

'What can it be? A coney must surely have run across my breast and frightened me!' she said, and she

turned to lie down again ; but soon she sat up. Outside, there was the distinct sound of thorns crackling in a fire.

She crept to the door and made an opening in the branches with her fingers.

A large fire was blazing in the shadow, at the foot of the rocks. A little Bushman sat over some burning coals that had been raked from it, cooking meat. Stretched on the ground was an Englishman, dressed in a blouse, and with a heavy, sullen face. On the stone beside him was Dirk, the Hottentot, sharpening a belt knife.

She held her breath. Not a coney in all the rocks was so still.

'They can never find me here,' she said ; and she knelt, and listened to every word they said. She could hear it all.

'You may have all the money,' said the Bushman ; 'but I want the cask of brandy. I will set the roof alight in six places, for a Dutchman burnt my mother once alive in a hut, with three children.'

'You are sure there is no one else on the farm ?' said the navvy, slowly.

'No, I have told you till I am tired,' said Dirk ; 'the two Kaffirs have gone with the son to town ; and the maids have gone to a dance ; there is only the old man and the two women left.'

'But, suppose,' said the navvy, 'he should have the gun at his bedside, and loaded !'

'He never has,' said Dirk ; 'it hangs in the passage, and the cartridges too. He never thought when he

bought it what work it was for! I only wish the little white girl was there still,' said Dirk; 'but she is drowned. We traced her footmarks to the great pool that has no bottom.'

She listened to every word as they talked.

Afterwards, the little Bushman, who crouched over the fire, sat up suddenly listening.

'Ha! what is that?' he said.

A Bushman is like a dog: his ear is so fine he knows a jackal's tread from a wild dog's.

'I heard nothing,' said the navvy.

'I heard,' said the Hottentot; 'but it was only a coney on the rocks.'

'No coney, no coney:' said the Bushman; 'see, what is that there moving in the shade round the point?'

'Nothing! you idiot,' said the navvy. 'Finish the meat; we must start now.'

There were two roads to the homestead. One went along the open plain, and was by far the shortest; but you might be seen half a mile off. The other ran along the river bank, where there were rocks, and holes, and willow trees to hide among. And all down the river bank ran a little figure.

The river was swollen by the storm full to its banks, and the willow trees dipped their half drowned branches into the water. Wherever there was a gap between them, you could see it flow, quick and black, with the stumps upon it. But the little figure ran on and on: not looking, not thinking; panting, panting! There, where

the rocks were the thickest; there, where on the open space the moonlight shone; there, where the prickly pears were tangled, and the rocks cast shadows, on it ran; the little hands clenched, the little heart beating, the eyes fixed ahead.

It was not far to run now. Only that narrow path between the high rocks and the river.

At last she came to the end of it, and stood for an instant. Before her lay the plain, and the red farm-house, so near, that if persons had been walking there you might have seen them in the moonlight. She clasped her hands; 'Yes, I will tell them, I will tell them!' she said; 'I am there now!' She ran forward again, then hesitated. She shaded her eyes from the moonlight, and looked. Between her and the farm-house there were three figures moving over the low bushes.

In the sheeny moonlight you could see how they moved on, slowly and furtively.

'I cannot get there now!' she cried, and sank down on the ground, with her hands clasped before her.

'Awake, awake!' said the farmer's wife; 'I hear a strange noise; something calling, calling, calling!'

The man rose, and went to the window.

'I hear it also,' he said; 'surely some jackal is at the sheep. I will load my gun and go and see.'

'It sounds to me like the cry of no jackal,' said the woman; and when he was gone she woke her daughter.

'Come, let us go and make a fire, I can sleep no more,'

she said; 'I have heard a strange thing to-night. Your father said it was a jackal's cry, but no jackal cries so. It was a child's voice, and it cried, "Master, Master, wake!"'

The women looked at each other; then they went to the kitchen, and made a great fire; and they sang psalms all the while. What if it were a ghost!

At last the man came back; and they asked him, 'What have you seen?' 'Nothing,' he said, 'but the sheep asleep in their kraals, and the moonlight on the walls. And yet it did seem to me,' he said, 'that far away near the "krantz" (precipice) by the river, I saw some figures moving, and afterwards—it might have been fancy—I thought I heard crying again; but since that all has been still there.'

The next day a navvy had returned to the railway works.

'Where have you been so long?' his comrades asked.

'He keeps looking over his shoulder,' said one, 'as though he thought he should see something there.'

'When he drank his grog to-day,' said another, 'he let it fall, and looked round.'

The next day, a small old Bushman, and a Hottentot, in yellow trousers, were at a wayside canteen. When the Bushman had had brandy, he began to say how something (he did not say whether it was man, woman, or child) had lifted up its hands and asked for mercy. Had kissed a white man's hands, and cried to him to help it. Then

the Hottentot took the Bushman by the throat, and dragged him out.


Next night the moon rose up, and mounted the quiet sky. She was full now, and looked in at the little home, and at the purple flowers stuck about the room, and the kippersol on the shelf. Her light fell on the willow trees, and on the high rocks, and on a little heap of earth and round stones. Three men knew what was under it; but no one else ever did.

RALPH IRON.



Boyana :

A TALE OF SERVIAN PEASANT LIFE.

 HERE are some delightful nooks in Servia; none more delightful than that lying between the rivers Morava and Ibar in the south-west corner of the little kingdom. There a happy combination of deep green valleys, rich in swift streamlets, and high mountain ranges, covered with dark forests of pines, give the landscape a character of romantic loveliness. It is Servian Switzerland.

Living somewhat out of the great route from Vienna to Constantinople, the people have kept their old national customs almost intact. There you will find that peculiar form of family association called the *Zadruga*, a form only to be met with in Hindustan and among Servians. The 'zadruga' (the word means 'association of members of one family') is a link between the general form of family life and that of a community.

The zadruga of Dragovich was not only the largest and most prosperous of the beautiful village Yavor, but was famed far and wide in Shumadia (the Servian district between the rivers Morava and Danube), and even talked about across the border in Bosnia. The men of Dragovich were renowned for their wisdom and thrift, their women for their beauty and modesty, and the zadruga itself might be taken as the perfection, the ideal of zadrugas in Servia.

Within a wooden fence there is a large plum orchard, indeed, a perfect little forest of plum-trees, dotted here and there at certain distances with little wooden cottages, which are called 'Vayats,' and contain rarely more than two rooms. These are chiefly used as bedrooms for married couples. About the middle of the orchard there is a larger construction of stone or brick, covered with red tiles. This is the dwelling of the *Stareshina*, the chief of the *zadruga*, and in it there is a large hall with a low hearth at one end. Around this hearth the adult members of the family gather every evening, the men sitting on low wooden chairs, the women, knitting or spinning, standing behind them. There, under the presidency and practical guidance of the 'stareshina,' all business affairs of the *zadruga* are discussed, all farming plans and details of the next day's work are decided, and any conflicts amongst the members are inquired into and settled in some way or other. It is, in fact, the legislative council of the family association, and the execution of the decision rests absolutely with the *Stareshina*. It is usual that the eldest male member of a *zadruga* is its chief, and Miloye Dragovich, a grey-haired man of sixty, is *stareshina* of the famous *zadruga* of Dragovich, having under him fourteen brothers, cousins, and nephews, all married, and having each his own *vayat* within the enclosure among the plum-trees.

The *zadruga* numbered altogether some forty persons, members of the family and, besides, several young men who were allowed to live within the enclosure as being assistants in farming the land of the community.

Miloye was cheerfully obeyed by everyone, and no one called him anything but *Chika Miloye*, little uncle Miloye, a term of endearment.

Nobody remembers when people began to call the village Yavor, the 'ornament of the Ibar valley.' Many an old man remembers when, shortly after the War of Independence, Dragovichi returned home rich in fame and rich in spoil; fame won in many a bloody conflict, spoils taken from many a Turkish house. Then it was that the *zadruga* of Dragovichi began to be talked of for its wealth and prosperity. People called it the ornament of Yavor village, as Yavor village was the ornament of the Ibar valley. But it is only two years since Boyana, the youngest niece of old Miloye, the daughter of his dead brother Milan, began to frequent the *Sabors* (festive meetings around the churches and monasteries) that the people say, 'Yavor is the ornament of Ibar valley, Dragovichi *zadruga* is the ornament of Yavor, but Boyana is the ornament of the *zadruga* Dragovichi.'

Boyana was far from being the ideal beauty of the Servian national bard. Instead of having blackberry-black eyes, and arched black eyebrows, and rosy round cheeks, red as apples, she was a fair girl, with auburn hair and bluish grey eyes. But her figure, her movements, her smile—breaking like sunshine from her eyes before it moves the rosy lips to show her pearly teeth, in short, all her being was of singular grace. Young men made a song about her. They sang that a *Vila* (fairy) took a liking to her, accepted her as *posestrima* (adopted sister), bathed her

in milk and roses in the first rays of the morning sun, and dried her with her golden hair. The young women, less poetic and more prosaic—perhaps a little jealous—told that whatever Boyana might be in appearance, she was not a true Servian girl; as it was known that her grandfather married an '*Arnootka*,' an Albanian, whom he captured somewhere in Toplitza Valley.

At the last *fête* at the monastery of Sveta Troitza, it was observed that old Miloye was rather too long sitting with Gazda Ivan from the village Zakuta, gossiping and sipping fiery wine from Zuppa; while Ivan's son, Milovan, was dancing indefatigably in the '*kolo*' near Boyana.

Since that time some confidential talk has taken place between Miloye and the eldest members of the *zadruga*; to which more than once Stana, the mother of Boyana, has been called.

The poor girl had no forebodings of what was going on. It is true, after one of the whispered conversations between Chika Miloye and Stana, Boyana was called by her mother to pass in review all the presents of fine linen, white silk, cloth thin like cobweb, and many coloured socks, which every Servian girl from her fourteenth year prepares with a view to the wedding-party which may knock at the door any moment. But her mother seemed to be proud of the beauty and the number of the wedding-presents, which her daughter—with great diligence and much taste for colour and design—had prepared these last two years. She was taking them out of their boxes, perfumed by dried rose-leaves, and putting them back at least every new moon.

It is true there was another slight allusion to what might come. One evening Boyana, sitting in front of her late father's vayat and spinning snowy white wool, drew the attention of her mother to the extraordinary number of lustily chirping sparrows about the orchard. Her mother, smiling kindly, said, 'My child, that means that this happy zadruga will soon see a number of merry visitors; maybe the wedding guests, if it should be God's will.'

A few days after this Boyana was told that Chika Miloye desired her to dress her best, as he wanted her '*to do the court*' (*Dvoriti*) to some friends whom he expects.

Towards evening arrived Gazda Ivan, his brother Marko, with three friends from Ivan's village. They were received very cordially by Chika Miloye and the other men of the zadruga. All the women came out, and kissed the right hands of the visitors, saying, 'You are welcome to us.'

Chika Miloye never regaled any guest without calling the village priest, Pope Yovan, and the schoolmaster, both of them famous for their fine singing of '*Mnogaya lyeta*' ('Many years to you') without which there is no toast in Servia proposed. So these two were at once sent for, and did not tarry in coming.

They all seated themselves on the floor, around the large but very low table, called '*Sophra*;' and the women, in mute respect, as was meet in the presence of their masters, brought in roast lamb and a pastry called '*Gebanitza*,' made of cheese, cream, and watercress-leaves. Fine old '*slivovitza*' (prunes brandy) and red wine of Zuppa were poured out abundantly.

As usual with the Servian peasants the men spoke of the prospects of the harvest and the vintage, and after having disposed of those somewhat obligatory topics, they passed at once to the politics of the present day, and thence let themselves easily be carried back to the 'good old times,' when the Servian kings and czars built thousands of churches and monasteries, and when even the poor were fed with white bread and the good wine 'Malvassia.'

But even with such pleasant topics there comes a moment where conversation flags. In such a moment Marko struck his brother, Gazda Ivan, with the elbow, and by raising his bushy eyebrows several times gave him confidential signs.

Ivan coughed a little to clear his throat, took a good draught of wine, and then spoke :

'Friend Miloye, in the good old time of our Czar Dushan and Czar Lazar, friends visiting friends were regaled for seven days before being asked if they had any special purpose in coming. But we are living in quite different time. Wilt thou not ask us why we came to-day to abuse thy hospitality?'

'My brother,' answered Miloye, 'thou and thine are such dear and yet such rare guests under our roof that we would fain have you tarry several days with us. Thank God for His mercy! we have wine enough, and sheep enough, and God has blest this zadruga with plenty of young people, so that our honoured guests can be served as is their due.'

'Well,' said Gazda Ivan, after a somewhat prolonged

pause, in which he gazed on the 'sophra' before him, and looked rather puzzled; 'as you all know I was elected to represent our canton in the National Assembly five years ago. I spoke every day with the Ministers of the Crown, sometimes with our Greatness* the Prince himself. Yes, he said once to me, sighing deeply, "Ah! what would I not give if all my prefects were so clever and honest as thou art, Gazda Ivan." Even with the Archbishop I spoke, and never was I short for a word. But here now I am sitting more confounded than King's son, Marko, at the silver sophra of Captain Leka.† I do not know how to begin. Still, in the name of the Holy Trinity, I must speak out. Your zadruga, friend Miloye, is well known among our brethren, but *our* own name is, thank God, not a name of reproach among good men; we are sure to find in Dragovichi friends of which we could justly boast in any company, and, I trust, in us you would find friends of which you would not need to be ashamed; now, as God has given to this house a daughter, fair and modest, and to us a son, whom until now nobody has blamed, I joyfully hope that His will is that our house and your house should be everlastingly connected by the holy bond. If thy heart feels as mine, friend Miloye, accept now this apple.'

* Servian peasants speak about the King not as 'His Majesty,' but 'Our Majesty.' I have often heard people address the King with 'Our Majesty, how art thou?'

† Allusion to a popular ballad on the embarrassment which the national hero of Servians, Prince Marko, felt, when proposing to the sister of the Albanian chief Leka.

Saying these words, Gazda Ivan drew from his breast-pocket, and placed on the table, a beautiful large, red apple, with a brand-new gold-ducat stuck in it.

Chika Miloye replied that he, as all his relatives, would be well satisfied to be connected with a man who had represented their Canton in the Assembly, but he thought—he said—that Boyana was rather too young, and he feared that her mother and the other members of the zadruga would not like to part with her.

Every one knew that this evasive answer was only customary under such circumstances. Gazda Miloye pressed his proposition, and was warmly seconded by his friends. At last Chika Miloye said, that he, in the name of his zadruga, would accept gladly the apple, but wished first to hear if the girl was willing or no. Then the mother of Boyana was called in, made acquainted with the object of the visitor's coming, and dispatched to ascertain the wishes of the girl.

Stana was herself agitated, and took with her her eldest sister-in-law to the vayat, where Boyana had just returned, believing all her duty to her uncle's guests was at an end.

The girl was thunderstruck. She could not move. She did not say a single word; she stood with bowed head looking on the floor. Seemingly she did not hear any of her mother's earnest words about its being God's will that women should have masters in their husbands, or the lavish praise which her aunt Soka bestowed on the good and rich Gazda Ivan and his son.

Whilst her aunt spoke, the girl's upper lip began convulsively to quiver; her large eyes filled with tears, and throwing herself on the breast of her mother, she cried, 'What have I done that I should be a burden to you all? Why are you sending me away to a stranger's home?' and wept bitterly.

The two elder women tried to soothe her, but it was long before she was composed enough to listen to Stana's words.

'Now, my child, we must return at once to the hall, and we shall declare that thou, like a dutiful and modest daughter, hast left the care of thy happiness in the hands of God and of thy parents.'

'Yes, Nano (mamma); but, indeed, I do not want better happiness than to remain here.'

'Oh, foolish girl, thou knowest not what is happiness of woman!' said aunt Soka.

'But I do not want to know! I am here so happy!'

'Thou hast not promised to be wife of some one else?' asked her mother, anxiously.

'No, God forbid that I should have done so!'

'Has thy heart not given itself, perhaps, to some one else?'

Boyana again looked rather stupid and did not answer. When her mother, trembling with anxiety, and pale with emotion, repeated the question, the girl answered in a low voice, without raising her head, 'Really, I cannot say, Nano! I do not know!'

'But if thou could'st choose among all men thou hast

seen, whom would'st thou choose?' continued Stana, prompted by sudden evil forebodings.

'Dear Nano, thou hast taught me that it is a shame in sight of people, and a sin in sight of God, to tell a lie. So I tell thee truly: if I had to choose my husband, I would choose Radovan.'

'Boyana, my daughter, God be with thee! Art thou mad?' exclaimed her mother, in great alarm.

And Aunt Soka receded a few steps, crossing herself piously as she cried out:—

'Oh, holy mother of God! Are we living in the cursed country of India, where children do not obey their parents? where there is no fear of God and no shame of men?*' Pardon me, oh God, for the hard words I am going to speak! But, in truth, thou Stana art a fool! How could'st thou ask her what husband she would choose? Dost thou think that God asks the stars to tell Him what they choose to do? Where would the day be if the morning star should say, "As I have to choose, I prefer to appear in the sky the evening instead of the morning?" And thou impudent girl! Dost thou imagine thou art better than the morning star? Dost thou think thou can'st marry some one whom God in His wisdom has not decreed to you? And from all men to think of choosing Radovan—Radovan whom our zadruga, out of the pity for his forlornness, took

* Allusion to a curious old ballad about India among the Servian peasants.

within its folds, and who may yet pay his debt to Dragovich by making us all the laughing-stock of the country! God grant that *I* at least do not live to see that great shame!’

Her aunt looked terribly angry. But Stana, in her earnest and kind manner, pressed her daughter to heart as she said, ‘Boyana, my soul, thou knowest since thy father died it depends on me and on thee to keep his good name bright among our people. I think the only child of Milissav will not bring dishonour on his zadruga. I think thy duty is to trust in God, and believe that Chika Miloye, as well as thy mother, have thy happiness at heart, and that they have well considered what is best for thee.’

Boyana looked listless while her aunt spoke. But when her mother, with a tender and trembling voice, mentioned her father, she broke into passionate weeping, and said sobbingly, ‘Well, Nano, I will trust God, I will trust thee and Chika Miloye; I will not bring dishonour on my father’s zadruga, even though I know all my life henceforth must be spent in bitterness and in sadness.’

A few moments later Aunt Soka returned to the hall, where the guests were sitting somewhat uneasy at the long delay of the answer. The old woman crossed her hands over the breast, and bowing deeply to Chika Miloye, said, ‘May it be in a propitious hour, and with good luck, and God’s blessing! Boyana, our child, dutiful and wise as she is always, has declared to her mother and to me that she is satisfied to leave her elder ones to decide for her. What they say, so shall it be.’

Thereon Chika Miloye declared that in God's name he accepted the apple, and immediately the two chiefs of the two families rose up and embraced each other. Every man present, one after the other, took the wooden bowl filled with wine, and with a blessing on the young couple and good wishes for both houses, drank a good draught, while Pope Yovan and the schoolmaster sang their 'Mnogaya Lyeta' most heartily.

Boyana, more dead than alive, was led forward to kiss the hand of her future father-in-law.

Meanwhile, the young men of the zadruga fired off their pistols in the orchard, to give notice to the village that some joyous event had happened to the zadruga of Dragovichi.

* * * * *

While all this has been going on in the shadowy orchard of Dragovichi, a young and handsome peasant was descending the slope, wooded with splendid beeches, which was connecting the valley of the village Yavor with the high mountains behind.

It was Radovan, the chief overseer of the shepherds and herdsmen of the zadruga. Some fifteen or sixteen years ago a Bosnian woman, whose husband had been killed by a Turkish begh, took refuge across the frontier and found shelter in the zadruga of Dragovichi. She brought with her only a boy, eight years old, who after her death remained in the zadruga as a shepherd boy. He grew up into a handsome youth, somewhat impulsive and

passionate, but active and intelligent. Though he was not a regular member of the community, yet by consent of all the members, he had received, the last three years, a certain portion of the zadruga's revenues, and was expected in a few years to have enough to buy land sufficiently large to start his own household.

He had had of late several friendly suggestions to marry into some of the wealthy village families, but he scornfully laughed at them. Since Boyana grew up a charming woman, he had become less passionate and more thoughtful and kind. Whenever business of zadruga took him to one of the cities of the district, he never returned without bringing some token of having thought of Boyana ; sometimes a perfumed soap in the shape of tomato or pear, sometimes a necklace or a bracelet of blue glass, sometimes artificial roses or silk ribands. When recently he brought her a small looking-glass in a brass frame, he said, ' Take it, Boyana, and mayest thou think of me whenever thou seest thy face in it.'

' It would be sad for thee and for me, Rado, if I were to think of thee only when I glanced at my mirror,' answered Boyana.

His heart leaped within his breast. He was exceedingly pleased. He did not know what her words meant, and thought that the joy came over him as a sunshine only, because she pronounced the word ' Rado,' the diminutive and caressing form of Radovan, with a tender, silvery voice.

Yet he looked a little confused, and very quickly turned

away from her. He felt almost ashamed of himself. He knew that this present was not one of pure kindness and unselfishness. The truth was that he had been to see the gipsies' settlement on the outskirts of the wood, and consulted the ugly old Baba Yoola, famous for her clairvoyance, cures, and charms. She read from his hand his future, and told him that there are a thousand means for a young man to gain the heart of any girl he likes, and that one of the simplest, cheapest, and least sinful was to buy a mirror on the first day of a 'young' moon, to kiss it, and, giving it to the girl, to pronounce the formula which he had pronounced.

The misgivings of his conscience were quieted the very next day. Meeting with Boyana he thought she looked at him as she never looked before; her eyes seemed twice as large, an unspeakable joy shining from them. And his heart grew warm under that look, and was filled with sweetest hopes.

Now coming down the wooded slope, singing gaily, Radovan heard intermittent firing in the zadruga, and wondered what had happened there. Before he entered the orchard a boy ran merrily out to meet him, crying,

'Say first, "Be it in a good hour and with good luck?" and I will tell thee the news.'

'God grant that it is in a good hour and with good luck, if it is only a good thing,' replied Radovan, pleasantly.

'A very good thing! Boyana is going to marry Gazda Ivan's son, Milovan—Chika Miloye has accepted the

apple!' exclaimed the boy, springing about among the sheep-dogs.

To Radovan it seemed that the earth trembled, and that trees and vayats danced around him. His blood rushed with tumult to his head, and he struck the poor boy with his fist and kicked fiercely at the dog nearest to him.

Going on he met Stana, and asked, 'Is it really true, or is it only a dream?'

'Thank God, who is merciful to us, it is true; and thou, who hast been like a brother to Boyana, wilt rejoice to hear that she is going to live among such good people as Gazda Ivan's are.'

'Like a brother, indeed, from whom everything was hidden! Thank you all!'

Passing Stana's vayat he stopped for a moment and listened. It seemed to him he heard Boyana sobbing violently. Then he went on to his own vayat and threw himself on the bed in despair. He did not sleep all the night. A considerable time he was occupied planning how to kill Milovan. He then thought it best to kill Boyana and himself. Fortunately, towards morning all these murderous ideas vanished, not so much, though, because of his fear of God, as because of the words of that old gipsy woman, which rang continually in his ears: 'Sooner or later, perhaps later than sooner, thou wilt kiss the woman that thou lovest.'

The cocks were lustily greeting the dawn when Radovan washed his face in the clear waters of a spring at the bottom

of the orchard. He turned to the east, crossed himself three times, calling on God and the Holy Trinity to help him. Then he went straight to the central house of the zadruga, where he was sure to find old Chika Miloye, who was still the earliest riser in the community.

Having greeted the stareshina respectfully, he said, 'My master, thou hast been a father to me. After God, I have to thank thee for my life. But if thou wishest that this life should be of some value to me, if thou wishest that I live blessing thee, return the apple to Gazda Ivan and let me have Boyana for my wife.'

Old Chika Miloye, looking on him with amazement, crossed himself thrice, and said, 'Brayko (little brother), thy goats are not in full number this morning, or thou hast last night disturbed the dance of the fairies, and they have punished thee by turning thy brain upside down. What art thou talking of?'

'I know what I am talking of. I know that this life is not worth to me a pipe of tobacco without Boyana. So God the Almighty may come to your help always, help now to save me to a honest and happy life. Without Boyana such a life is impossible.'

'My little brother,' said old Miloye after a lengthened pause, 'if I had accepted the apple in my own name, and then returned it that my daughter could marry a better man, it would be shame enough to cover my life, and after my death my grave, with shame. But to return an apple received in the name of zadruga which lived before we were born, and which will live after we die, is simply im-

possible. Thou knowest it. And as I cannot believe that thou art so stupid as not to know it, nor so perverse as to wish that it should be otherwise, I think it thou art out of thy senses really !'

'Is that the last word ? Then, master, good-bye, and the sin be on your soul.'

With these words Radovan went back to his vayat, dressed himself in his festive costume, put a pair of pistols and a handjar in his leather belt, hung over the shoulders his long Albanian rifle, filled the pockets and small metal cases with cartridges, and then walked away swiftly towards the wood, and was soon lost to sight among the stately beeches.

He was not heard of for several days, until a shepherd boy did come from the top of the Borova Gora, bringing with him a ducat for Yotza, the boy whom Radovan had struck in rage. He said Radovan begged the boy to pardon him, and sent the zadruga word that he had joined the company of Haydooks under Harambasha Yelich.

* * * * *

What the Palikari are among the Greeks, the Haydooks are among the Servians. During the Turkish rule the woods of Servia were full of 'Haydook Cheta,' of companies of men who were in permanent conflict with the Turks, revenging, sometimes in a barbarous manner, the violence that had been done to their people. A great number of Servian national songs are extolling the heroic deeds of the Haydooks.

Even now-a-days, when the Haydook, by the process

of evolution, has lost political character, and developed into a species very akin to the Italian brigand, he enjoys much sympathy among the common people. The border-land between Servia and Bosnia is their hunting-ground ; Bosnia being their proper field of operations ; while Servian forests on the frontier are like an harbour of refuge, where they retire when pressed too energetically by one or other of the Turkish Kaymakams. That was the explanation of the appearance of Harambasha Yelich's 'cheta' in the Borova Gora above the village Yavor.

One beautiful day in June the road leading from Yavor to Zakuta across a spur of Borova Gora was gay with colours and echoing with song and shrill tones of bagpipe. A goodly company of men, dressed in their best clothes—red fez, dark blue jacket embroidered with silver thread, and narrow white trousers—were riding pretty and vivacious Bosnian ponies. Each rider carried a sprig of rosmarin, and the head of each horse was decorated with a long flying scarf of thin white muslin with the border embroidered in gold, red, blue, and green silk.

In advance of the company rode two handsome youths carrying large tricolour standards, crowned with flowers. Before the standard-bearers rode, on a tall meagre nag, a man with long white false moustachios thrown backwards over his shoulders, with bushy white eyebrows, and wide black rings of soot encircling his eyes. He wore a costume of bright coloured rags, on his head a tall bearskin with three foxes' tails. Instead of a sword he carried on his thigh a long and rusty roasting-iron, and in his belt, instead of

pistols, a pair of wooden kitchen spoons. Over the right shoulder he carried a long wooden mace, and in his left hand a 'chutura,' a big, flattened, wooden vessel, filled with red wine. This person, called 'Wedding Chaoosh,' has the double task to draw upon his rags the effects of the evil eyes of the gazers upon the bride, to amuse the wedding party with the oddness of his appearance and his, sometimes coarse, witticisms. He is privileged to stop anyone whom he meets, to ask him politely, eventually to compel him, to drink from the 'chutura' the health of the bride, who rode behind in the midst of a company of men and women following the two standard-bearers.

Before the wedding chaoosh reached an old Turkish bridge over a wild mountain torrent, he was met by a man with a long rifle carelessly slung across the left shoulder. The chaoosh offered him the big chutura, and the stranger, taking it, said, 'To the health of Radovan's bride, Boyana!'

The chaoosh struck him slightly with the mace, saying, 'Mend thy ways, thou unknown dehli. Drink the health of Boyana, the bride of Gazda Ivan's son Milovan.'

The stranger spoke a few words imperiously. The chaoosh descended from his bony nag, and tremblingly bowed before the stranger. Then leaving chutura and nag behind, he walked back to meet the slowly approaching cavalcade, making them energetic signs to stop. All the wedding guests thought the chaoosh was only carrying out his role of jester. They laughed loudly in chorus when he called out, 'I am commanded by Harambasha Yelich to tell you he thanks you for having taken the trouble to bring

so far the bride of his friend Radovan ; he begs you to deliver her now to him and to her bridegroom, who is commanding the ambuscade over the bridge. And in return for your kindness, with kindness he tells you that it is useless to resist, as you are between four ambuscades !'

The hearty laughs ceased suddenly, as a rifle was fired from a mossy bank behind the party, another from across a wild torrent on the left of the road, and another from some old oak on their right. At the same time about ten men of the wedding party, came forward to the bridge, with rifles raised and aimed. The bullets passed high above the heads, but their whistling was distinctly heard by many.

A great confusion ensued — women screaming, men cursing, Boyana in their midst, pale and trembling.

Fortunately there was with the party the 'Tyata,' clerk to the communal board of Yavor, a man who had served in the army, and knew how to read and to write. He quickly gathered around him the elder men, and then, standing up in his stirrups, he looked with gathered eyebrows in the directions from which the firing came. After some time he fell, as in despair, back in the saddle, and said, solemnly, 'We must capitulate.'

A new chorus of screams and curses from the wedding party. 'Tyata' succeeded in quieting them again, assuring them that he saw just that moment a way out of the difficulty.

He rode boldly forward like one who feels that in him is vested state authority and all the dignity of the law. He

quoted to Yelich all the paragraphs of the criminal law condemning robbery and violence, and then spoke pompously about his intimacy with the prefect, through whom he might, and he would, obtain for them all pardon from the Prince, and even, if they liked, secure for them employment in the police force with good salaries.

Yelich begged him politely to empty his pockets, took from him some tobacco and paper for cigarettes, returned him all his money and letters, and ordered him to go back and bring quickly the bride.

The unfortunate men begged the Pope Yovan, who was with them, to go and use his spiritual influence to obtain for them free passage. But the pope strenuously refused to accept the mission, until some of the women commenced to reproach him with cowardice, and asked where was now his trust in God. He went slowly and reluctantly. He began to describe the torments of the hell for those who do wrong, but before he was half the way through his exposition Yelich stopped him, saying, 'Pope, if some one in heaven keeps proper accounts of what we take wrongly from our fellow-men I have no doubt popes will have longer accounts there than Haydooks. Your pockets are deeper than ours. But just step over the bridge to my men. We shall want you by-and-by to bless the bride and bridegroom, and then we shall take you on the top of the Borova Gora, where an old Haydook lies dying, to receive his last confession.'

To the great dismay of the wedding company they saw the pope walk across the bridge and give his blessing to the Haydooks, who came forward to kiss his hand.

At the suggestion of the versatile Tyata the bridegroom himself and his uncle Marko (Gazda Ivan was waiting for the party at his house), went to offer the Haydooks a ransom. Yelich laughed scoffingly, and said, 'If we wanted money there are plenty of Turkish merchants travelling on the road between Novi Pazar and Vishegrad; we need not come to this defile to ask for gold from poor Servian peasants. Besides, I am prepared to give more than I could receive from you. I propose to present every one who accompanied the bride of my friend Radovan with a gold Medjidieh.'

And, saying this, he drew out of his breast a small sack and disdainfully poured out on the road a number of Turkish gold coins.

They returned with slow steps, deeply sighing, and repeated the message of Yelich. Everybody exclaimed, 'What is to be done? For God's sake, men, let us see what we must do!' The party were in the greatest alarm. The danger was increasing every moment, as Yelich kept loudly calling upon them to bring the bride at once, or he would order his men to fire upon them.

At that moment Boyana spoke out timidly, 'My leaders and my kind friends, who are to-day in ill-luck because of me, who like a cuckoo bird am sad and bad luck bearing! I know it is not proper for me even to raise my eyes towards you, and much less to speak to you. But our present difficulty must be my excuse. Will you let me go to speak myself with the Harambasha? I trust in God and in Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of our zadruga, to help me.'

After a short consultation they all, even the bridegroom, gave their consent.

Boyana walked slowly towards the bridge.

Yelich looked admiringly at her graceful figure and modest bearing, and calling Radovan to him, said loudly, 'I now understand the yearning of thy heart. This is a vila, and not a simple girl.'

Boyana, unmoved by the compliment, bowed deeply and asked :

'Art thou Harambasha Yelich, who, a forest wolf to the Turks and to the abusers of power, fears God and is kind to all those who are in trouble?'

'I am Yelich, who likes to do good when he can, because he often must do evil when he does not desire it,' returned the Haydook.

'In the name of God and St. John, I conjure thee, then, be thou to-day my *po-ochim* (adopted father), and save me from becoming the cause of shame to my family, and of sadness to two houses of honest and good people. And thou, Rado, in the name of God and St. John, I conjure thee be thou to-day my *pobratim* (adopted brother). God knows my heart, and I know that I cannot be happy even in the midst of all the kindness and wealth of Gazda Ivan's house. But if my happiness must be bought with disgrace to my father's zadruga and with reproach to his grave, I desire rather that God transforms me to a cold stone, or a wailing cuckoo-bird.'

'What is it thou askest from me, Boyana?' asked Radovan, distressed and agitated.

'I desire that thou and Yelich permit my wedding-party—oh, I would it had been my burial party!—to pass in peace on the way to Zakuta. And I desire that thou bearest in thy heart a pure love for me as for a dear sister, who will pray morning and evening that God may be merciful to thee, wherever thou mayest be!'

'Hear me, Radovan,' said Yelich. 'It is an old rule with Haydooks never to expose themselves to the curse of a maiden, because it is said that when an innocent girl curses, it is heard in the seventh heaven. Nor is it wise to refuse a girl's prayer when made in the name of God and St. John. It will be a pleasant thing to remember, while I am on the desolate peaks of the Bosnian Alps, that I have somewhere in the world an adopted daughter, beautiful and brave.'

'Boyana, wilt thou allow me to kiss your lips and your eyes, to kiss you once for all eternity?' asked Radovan, with a strange passion.

'Yes, if thou kissest me in the presence of Milovan, to whom I am wedded, and if thou wilt say, "With this kiss I take thee to be my sister in God!"'

'Let the bridegroom Milovan come here quickly!' shouted Yelich to the party, who were watching the little group with wonder and fear.

Milovan was in a moment at the side of Boyana.

'Thou art born under a lucky star, my friend,' said to him the chief of the Haydooks. 'Thy bride is the greatest treasure that Yelich has yet seen, and thou shalt carry her safe to thy home through the most famous company of



THE FAREWELL.

Haydooks. She is my daughter in God, and this gold here I leave her as my wedding-present. I command you, Radovan, to embrace Milovan and take him as your pobratim for ever. So ; that is right. And now, Radovan, embrace thy sister-in-God, and let the wedding-party go on joyfully !'

Radovan pressed Boyana to his heart and kissed her forehead, her eyes, and her lips, making over her face a cross of kisses. Boyana burst out sobbing loudly.

But the wedding guests shouted lustily, delighted to escape so easily from the hands of an Haydook so famous and so dreaded.

Everybody seemed satisfied and happy, except Boyana, who became again mute and melancholy ; and except Pope Yovan, who, when the party passed on shouting and singing, looked wistfully and with a long face on the clouds gathering around the top of Borova Gora.

CHEDOMILLE MIJATOVICH.



For the Children's Hospital.

HAVE we seen them tattered and mire-defiled
On the door-steps at their play ?
Have we heard their voices so shrill and wild
'Mid the roar of the thronging way ?

Are they the same ?—so quiet and pale,
In their cots of snowy white,
Like bells of wood-sorrel tender and frail
In the gleamy April light.

There are no rude looks in those hollow eyes,
With their wistful wondering gaze :
Soft sad whispers are all that rise
From the lips that have learnt new ways.


Children's hearts they are easy to reach,
And love has had its turn ;
And sickness has holy lessons to teach,
And the little ones quickly learn.

They might have been children of high degree,
And of proud historic race,
For God has made them as fair to see,
And as sweet in their childish grace.

Ah, children ! ah, children ! It is not in vain
Ye are suffering thus, if ye knew ;
For the world would be hard without sorrow and pain,
And *we* should be hard without you.

W. WALSHAM BEDFORD.

A Few Days Amongst Russian Art Treasures.

T has been suggested to the writer that a few words about some foreign museums which are and can be but little known to the general traveller, would be of interest to the readers of this book.

About five years ago the authorities of the South Kensington Museum, led by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, K.C.M.G., whose unwearied efforts in the cause of art-education are well known, determined to add if possible to the reproductions of old English art-objects, which have now brought the best examples from almost every English treasury and storehouse within the reach of workman and student, a second series which should also make available some of the best treasures of Continental art.

It was believed that many priceless treasures were to be found in the Imperial collections of Russia and other countries; and in the autumn of the year 1880, their Lordships of the Committee of Council on Education having availed themselves of the gracious permission of his Majesty the late Czar, the writer accepted an invitation to accompany Sir P. Cunliffe-Owen to Russia and inspect the Imperial collections in St. Petersburg and Moscow, as well as those of certain of the greater Russian monasteries.

The anticipations we had formed of the riches of the Russian museums were not destined to be disappointed ; and on arriving at St. Petersburg, it was found not only that a mine of untold wealth was about to be opened to us, but that the freest and most liberal permissions would be extended to the English Government to copy or mould from any of the objects that would help the work of the Education Department in England. We further found, that the Russian Government was itself fully alive to the advantages of technical education, and had availed itself of the liberality of the wealthy and enlightened Baron Stieglitz, whose useful and charitable career has unhappily been closed by his recent death, in founding a great Normal Drawing School, which has been for some years open to all without fee or restriction ; the very street-boy, it is understood, being able to avail himself of its advantages, if only he will behave properly, and really try to learn whilst he is inside its walls.

The principal treasures of St. Petersburg are those preserved in the Winter Palace and in the great Hermitage Museum, which is connected with it by a kind of flying gallery bridging over a roadway. The latter rivals in many ways our own British Museum, though it really is more like the British Museum and the National Gallery combined, its wealth of pictures being immense.

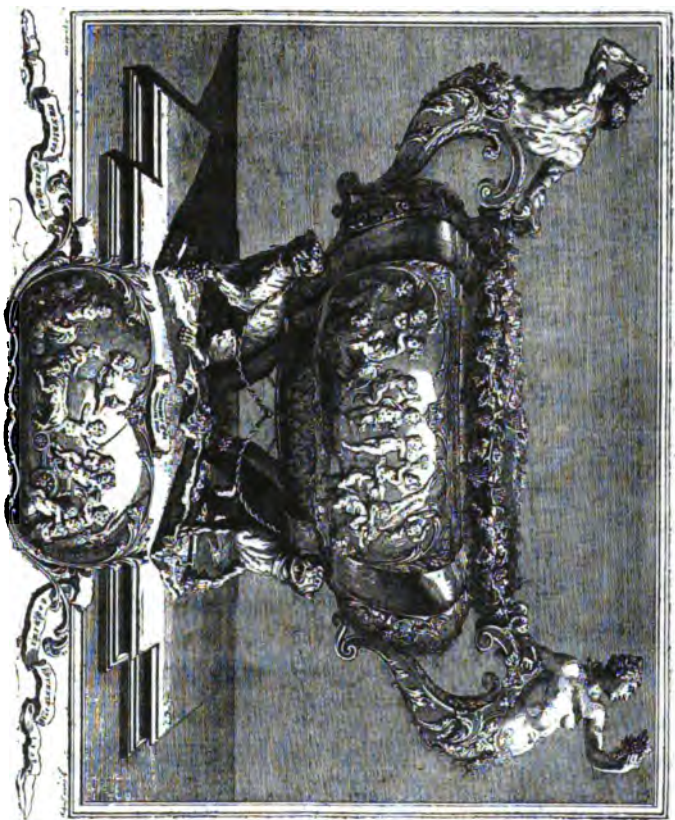
The gold and silver work, to which our attention was principally directed, comprises all that is most ancient and curious in Russia of native Scythian work, brought from the tombs and sepulchres of the early inhabitants

of the shores of the Crimea, called in the official catalogue the Cimmerian Bosphorus; and it may interest our readers to know that a large series of gold objects from these tombs—chiefly personal ornaments of mysterious and rude design but elaborate execution,—may now be studied in the South Kensington Museum. Kertch may be taken as the centre, or most important place, from whence these objects come; the collections found there alone being enough to fill any ordinary museum, and to occupy the student of Scythian and Greco-Scythian art, and the habits and manners of its producers, for an indefinite period. Some of the objects date from a period far anterior to the commencement of the Christian era.

The Winter Palace is naturally filled with silver-work of far more modern times, the niches of the principal hall—called that of the Emperor Nicholas—being filled with a great collection of fine dishes in *repoussé* silver, many of them of old German work, upon which the customary offerings of bread and salt have been made to successive Czars. Amongst the domestic plate, as it may be called, is one most interesting object to English eyes. It is a wine-cistern, 8000 ounces in weight, probably one of the most elaborate as well as the most massive pieces of plate ever made in England in the eighteenth or any other century; but its history did not appear to be known, for it was said to be of German work, and of no special interest. The cistern, which will contain sixty gallons of wine, is supported on four

panthers of nearly life size; and the handles are nude Bacchanalian figures forming scrolls, the distance between the heads of the figures, which are male and female, being no less than five and a half feet. It may save our readers trouble to say that its troy weight of 8000 ounces is about a quarter of a ton.

Carefully wrapped up in covers, and in a depository that was not very accessible, it was produced at the earnest request of the present writer, requiring the united strength of many of the palace servants to bring it out into the light. It proved to be of English work and London make, and of the year 1734-5; but more curious than all, it proved to be a piece that had once been well known in England. Its designer was one Jernegan; and he, having spent years of labour and a vast quantity of money on the mere silver alone, besides the workmanship of it, and having in vain offered it as the finest piece of silver work ever attempted to many foreign sovereigns, at last petitioned Parliament to take to it, as a prize to be offered in connexion with a lottery which was at about that time being arranged, under the sanction of the House of Commons, for raising money to build Westminster Bridge. It seems to have been accepted for this purpose; but who won it in the drawing, or how it eventually came into the cupboard in the Winter Palace where the writer found it, no one seems to know. A contemporary engraving of it has been for years hanging in Messrs. Garrards' shop in the Haymarket, and had long been known to the writer; but no one knew, till



An exact draught of the famous Silver Cistern now in the possession of the Emperor of Russia, which weighs near 8000 ounces and contains 60 gallons. It is 3½ feet deep, 5½ feet long, and 3¼ feet wide.

this discovery was made, that the cistern was still in existence at the present day, much less where it was hidden, though in the print it is called the property of the Empress of Russia.

Let us now take the night-train to Moscow, and arriving there next morning, go to breakfast at the Slavianski Bazar, the best hotel, and a very good one; and then to the famous palace-fortress of the Kremlin, for we have no space to enumerate the contents of the lesser treasures that may be found in Moscow, such as in the sacristies of that most curious of all churches, the Vasili Blajennoi, and of the Cathedral of the Assumption, the Uspenski Sobor, in which the Czars are crowned. There are two treasures in the Kremlin, that of the Imperial Palace, called the Orujenaia Palata, and that of the Patriarch, the latter being now in the charge of the Procureur-General of the Holy Russian Synod, which has succeeded to the powers and duties of the Patriarchs of Moscow. This great official, M. Pobedonostseff, whose influence in Russia at the present time is so well known and so marked, is represented in the care of the treasury by his deputy Procureur-General and the Archimandrite Joseph. The Imperial treasure is in charge of a special keeper who, in 1880, was M. de Talisine, Master of the Ceremonies to his Imperial Majesty the Czar, and is arranged in a vast hall, with gates formed of open iron work. Many hundreds of cups, tankards, dishes, and vessels of every date and nation and kind are arranged on stands round the columns which support the roof, and on tiers of shelves running round the walls between window

and window, over buffets which stand against the walls; and much of it consists of English plate which appears to have been presented by successive ambassadors from the Court of St. James in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James I., Charles I. and Charles II., to the Czars of Moscow. A curious fact could be deduced from a careful examination of the hall-marks (which of course had never before been made), and a comparison of them with those borne by the English specimens in the treasury of the Patriarch. It was this, that the Patriarchs of Moscow were recognised in those days as of so much importance that whenever foreign sovereigns or ambassadors made a presentation to the Czar, they were careful also not to forget a present, if a smaller one, to the Patriarch, that these co-ordinate authorities, apparently in some degree resembling in their relative consequence to each other, the Tycoon and Mikado of Japan in recent days, might both be propitiated. The native Russian plate is not of so great interest, consisting chiefly of drinking-bowls of various national shapes; but there are many important pieces of Polish, German, and Moldavian make. It is a curious fact that there are more numerous examples of the 'round-bellied' tankards that were used for communion flagons in the Elizabethan period, in the Imperial Treasury of the Kremlin than are known to the writer in England after a somewhat exhaustive search amongst the ancient church-plate of many counties and dioceses.

Before we leave we must find time to spend a day at the Troitsa Monastery, some fifty versts off towards the

Volga, whither the treasures of the Kremlin were removed for safe custody during the French invasion. Leaving Moscow very early in the morning by train, it is possible to go and return in the day, though Troitsa would well repay a longer visit. Here, too, is a sacristy full of interest to the artist and antiquary ; and with proper introductions, a very delightful day indeed may be spent at what is, in fact, the Mecca of the Russian Church.

The monastery has large revenues, the largest of the kind in Russia, and is bound to board and lodge the poor amongst the pilgrims as its visitors for two days, free of charge. It seemed possible to the writer that part of this expense was recouped by the sale of holy bread and candles to be offered at the various shrines, these articles being manufactured and sold by the monastery ; but, however this might be, the number of pilgrims annually visiting the Monastery of Saint Sergius is enormous ; it had been 113,000 in the year of the writer's visit.

An amusing part of the day was the dinner hour of twelve, when the Archimandrite conducted his visitors into the great hall, where they found a small table furnished for them with the same food as that being partaken of by the monks. It is to be feared that the visitors aforesaid were not even expected to appreciate the fish-soup and cooked buckwheat which they found prepared for them, and which was certainly very unpalatable, to use no stronger words, for it eventually transpired that this was only a prelude to a most *recherche* repast in the hospitable Archimandrite's own apartments, at which the

enforced absence of flesh was not felt nor even discovered. The Archimandrite of Troitsa, who is as such one of the highest dignitaries of the Russian Church, had been an officer of the Imperial Guard, but having taken charge of the monastery at the Emperor's request he changed his garb, and proved a wise and admirable administrator of a very responsible and important office, using his knowledge of the world for the reformation of abuses that had previously been rife; some of which abuses the writer gathered the shrewd Archimandrite had met by the simple expedient of bricking up three of the four great gates in the walls of the monastery, and placing a sturdy guard at the fourth.

The picturesque and very lofty brick walls of the monastery are nearly a mile in circumference, and have a tower roofed with copper cupolas painted bright green in the usual Russian fashion at each corner. At one point there is a little balcony seen hanging out over the ditch, possibly arranged in order that the visitor may be enabled to enjoy his cigarette after luncheon, a luxury not permitted to either host or guest within the walls.

Amid these pleasant reminiscences the Treasury has almost been forgotten; here again are a variety of interesting objects, pearl-studded copes and other vestments; panagias and morses of great age and interest for vestments of one description or another, the panagias being kind of brooches or pendants worn suspended round the neck, and made for the reception of the host and its safe carriage to the sick. Many cups of English make are

in the Treasury ; and a visitor, successfully pointing out the whole of the English pieces by their fashion as well as their marks, so won the heart of the aged Archimandrite that, presenting him with a string of beads that he had brought from Jerusalem himself many years before, and kissing him upon both cheeks, the holy father expressed an earnest wish that his guest would either take up his abode amongst them as a monk and a brother, or else come back again to see them very soon. The visitor promised the latter very willingly after his hospitable reception, and when he goes back to Russia he will hope to correct the mistaken impressions, if any, that he has imperfectly recorded in this little paper.

WILFRED CRIPPS.



A Very Bad Quarter of an Hour.



STORY which exhibits a most kind-hearted and conscientious gentlewoman in a situation that obliges her to sink far below her normal standard of exemplary conduct must, almost necessarily, be as painful to read as it is to record ; but the writer pledges himself to dwell rather upon the sympathetic than the cynical side of an incident, less deserving indeed of derision than of respectful pity.

In a village within easy railway access from town lived a certain Mrs. Featherstone Honeybun. By long residence this matron had attained the enviable position of queen of a society which, if not particularly distinguished, was unimpeachably select. Mrs. Honeybun was one of those energetic persons who cannot possibly support existence, unless they are supporting a 'cause' at the same time. They ride their causes uncommonly hard, and a fresh relay is required at somewhat frequent intervals—but in this humanitarian land the most 'hobby-horsical' need never go without a mount.

Mrs. Honeybun's last cause had been 'the neglected state of elderly and decayed spinsters;' from which, by some occult process, she had been led to take a lively interest in 'the shameful condition of uncared-for cats.' This was the mission which was engrossing her energies upon the winter afternoon, on which she left her pretty Elizabethan cottage (it had a double coach-house) to pay a formal call upon the new people at the Heronry, whose gates were hard by. She did not have the carriage out, because she thought it might look ostentatious; and besides Mrs. Glazebrook ought to be well aware that she did not go on foot from necessity.

Mrs. Honeybun's purpose in calling was wider than the mere performance of her social duty as the most prominent resident; she wished to enlist Mrs. Glazebrook's sympathies in the crusade against feline suffering. Some people might have postponed this to another occasion, but that was not Mrs. Honeybun's way: she was too earnest, too conscientious to allow any personal considerations to stand between her duty and herself.

However, as she rang the bell, she was conscious of a slight worldly excitement and flutter; for Mrs. Glazebrook was an 'Honourable,' the daughter of a Viscount, and this visit might lay the foundations of an intimacy which would reflect credit upon all persons concerned. Of course, Mrs. Honeybun knew that, as the foremost personage in the neighbourhood, she could scarcely receive more distinction than she conferred by any acquaintanceship whatever; but she was human, and she certainly *was* fluttered.

She found Mrs. Glazebrook alone in the long firelit drawing-room, where Mrs. Honeybun had many a time received the deferential homage of the last people—who had boiled soap.

Mrs. Glazebrook was not precisely deferential. 'Can you find a comfortable chair in this darkness?' she said. 'Do you know, you're the first to call, so you can tell me who everybody else is. You live at "The Glen," don't you? I've heard all about you. Our grounds touch.'

Mrs. Honeybun settled herself heavily in a broad, soft, but rather lumpy arm-chair; and proceeded, not unwillingly, to enlighten her hostess upon the social state of the district, informing her who were worth knowing and whom she could not possibly receive.

Mrs. Glazebrook asked many questions concerning persons who had excited her curiosity at church the Sunday before; and in doing so revealed the possession of a vein of malicious mockery which, in any one but a peer's daughter, would have earned Mrs. Honeybun's strong disapproval. As it was, she could only rejoice that she herself presented no salient points for a ridicule so keen and so merciless.

Partly to turn the subject, partly to satisfy her own conscience, she introduced the question which just then lay nearest her heart.

'Something in your face, dear Mrs. Glazebrook, tells me you are a cat-lover.'

'It must be the firelight,' said that lady, 'for I loathe them.'

'Oh!' cried Mrs. Honeybun, in deprecation, 'don't, *don't* say that!'

'They're such abominably selfish things,' continued the other lady.

'It is not *really* selfishness,' pleaded the visitor, 'it looks like it, I own, but it is self-respect; a cat knows perfectly well that its society is worth having, and a sufficient payment for any kindness you may show it, so it is too logical to be grateful. And it has a perfect horror of being bored, and when you seem at all likely to bore it, it has independence and strength of mind enough to leave you at once; it never abjectly sacrifices its own wishes and judgment to yours, as a dog will.'

'Ah!' said Mrs. Glazebrook, languidly, 'well, I don't think I should like to be told I'm a bore by one of my own cats, so I never give them the opportunity. But you mustn't go away and put me down as a quite inhuman person for all that. If I loathe cats (and I do) I must confess to a decided weakness for kittens.'

'Then,' cried excellent Mrs. Honeybun, 'I shall not appeal in vain after all. Our object *includes* kittens.'

'I'm afraid I don't quite understand,' was the polite, but puzzled rejoinder.

So Mrs. Honeybun, warming to her work, explained her latest mission; she pointed out the causes that affect the health of cats in crowded cities, and the urgent need for some establishment which should be at once a Home and a Retreat for such as were in danger of succumbing,

and should include a species of 'kitten-garten' and *crèche* for the less advanced in years.

'You are quite an enthusiast, I see,' said her hearer.

'Can I help it, when I behold how, every day, these beautiful, misunderstood creatures are crushed, oppressed by the unthinking?' exclaimed Mrs. Honeybun, with much ardour.

'I should like you to see my little Nadir, the loveliest black Persian kitten! You wouldn't say *he* was oppressed, I am quite sure.'

Here two men entered with lamps and the tea. They set down one heavily-shaded lamp upon a little table close to the chair in which Mrs. Honeybun was seated.

'Fanshawe,' said Mrs. Glazebrook to the butler, 'I wish you would find the kitten and bring it to me.'

'I think, madam,' said Fanshawe, 'you must have the kitting here with you.'

'Find it then, and let me have it.'

So the butler went softly about the room in a stately manner, murmuring, 'Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!' in silky, respectful accents, but without results. At length he said, 'I don't think the kitting *can* be here, ma'am.'

'Very well, then,' said his mistress, 'that will do, Fanshawe. If you see it anywhere bring it up.'

'Pray, pray don't trouble!' said Mrs. Honeybun, in a faint, trembling voice.

Why did her voice, so firm as a rule, shake now? why was her imposing and substantial form quivering like a leaf as she sat there in the shadow?

There was a reason, a tragic blood-curdling reason for the change. The rays of the lamp at her side were thrown strongly into the recesses of her arm-chair, and, as she glanced casually down, Mrs. Honeybun had perceived a short but bushy black tail—the tail of a Persian kitten!

Fate, by some cruel sport, had led her to take the very chair in which that unconscious animal was reposing! She had not changed her position for a considerable time, and she knew too well that no kitten, not the hardiest, could be expected to survive long under such circumstances.

Her head swam with the horror of her position; where now was her hope of any further intimacy with the well-connected mistress of the Heronry? How after this could she continue to champion oppressed cats? She had placed herself at the mercy of the biting ridicule of which she had had some experience already.

She wanted to get away, but the formal time she prescribed herself for these visits had not yet expired, and then if she rose all would be discovered. If she had been seated upon scorpions, instead of one innocent small kitten, her sensations could scarcely have been more acutely uncomfortable.

When she was conscious of hearing again, Mrs. Glazebrook was saying, 'It's really very provoking; I must find Nadir, and then you shall tell me if you think *him* crushed.

Think! Mrs. Honeybun *knew* he was crushed! But though she moved her lips, no words came.

'My husband says I ought to send him up to the Cat Show next year; his brother and two of his elder

sisters all took first prizes, and one of his aunts was especially commended.'

This kitten would never be commended now—except, possibly, as a *silhouette*! Warm-hearted Mrs. Honeybun could have wept to think of it.

'I shall find him presently, I daresay. Now, won't you come to this sofa, nearer the fire; you look so cold out there?'

'Quite warm; very comfortable indeed, I assure you,' said poor Mrs. Honeybun through her chattering teeth.

'Well, go on telling me about this Cat Sanatorium; it's most interesting, really!'

How could anybody, who was not a finished hypocrite, throw herself into the question under such circumstances, or, rather, with such a circumstance under *her*? It is to be feared that Mrs. Honeybun's advocacy was lame indeed on that occasion, but it had its effect, for Mrs. Glazebrook, saying something about her 'mite,' rose and went to a further room, as if to fetch something.

Here was a providential breathing-space! With a sudden flash of inspiration Mrs. Honeybun reached stealthily for the unfortunate kitten, which she dexterously managed to insinuate into her large muff just as her hostess returned with pen and ink.

'Now,' she said, as she placed them on the table by Mrs. Honeybun, 'before we do anything more, you must let me give you some tea.'

Tea! when both her hands, which were now engaged inside the muff with the kitten, would be required for

the cup and saucer, when the kitten might slip out at any moment—never! never!

‘No tea!’ gasped Mrs. Honeybun. ‘I—I—it flies to my head—and—and I’m afraid I must go now.’

‘But you haven’t told me anything about the subscription! You see, I have to leave these things to my husband, but I’m sure he will do something; so, if you have any subscription lists or forms with you ——?’

Of course, Mrs. Honeybun had, but they were all in the muff with the kitten; so, conscientious high-minded matron as she was, she had to say she had forgotten to bring any!

‘Then, perhaps, you won’t mind writing down the name a cheque should be payable to?’

One cannot write without taking off one’s glove, and to do that requires both hands.

‘Make it payable to *me!*’ gasped Mrs. Honeybun, and rose in despair.

‘But if you wouldn’t mind writing something I could show to my husband! I forget things so horribly.’

I will send a note across . . . I can’t write . . . I can’t stay . . . I must go really now, *please?*’

Mrs. Honeybun, the self-possessed local queen, was behaving—and knew she was behaving—with the bearing of a shy school-girl.

‘If you really must,’ said Mrs. Glazebrook; ‘but I wish I could show you my little pussy.’

The little pussy very nearly slipped out at this juncture, and Mrs. Honeybun caught it only just in time by the tail,

and managed to retain Nadir's poor little body inside with one hand, while she shook hands with the other, though she had a dreadful suspicion that some of the kitten was visible at the uncovered end of the muff!

She was perfectly demoralised; she could hardly pass the grave, solemn man who held open the door for her: his eyes, demure and well-trained as he was, looked as if they could penetrate her muff. She could scarcely walk to the lodge-gates.

Where—where had her strength of mind, her moral intrepidity, her unflinching adherence to truth, vanished? they were gone, all gone, with the spirit of the Persian kitten!

And yet, so essentially frail is human nature, even now her chief feeling was less remorse than a deep thankfulness that some instinct had warned her to come out with her largest muff.

She felt a shrinking morbid curiosity to see the corpse of her victim now, and hastened to a lighted lamp halfway down the shrubbery. When she got the poor little body home, she would bury it with her own hands in the vinery, water it with her own tears; she would double her subscription to the Sanatorium; and, as a penance, never again use the muff which had been her salvation.

With these resolves she approached the lamp, and slowly drew out the silky black form. Was she mad? Was it a miracle? or the blessed truth that, as she did so, it opened a little pink mouth, and gave vent to a plaintive '*queek!*'

Yes, it *was* alive; it was actually cylindrical; it was, thanks to an overruling destiny, apparently uninjured!

She could only conclude that nothing more than the border of her heavy furs had overshadowed it, while her guilty fears had caused her to assume the worst; it had evidently been so fast asleep that nothing, not even the transfer to the muff, had been able to rouse it.

With what rapturous kisses and repentant tears did she cover that surprised and slightly scandalised kitten, as she returned with a light step to the entrance, and restored the little creature to the solemn butler, with the rather Jesuitical explanation that 'she had found it under the lamp by the shrubbery.'

'Indeed, madam?' said the imperturbable Fanshawe; 'my mistress will be pleased to hear so. It's wonderful what hodd places a kitting *will* get into, is it not, ma'am!'

Mrs. Honeybun said nothing; she was firmly opposed on principle to 'tips' and 'vails'—but she produced her purse.

F. ANSTEY.



Old Age. — A Sonnet.

THERE is a beauty youth can never know,
With all the lusty radiance of his prime,
A beauty, the sole heritage of time,
That gilds the fabric with a sunset glow,
And glorifies the work it soon lays low !
There is a charm in Age, well-nigh sublime,
That lends new lustre to the Poet's rhyme,
As mountain peaks are grander crowned with snow.
How gay the laugh of Youth ! but oh ! how brave,
The stately weakness of a reverend Age !
Be ours the task to solace and to cheer,
To fondly guide its footsteps to the grave ;
To print a blessing on the final page,
And cherish memories for ever dear.

ROSSLYN.



The Damaris Qot.

IN TWO PARTS.

I.—HOME.



THINK you must be the happiest person in the world, and I am sure you have the prettiest house!' These words were spoken by Mrs. Clayton's cousin Kate, as, having returned from a

tour of inspection, she seated herself by the side of a couch placed near a skilfully shaded window. Kate Carr was seventeen, newly emancipated from the schoolroom, full of the health and spirits appropriate to that state of things, and she had just come on her first visit to her cousin Clarice, whose 'excellent marriage' was regarded by her friends as an achievement to be admired and imitated.

'Isn't it pretty?' said Mrs. Clayton, languidly. 'I believe there's something newer for portières than that dead gold plush with bobs; but it will do for the present.'

'I should think it would!' said Kate, whose blue eyes

were roaming about the luxurious room and taking note of all the beautiful objects which adorned without encumbering it ; ' I never saw anything so lovely. The old Château des Chênes is nothing compared with this, and yet, oh, dear ! how grand I used to think it when I went there from Paris for the holidays.'

' You are making a comparison where none exists,' said a third person ; ' The Château des Chênes is a relic of the past ; Clarice's house is a full expression of the present.'

' And is my cousin Mark also a full expression of the present ?' asked Kate, with a delightful air of privilege, which met with encouragement from the fond smile of the lady whom she addressed ; ' is he as " choice " as his wines, as " rare " as his engravings, as " precious " as his " Turners," and as " priceless " as his wife ?' Here Kate jumped up, and kissed her cousin with all the emphasis of schoolroom days.

' Very pretty, Kate, and very pat,' said Mrs. Clayton, laughing, and smoothing the satin coverlet of her couch with her white hands, glittering with jewels ; ' you might have composed it for the occasion. I hear your cousin Mark's step, so you can form your own opinion on all those points. You can have your wish too ; he will take you to the stables.'

The girl glanced expectantly at the door, and the next moment Mr. Clayton entered the room, and greeted the third person as ' Aunt Jane.' Kate, who was sharpness itself, saw his first swift glance directed to his wife, and silently pronounced him ' very nice.' She was right ; that

accommodating epithet was in every sense applicable to Mark Clayton. The excellent marriage of Clarice Carr had no element in it so truly excellent as her husband. Mark Clayton was good-looking without foolish and superfluous handsomeness ; he had good manners of the simply well-bred order ; he was so well dressed that nobody ever noticed the fact ; he was so good hearted that only a few persons grudged him the prosperity which he enjoyed ; he had fair abilities and a good position in society ; he had married the woman he loved, and continued to love her. There was not a cloud in his sky, unless, indeed, his having nothing particular to do, and doing just that, might be regarded as a cloud ; but, even so, it was no bigger than a man's hand. There had been a little discontent for a couple of years, but in its place there was now hope and joy. When Kate Carr said she was sure Clarice must be the happiest person in the world, the young mother-expectant assented in her heart with the qualification, ' If not, I soon shall be.'

It presently appeared that Mark Clayton's morning occupation had consisted of a leisurely ride down to Mr. Bull's emporium of nature's fairest nurslings at Chelsea, and a prolonged loitering among the serried ranks of roses there. Presently a basket full of his selections was brought in, and saluted by Kate with a sound as nearly resembling a shout as one would venture to impute to a young lady. Clarice received the costly tribute with a quiet acquiescence, indicating custom ; and after a little talk about the topics of the day, Mark took her young cousin away to be introduced

to those unrivalled bays, whose far-reaching fame had more strongly tempted Kate to envy than that of Mrs. Clayton's house and its decorations designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, her portrait painted by Mr. Whistler, her dress 'composed' by All the Talents, and her diamonds with certain historic jewels among them whose brightness might well have had a suggestion of tears.

'No one has such taste in flowers as Mark,' said Clarice, arranging on her coverlet the handful of fragrance and splendour he had taken out of the basket and presented to her. 'And they're very nice when one's lying here; only I have almost too many. That balcony was filled with roses yesterday.'

'Such roses are very costly,' said aunt Jane. 'Do you buy all your flowers?'

'Oh yes. We have no country place, you know, and I'm so glad. I should hate a big place, eating up all one's money, and boring one to death with tenants, and schools, and responsibilities and things.'

Her tone was indifferent, and she lay back, inhaling the fragrance of the roses, a perfect picture of prosperity, refinement, self-approval, and content.

Aunt Jane, who was nobody's aunt, but the good angel of not a few persons, glanced at her with an expression in which there was something puzzled, and something compassionate.

'Have you no responsibilities, and "things," in town?'

'Oh yes, I suppose so. I know there is always what Mark calls business going on; but he is so good, you know,

he never lets me be worried with it, especially now. You're not going, Aunt Jane? You have not anything particular to do to day?'

'Yes, I have to go to Hackney.'

'Hackney!'—with a languid wonder—'why, that's at the other end of the world, or rather, out of it altogether, isn't it? Nobody lives there, do they?'

'A very large number of people live there, Clarice. And they live very hard lives: lives whose conditions would astonish and pain you if you were to see them for yourself.'

'Oh, but I wouldn't for the world,' said Mrs. Clayton, hastily and fretfully. 'I hate all that slumming business, and so does Mark. One can't do any good, and it is so horrid. I can't think why you like to see such sights. I always skip the things about them in the papers, except just the Prince's speeches, you know.'

'I don't like to see them,' replied Lady Jane Moore, gravely; 'but the very little aid I can lend to any effort that is being made to help and raise the poor who swarm around us can be intelligently given only by taking personal pains about it. To-day I am going to see an institution in which I hope to interest you; but not now, not yet.' She placed a gentle hand upon the bright head laid back upon the silken cushions of the couch. 'It is a Hospital for Children. Have you ever visited a hospital of any kind?'

'No; but Mark gives money to some things of that sort, I think.'

‘I am sure he does. Some day, I hope, you and he will give more than money, though that is much. Good-bye, dear.’

For a moment after Lady Jane had left her Mrs. Clayton was disturbed by something unusual in her manner. It was not exactly disapproval, but it was regret; and Clarice, who was affectionate although frivolous, and sensitive although selfish, was quick to notice the moods and the looks of the very few whom she loved. This impression was, however, quickly diverted by the return of her husband and her cousin from their visit to the stables, and by Kate Carr’s admiration of the bays. Then there came another diversion, in the announcement that certain little garments—at sight of the like of which no young mother exists, I hope, who has not felt her heart beat more quickly and her eyes grow dim—had just been sent home by Madame Chose.

‘Do have them in, Clarice, and let me see them,’ said Kate. ‘I’m sure they are lovely.’

A large box was brought into the room, and opened by Kate with eager pleasure. Mark Clayton made his escape on the plea of incompetence to pronounce upon the merits of the treasures about to be disclosed.

Kate, on her knees before the box, paused to inform her cousin that Mark was perfectly charming, ‘ever so much nicer’ than she had expected to find him. And then she drew out the topmost parcel, prettily tied with blue ribbon. Cambric ‘robes’ exquisitely worked, of filmy fineness and the daintiest shapes, were the contents of

this costly parcel; and as the others were taken out in succession each disclosed wonders of needlework and material. Kate's admiration was expressed in glowing terms; her cousin said little, but she touched the small garments with lingering fingers, and a look like the dawn of an unaccustomed feeling came into her face.

'They are very pretty,' she said, when Kate was replacing the parcels in the box; 'but I think they might have been more simple. I am sure Lady Jane would say they are too fine. And what a quantity! It seems impossible all those things can be wanted for one baby before it can walk. I wonder what kind of baby clothes I had?'

'Of course, quite plain; neither your mother nor mine could have bought such things as these. There; they are all put back now, and I shall ring to have the box taken away.'

Being alone presently, Mrs. Clayton languidly wondered what Madame Chose would charge for these beautiful things, and almost wished she had thought of asking the price of them. Her cousin's admiration of all she was seeing for the first time struck some chord in Clarice's memory, and she surveyed her surroundings wistfully, wondering what her mother, so long dead, would have thought of her house, of her husband, of her life in general. Her mother would have liked Mark; but judging by what Lady Jane Moore, who had been that mother's closest friend, had told her of her way of thinking and looking at things, she would have considered him too idle. She

would certainly have wanted him to do something besides enjoying life to the utmost, and to be something besides the best fellow in the world. As for Clarice's house, she supposed her mother would hardly have understood, if she could have seen it; for she had lived her short life in the parsonage house of a Somersetshire village; while the Claytons' residence in Park Lane was one of those dwellings which find mention in contemporary memoirs, and are decorated by artists who in other countries would themselves be decorated. It formed a complete expression of the taste of the time. Within its walls the eye rested on nothing that was not beautiful. Elegance was as conspicuous as wealth, taste as luxury, in every detail and disposition. Clarice's morning room was a bower for a princess; and the apartments in course of preparation for the future wearer of the masterpieces of Madame Chose, were equally bright, pretty, and elegant in their appropriate way.

Kate Carr remained of the same mind respecting the enviableness of her cousin Clarice's lot after her first impression had been subjected to the test of living in the Claytons' house—'knowing them at home,' as the school-boys say. Her own visit to them was a dream of bliss, for, although Clarice could not take her to parties, she contrived to let her see a good deal of '*le monde où l'on s'amuse*,' and there was never an intrusive hint of the existence of any other '*monde*,' so gaily did that which was in every sense the time of roses go by at the beautiful house in Park Lane.

It was in the golden days of late summer, when the great world was going out of town, that the infant for whom things had been made so pleasant saw the light. The exceeding good fortune of the Claytons seemed at first to have been as conspicuous in this as in every other instance. Clarice was the happiest, the fairest, and the most devoted of mothers, to the great joy of Lady Jane Moore, who looked for the finer moulding by 'baby fingers, waxen touches,' of a character in whose latent qualities she believed. Clarice was remarkably well, prettier than ever, and she had but one care in the world. She had neither the instinct that prompted, nor the experience that justified the Indian woman's petition to the Great Father: 'Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman.' Her disappointment at the sex of her infant was a purely conventional feeling, and it speedily gave way to such unalloyed delight and pride in the baby-girl that she, personally, did not entertain the slightest regret.

But it was another matter with respect to Mark. In vain did Lady Jane assure Clarice that Mark took considerably more notice of the child than most men bestowed upon young persons of its months; she persisted, first in believing that he did not care sufficiently about the baby, and then in resenting the idea that any boy could be so lovely, so intelligent, so charming as her little Damaris.

'It is a pretty name, though Mark thinks it rather fanciful,' said Kate Carr to Lady Jane, as they were con-

templating the rosy sleep of the infant in her nest of down, cambric, satin, and lace ; 'We Carrs are given to fanciful names. I am the only plain, prosaic person in the family. Damaris is a favourite name with us. I have seen it several times in my uncle's big Bible at the Château des Chênes. It was Clarice's mother's name,' continued Kate, forgetting that her hearer knew this already ; 'and,' with a change of tone, 'her elder sister's, too.'

'And her elder sister's,' echoed Lady Jane, absently.

The little Damaris was one year old, and Kate Carr was over eighteen, when a surprising accident happened to the latter. She fell in love with a hard-working clergyman whom she met at Lady Jane Moore's house, and he fell in love with her. Mr. Harrington was well born, well bred, well read, a scholar, a true gentleman, possessed of the genuine missionary spirit, indefatigable, austere to himself, of inexhaustible charity to others, full of the love of the poor ; not so much scornful as unmindful of the ways of the world in which Kate Carr lived ; entirely devoted to his own work, which resembled the task of a strong swimmer in an overwhelming sea. On the occasion of their first meeting, when Kate asked him what he thought of something that was just then amusing the world in which one is amused, he had said : 'I am never farther west than Temple Bar except when I come here to see Lady Jane on business.' Kate, opening her eyes wide in respectful surprise, asked him, 'What business?' and Mr. Harrington told her. It was an ordinary story of want and woe ; only one among innumerable experiences

with which his path was thickly set. He had not the least expectation that it would move the listener so deeply ; he could not have divined how unimaginably far from her mind were the common facts of the swarming lives divided from her own by a distance over which Clarice's bays would have borne her in half-an-hour ; nor could he have been prepared for the sympathy which his statement evoked.

Kate Carr's love-story was not a world's wonder, because the world did not trouble itself about her ; but it amazed Clarice. Mr. Harrington was the frankest of men ; he offered Kate the life 'far east of Temple Bar' to be shared with him in the fullest meaning of that sharing. She accepted him, with the opposite of all she had been living amongst for a year as the condition of their future. 'I only know I could not do it, even for you, Mark,' said Clarice, with deep conviction, and Mark laughed, as much at her serious assurance as at the wildly incongruous notion suggested by her words. They did not oppose Kate's engagement. She was an orphan, free to dispose of her own future. Clarice and Mark were no great readers of character, but they had a notion in common about Kate—that she had a great deal of stedfastness in her, and would stick to her purpose whether she were opposed or not. They were immensely pleased with Mr. Harrington. Clarice thought him perfectly charming, in an odd sort of way, and Mark declared him to be a very fine fellow ; the kind of man to make other fellows feel ashamed of themselves, not inten-

tionally—he was not in the least preachy—but because he could not help it.

So Kate Carr and the parson from the unknown regions of the far east were engaged, and Lady Jane Moore undertook, at Kate's request, to teach her something of the world Mr. Harrington lived and worked in by taking her to the places where much of her own time was passed. Then did Kate, who thought she knew Lady Jane so well, discover how little she and Clarice knew of her charity, her patience, her self-denial, and her faithful accounting to the Giver, Who is also the Requirer, for His gifts of wealth, position, influence, and grace to use them in the service of His poor. And then did Lady Jane, seeing how Kate's heart was opening to all good impressions, and kindling with the sacred flame of charity, realise the faithfulness of the Promiser, Who was thus 'rewarding her openly' in the person of the girl whom she loved with affection strengthened by the dear memory of the dead.

Of all the institutions for help and alleviation to which Lady Jane introduced Kate, the Children's Hospital had the greatest attraction for her. It disappointed her that she could not induce her cousin to take any interest in the Hospital, and she wondered at this, for it was a contradiction to the passionate fondness of Clarice for her own child. But Lady Jane was not puzzled by Clarice's want of sympathy. She noticed that on occasions when her little Damaris was ailing, she would evade the subject, or cut short Kate's talk about what she

had seen at the Hospital, and she read her more rightly than Kate did. 'She avoids the subject, not because she does not care,' thought Lady Jane, 'but because she cannot bear it. Her child is mortal, and liable to disease and suffering as are the little creatures of whom Kate wants to talk. She never escapes from that knowledge, and the fear it brings; motherhood has changed Clarice wonderfully.'

The little Damaris was a delicate child. Surrounded with all that care and wealth could do, she did not thrive as many children thrive who live very little short of the neglect and starvation limit, and in her bright but wistful eyes there was at times a look that stabbed Clarice to the heart, and made her flesh creep with a dread to which she dared not give a name. She never admitted that the child was a fragile little creature; but she knew in her heart that she held her treasure in a clasp which one day might be vain, no matter how desperate. But she shrank from any talk of sick children, and she was displeased with Mark because he declared that Damaris was a jolly little thing, and had nothing the matter with her. She was rather quiet, light, and small, but so much the better; he did not like big, vulgar children.

In the winter Kate's marriage took place. The wedding was a very quiet one, and as Mr. Harrington could not be spared from his work, the honeymoon was limited to a few days. Kate was under no delusion as to her future relations with her cousins. She would have no time to go to them, and they would not come to her

with frequency and freedom; between Park Lane and Hackney every sort of difference would necessarily be marked. The Claytons were all that was kind, and really fond of her; but custom, the very hours of the world they lived in, to say nothing of its ways, would be too strong for them.

Mrs. Harrington was a very happy woman on the day that saw her settled in her home in the East. It was an old house, roomy and comfortable, and, as she said, 'furnished all over with books.' His work laid immediate hold upon Mr. Harrington, and Kate felt that now the new life had begun in real earnest. She had been only one day at home, and had not heard anything of the Claytons or Lady Jane, when, as she was preparing to go to the Children's Hospital, a note was brought to her, and she was told that an empty carriage was at the gate. She looked out, and saw Clarice's bays. Then she opened the note; it was written by Mark Clayton, and contained these words: 'Can you come to us at once? The child died last night of convulsions. Nobody can do anything with Clarice; she is almost out of her mind.'

II.—HOSPITAL.

IT was three months later in the story of the world, and a very cold spring. The winter had been got through somehow by the people among whom Mr. Harrington

worked ; in cold, in sickness, in misery by a great number of them, and by him and Kate in unflagging exertion. The days were lighter and longer now, and one must be accustomed to take note of the lives of the very poor to know what a difference that makes.

On a certain day Kate had gone early to the distant 'west' to see her cousin Clarice, and it was agreed between her and Mr. Harrington that they should meet in the afternoon at the Children's Hospital in Goldsmith's Row.

The street was unusually empty when Mr. Harrington turned into it ; beyond the Hospital some children were out in the roadway, but the only near object was a little child, huddled up on the pavement close to the Visitors' entrance to the hospital, with its head against the wall. As Mr. Harrington came in front of this wretched little creature, it put out a meagre hand and pulled his coat-tails.

'What is it, my child ? What do you want ?' said Mr. Harrington, stooping down and taking the hand in his.

'I want to ring the bell, but I'm too little.'

'Are you sick ? Where's mother ?'

No answer.

'What is your name ?'

'Charley.'

Mr. Harrington set the child on his feet, and rang the bell. The door was opened, and on the stairs stood Kate, with a lady whose plain, useful dress and pretty white headgear denoted that she held an official position.

‘I found this little man outside,’ said Mr. Harrington, ‘waiting for some one tall enough to ring the bell to come by. I fear he has serious business here.’

‘How ill he looks!’ said Kate, as Mr. Harrington carried the light burden up the stairs, and by direction of the other lady into a room on the right of the corridor. Charley was trembling, but not, it seemed, with fear, for he smiled at the lady, as she took him from Mr. Harrington, and he looked wistfully, but not alarmedly, about the room.

‘Do you know him, Miss C——?’

‘Yes, I know him—he has been a surgical case; but it is some time ago.’

‘Who sent you here, Charley?’ asked Mr. Harrington.

The child, whose eyes had now rested on Kate’s face, answered, without removing them: ‘No one; I came.’

‘But why did you come, dear? Are you sick again?’ Miss C—— questioned the child, while she touched his head and limbs with a practised hand.

‘I’m very sick,’ he said, ‘and I’m frikened.’ Here the wan face changed, and a sob heaved the thin frame, inadequately covered with clothing that was indeed ‘a thing of shreds and patches,’ but clean.

‘Why are you frightened, Charley?’ said Kate, now on her knees beside the sofa.

‘‘Cause no one comes, and mother’s been quiet a long time.’

‘Quiet! What does he mean? Can’t she walk about? Is she sick too?’

But they could get no answer out of Charley. He turned from them, hid his face against the sofa, put up his thin arm with a dreadfully sharp elbow, as an additional screen, and cried.

They drew away from him to consult, and Miss C—— told Mr. Harrington and Kate all she knew about the poor waif, who had drifted back to the haven that had once before given him shelter. The story was a simple one, the narrator might have told scores like it. Six months previously Charley Ross had been brought to the hospital with a broken arm, and had lain for some weeks in one of the surgical wards. The case had been impressed upon Miss C——'s memory by the patience of the little sufferer, who had become a general favourite during his stay, and by the terribly suggestive reluctance with which the woman who came for him when he was 'discharged cured,' took him away from the food, shelter, decency, and care of the Hospital. He had been carried to the Hospital by his mother; she explained his broken arm by his having fallen downstairs; but the woman who took him away was a 'neighbour,' and had been more emotional than discreet in her remarks.

'The child,' said Miss C——, 'had had eighteen pence given him in odd pennies from time to time, most of them by the doctors—it is a way they have, to cheer the children up, or reward them for being good at "dressing" time—and when the money was handed over to the woman, she said it would be a godsend to the mother of him, for she had nothing to get him food with, as his father had been on the

drink worse than ever, since Charley lay in the blessed place he'd sent him to. He was "working up" for the 'sylum, she said, if ever she saw anybody that was. We were all sorry for the child. I remembered the mother, a wretched worn creature, but with the look of better days and other things about her too; and I remembered her agony of grief and yet her self-restraint and submission when she left the child with us. We could not do anything; we have no funds to enable us to help in such cases; and we heard no more of Charley Ross.'

'What did she mean about his father's sending him to the hospital?' asked Kate.

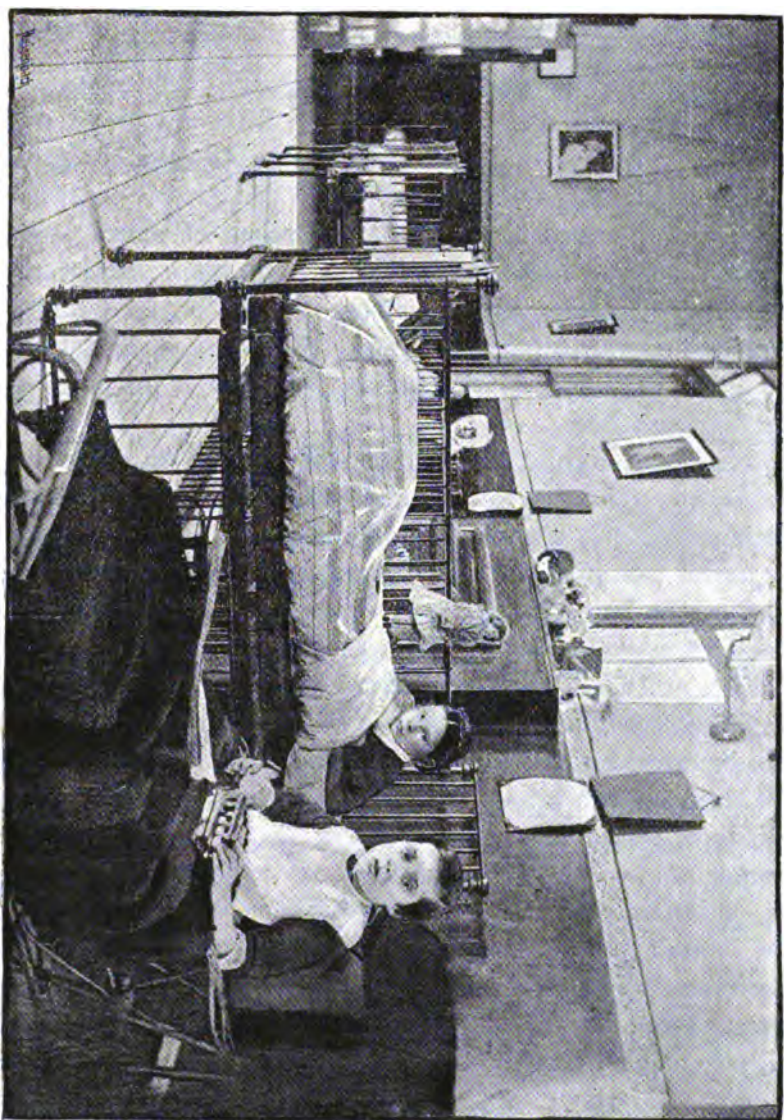
'Ah, that *was* bad, and the mother would never have let it out. The child's arm had been broken by his father's knocking him down the stairs in a fit of drunken fury. He never said a word of this to us, or to the little fellow who lay in the next cot. I could not help thinking his mother had told him not to speak of it, and the poor mite had kept a promise.'

Kate, very pale, seated herself by Charley's side, with a visible shudder, and coaxed him into turning to her. He was soon resting in her arms, while Mr. Harrington and Miss C—— were deciding his immediate destiny. He could not explain where his wretched home was, and he was manifestly unfit to be allowed to lead them to it. But Miss C—— found by reference to a register that the child lived at a very short distance from the Hospital.

Charley was fed with some light food, and placed in a vacant cot—the 'Margaret.' At her earnest request Kate

was permitted to remain with him while Mr. Harrington went to the child's home. A little sufferer among the surgical cases was so very ill, so near his release, that one of the doctors, a kind young man with a cheery manner, and a liberal dispenser of pennies, was to return that evening, after hours, to see him ; and Miss C—— said he should also see Charley, and would tell them his chances. To her experienced eye those chances looked very bad—or good, ought I to say ? In the cheek, sunken but flushed ; in the large liquid blue eyes, now heavy and languid, anon restless and flooded with brightness ; in the damp hair lying in flakes upon the hot head ; in the fearfully wasted, trembling little frame and tallow-like skin, there were indications of disease, confirmed by want, bad air, confinement, and neglect, not necessarily implying unkindness, but compelled by extreme poverty ; and now, she feared (or hoped ?), beyond cure, though not beyond alleviation. The child lay in his cot breathing more easily, and while Kate gently chafed his weak, brittle-looking hands, he fell asleep, muttering something about his mother.

Mr. Harrington readily found the place he sought. It was one of a row of houses, once occupied by respectable householders, and originally roomy and comfortable ; but now let out in very profitable 'tenements,' and in a decayed, dirty, and forlorn condition. With a glance down into an area, where rags, bones, and scraps of rotting vegetables strewn the filthy flags, Mr. Harrington pushed open the door, left ajar by Charley, and entered a dim passage, with blackened walls. A dilapidated staircase



WARD IN CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

faced him ; a door was on his right hand. He knocked, but receiving no answer, he entered the room, and found it empty. Wisps of straw, pieces of a broken bandbox, and some greasy paper littered the worm-eaten, dirt-caked floor ; the pinched grate had a handful of ashes in it. These were the only signs of past habitation, except the prevailing dirt and the oppressive odour. 'One set of wretched creatures gone out, and their successors not yet come in,' said Mr. Harrington to himself. 'Let me see what's down here.'

He found no one and nothing below ; and on ascending the crazy staircase, full of holes, with large gaps in its worm-eaten rail, and dimly lighted by a patched window begrimed with dirt, to the first and second floors, he found only empty rooms. The proprietor was out of luck, Mr. Harrington concluded. His tenants had no doubt been sold up, and were gone to the workhouse, and competition for these styies, into which no pig would have been put that was expected to make good bacon, was slack. He went up still, and on the upper floor, a mere 'lean-to,' where the stair-light was a four-paned window that did not open, he came to a low door. Outside it there was a ragged mat, an old saucepan, and a worn broom. The door was ajar, and Mr. Harrington knocked at it, but again without effect. Then stooping low he entered, and found himself in a garret, lighted by a long casement, over which a tattered calico curtain hung. For a moment Mr. Harrington thought this room too was empty ; but the next he was undeceived. Bare, cold destitution, with a forlorn aspect

of decency, characterised the wretched place. Great stillness, too, but not solitude; for in the bed, made of straw sewn up in sacking, lay a dead woman, covered with a coarse blanket and an old railway-rug. Mr. Harrington had found Charley's 'quiet' mother.

He was accustomed to sad and terrible sights, and the darkest records of life's history formed his daily reading; but he recoiled as a novice might have done as his glance met the glazed eyes, unclosed. Here the probably dying child had been, possibly for hours, alone with the dead mother, and had crept away when the quietness began to frighten him—a little human waif upon the vast sea of human misery. Its waves were tossing and roaring around the silent room in which Mr. Harrington stood by the side of the dead woman. A swarming crowd of the poor surrounded them, yet this woman had evidently died alone, and no one knew it. Mr. Harrington knelt beside the wretched bed, and closed the dark eyes. The worn face even yet told of former beauty. Its form was fine; the sharpness of toil and want had not quite spoiled the pure and correct lines of the brow and the mouth, and the dark hair, turning prematurely grey, was fine and abundant. The slender, toil-marked hands were stretched out on the side of the mattress, and clasped, nearly touching the floor. Probably the child had been sitting there, Mr. Harrington thought, and the light had gone out of the mother's eyes in a last gaze upon him, as she clasped her hands in a last prayer, and was for ever 'quiet.'

What had she died of? Starvation? Well, not quite

that—unless, indeed, it were starvation of the slow and chronic sort which is the lot of so many of her kind in the wealthiest city of the world; for on a shelf with a plate or two, and a cup and saucer, was half a loaf, a ‘screw’ of tea, and a little milk in a cracked mug. The grate was empty; there was a handful of coals in a wooden bowl. The floor, as clean as the state of the boards would permit, was absolutely bare; so was the hearth. A little wicker-chair (Charley’s), and a wooden bench, with a clean deal table, formed with the bed the entire furniture of the garret. A few patched garments hung on nails against the walls; on the narrow mantles shelf stood a common American clock, by which the woman now resting from her labours had timed them, an old Bible, and a photograph in a common frame. Mr. Harrington looked about for indications of the woman’s occupation, and presently found them in a large cardboard box, placed between the bed and the wall, containing a quantity of machine-cut materials for the making of artificial flowers of the commonest kind. He afterwards ascertained that Mrs. Ross had worked for a great wholesale house, and had been paid at the rate of threepence a gross—twelve dozen—for the making of the flowers, chiefly pansies and large daisies. By incessant labour, when she was at her best; when her eyes, her back, and her fingers ached least, and the ‘trembling inside her’ that accompanies such toil, was least persistent—she could make a gross of these flowers in three hours! But, then, there was not always work for her. Many were seeking it, and the artificial flower trade, even in its lower walks, was apt to

be 'quiet' at times, when the far-reaching *fiat* of fashion decreed that feathers or birds, grasses or ribbons, were to have their turn.

Mr. Harrington locked the door, took away the key, and hastened to notify his discovery to the proper persons, and to have the poor remains a little better cared for than the parish provision for the last scene of all admits of. But, first, he returned to the Children's Hospital, and told Miss C—— and Kate how Charley's complaint of his mother's quietness had been explained and justified.

It was late when, coming to the Hospital again to take Kate home, he heard from her what the kind young doctor had said of the latest patient. It was a short and simple saying; one often uttered within the walls of that refuge and last resort of childhood's degradation and misery: 'We must do our best, but I'm afraid it is too late.'

Promising to return on the morrow, Kate Harrington went home with her husband, and on the way he told her all that he had been able to discover of the history of Charley's mother. The solitude in which she died was only a little more complete than that in which she had lived for some time. The woman who had taken Charley away from the Hospital, and the rent-collector for the wealthy owner of the 'tenements,' were the only persons with whom she was known to have spoken since the death of her husband. The emptiness of the house was an accident of the moment, and the woman, her friend, was absent on a job in a laundry, or she would have 'made a minute' to look after Mrs. Ross, for she knew she was 'very bad.' Except to fetch the work from the wholesale

house on days when it was given out, and to take back the daisies and the pansies made by the gross for threepence, Mrs. Ross had never been out since the parish buried her husband, who had 'died in the 'sylum, and a good thing for her, too, though she couldn't be brought to see it,' Mr. Harrington's informant had added. On being asked why this circumstance was to be regarded as fortunate, Mrs. Ross's friend explained herself in plain terms. 'He was a bad lot, sir, but she'd never allow to it, bless her heart! and if I'd ever a-dared to 'int it it's my belief as she'd a-shut herself up from me. Most she'd ever do was cry, very quiet, and say it was only the drink. So it was, sir, I dare say, but laws-a-mussy, a gentleman like you knows better'n I do that 'only the drink' is everything. It's idling and bad company, it's cruelty and cursing, it's badness to their own flesh and blood. He's knocked the child about' and beat herself black and blue many a time, even when he was as safe in his senses as a drunkard ever is. 'Only the drink' means madness and death, as she found out, poor dear. And I hope, sir, as I'm not saying nothing sinful when I do say it's a pity as they came to him too late, for she were wore out, that's what she were. He never did a hand's turn for long enough afore he was took to the 'sylum, and all her bits of things was drunk up. I think the buryin' of him by the parish came the hardest on her, for he was a gentleman, sir—she owned to that, though he did not look much like it. It was along of his cursing her different to what our masters curse us when they're in drink, as made me notice it first. But she hadn't nothing left except her wedding-ring, as she got it out of pawn after he was took to the

'sylum, and that wouldn't have paid for no better a coffin, and her poor feet were on the bare ground. She had to fetch her work, you see, sir, and there was hours lost when she went to see him—very fort'nit she was there at the last. He was quite hisself, that is hisself as she said he used to be when she knowed him first, or else I'd as lieve he'd been anybody else as aught I'd ever seen him. He died a-holdin' on to her neck and a-lookin' straight in her face. Well, sir, as I was a-sayin', she never did no good after.'

'I inquired of this good woman,' Mr. Harrington further told his wife, 'whether Mrs. Ross had ever said anything of her having friends or relations anywhere, and she said that once or twice she had herself tried to find that out, but in vain. She is a shrewd person, and I am inclined to think she is right in her surmise that Mrs. Ross had been in a different class of life; that she had "seen better days," as she expresses it, as well as her husband, the "gentleman" ruffian of her too-common tale. Mrs. Pritchard—that's the woman's name—thinks Mrs. Ross had friends who might have helped her, but that she would not apply to them, because she must then have told the truth about her husband, or, at all events, they must have found it out. The photograph in the wretched room is a portrait of the husband, and it bears out Mrs. Pritchard's statement that he was a gentleman by birth. It is the likeness of a handsome young man, wearing the trencher-cap and gown of a university. If this be so, what an awful tale of descent, of degradation, of unspeakable misery will now remain for ever untold!'

‘And also of fidelity unto death,’ said Kate, speaking with difficulty through her tears.

Mrs. Ross was buried with decency, and Mrs. Pritchard, gratified in her inmost soul by Kate’s gift of a black gown, attended the funeral. The tenements were filled up, including the garret, into which a family of six was packed. Mr. Harrington took possession of the clock, the Bible, and the photograph, and handed them over to Miss C—— to be kept for Charley.

For Charley, to whom the kind young doctor spoke more cheerily day by day, whom he examined with ever-growing anxiety, who looked as a matter of course for Kate’s daily visit, and, however dull and drowsy, would brighten up at Mr. Harrington’s ‘Well, my little man, how goes it?’ For Charley, rescued too late, but happy, free from pain, tended with no mere perfunctory service, was going home. He had but a very little way to go, the golden gates were almost within sight, when one evening, after she had left the child, Kate said to her husband: ‘John, I am going early to-morrow to see Clarice, and I mean to try and get her to come with me to the Hospital. She is better in health, and Aunt Jane says this might be a turning-point for her, if she could now be interested in something outside of herself.

‘Aye,’ said Mr. Harrington, ‘does she? Then you may be sure Lady Jane is right. I have hardly had time to ask you how Clarice has been lately.’

‘Much the same; very impatient, refusing to believe that anybody was ever so miserable as herself, or that any-

body, especially Mark, feels for her as she ought to be felt for.'

'I am sure that is not the case, although I know people are apt to be unsympathetic about the death of an infant. I feel quite differently. To a mother an infant child is an unmixed joy; it is all her own; it has no world apart, and it has not disappointed her. Before we blame Clarice for taking this grief so ill, we should bear in mind that it is the first she has ever known.'

* * * * *

Kate found her cousin hard to persuade. Clarice could not see how the loss of her child, who had been born to a lot that left nothing to be desired, could be made less bitter to her by the sight of children being nursed and tended back to health in order that they might live in toil and want. However, she said at length, if Aunt Jane, and Kate and Mark wished it, she would go to the Children's Hospital. So Mrs. Clayton's bays once more took the strange road to Hackney, and before their mistress reached the Hospital she had seen much that was totally new to her, much that increased her wonder at the quiet peace in the face of her cousin Kate, but also explained how it was that the young girl looked so staid and womanly. She caught sight of squalid homes in mean streets, of dirty children in rags that made her think, with a pang, not all of selfish sorrow, of the costly little garments locked up in the spacious nursery now so lonely; of abject men and women who were blots upon humanity; of decent men and women who were merely terribly poor, the common objects of the place. She had begun to listen with a quickened

curiosity to the talk between Kate and Lady Jane, to feel some interest in the familiar knowledge of the poor which it revealed; even to suspect, with her quick intelligence, that the life which her first sorrow had quenched all her power to enjoy was a narrow one, and that her former estimate of everything outside of it as 'horrid' was foolish, not to say vulgar. There is no arbitrary measure for the rate of progress in wisdom of a human soul which has been touched by the Grace of God. The space that Clarice Clayton travelled that day was perhaps divined by Lady Jane, but it was not estimated by herself until long afterwards, when she had learned the meaning of her affliction, and come to see that it was very good.

There was a little delay before Miss C—— came to the ladies, who had been taken to her sitting room, and when she joined them she was not so self-possessed as usual. Kate instantly guessed the reason.

'Little Charley?' she asked.

'He is gone. He died at daybreak, quite peacefully.' Kate turned away, in tears. Miss C—— spoke to Lady Jane and Mrs. Clayton of the child and his sad history, and of the merciful death that was the least sad part of it; 'for,' she added, 'if he had recovered, what was there before him? Fatherless (happily, considering what his father was), motherless, friendless; a little pauper—one of a nameless crowd.'

'No, no,' said Clarice, impulsively, 'we would have taken care of him, for my cousin's sake. She told us about him; she quite loved the child.'

'I did, indeed,' said Kate, 'and so did John. And you would have loved him, too, Aunt Jane; though it does not

matter to you whether people are interesting or not, if only they are suffering.'

The Bible, the clock, and the photograph, the sole inheritance of the child, who was never to claim them, were on Miss C——'s table, and Kate saw them.

'Here,' she said, handing the portrait to Lady Jane, 'is his father's likeness—a handsome man, is he not? And this is his mother's Bible.'

Mrs. Clayton took the book and looked at it, while Lady Jane studied the portrait with strange intentness.

'There's no name on the flyleaf,' said Mrs. Clayton; 'may I take this off?'

The Bible was covered, school fashion, with a bit of black alpaca.

'Of course!'

Clarice dexterously slipped the book out of its cover, and saying, 'I thought I felt something under it,' held out a sheet of paper, folded lengthwise and covered with writing, at the same moment that Lady Jane said to Kate:—

'You speak of this poor child as Charley, only. What was his other name?'

'Ross.'

'It is very strange; I think I have seen the original of this photograph. You are sure it is a likeness of the boy's father?'

'Quite sure. And Charley is—was—like the picture; as like as a child could be to a man.'

Lady Jane glanced uneasily at Mrs. Clayton, and again saying, 'It is very strange!' was about to put some questions to Miss C——, when she was stopped by an exclamation from Clarice.

‘Aunt Jane! what does it mean? This letter is in your handwriting!’

‘Mine!’

‘Yes, yours! Take it, and look.’

Lady Jane took the paper, so long hidden, so carefully treasured, so vainly revealed, and read these words, forming a portion of a letter of which the first sheet had been destroyed :—

‘And now I have said all that I know how to say to you, for the sake of your mother, dearest of all living and dead friends to me, ever present, though unseen; for the sake of your young sister, whom you desert if you do this thing and do it in the way you say you are resolved upon; for your own sake, who are so dear to me, and will be lost to me. I know he who has so beguiled you will never let you see the friend who has ventured to tell you what he really is, to warn you of the misery, as inevitable as death, that awaits the wife of such a man. I have not bound you to secrecy; I have given him fair warning. Hubert Ross knows that I will save you from him if I can, and he knows what are my weapons for your defence. I have now used them; if in vain, God pity us both! Only this remains. If I fail, if you will not let me save you, if you do the maddest thing that a woman can do; if you marry a bad man with the foolish notion that you will reform him, bear in mind that so long as I live, wherever you are, however you may be circumstanced, at all times, in all troubles, no matter what may have befallen you, or be about to befall you, you only have to make a sign to me. Come to me, or bid me come to you, and you shall find that my Damaris did not

trust me in vain to be the friend of her children through all the chances and changes of this mortal life.'

White as marble, and as motionless, Lady Jane sat with the paper in her hand, and the three women gazed at her in amazement for a full minute. Then she recovered herself, and, addressing Clarice, said: 'This is, indeed, my writing, and its being brought to light in such a way is a wonderful thing. That letter was written by me several years ago to one whom I dearly loved; but never saw afterwards. She was a lovely, high-spirited, headstrong, romantic, impulsive girl then. She lies in her grave now, the woman whom John Harrington found dead in a garret.'

Her voice was steady; but slow, heavy tears rolled along her cheeks, and fell unheeded. The others spoke not a word.

'And so this is the end. My words have come true, aye, more and worse than true.'

'Who was she, Aunt Jane?' asked Clarice, in a husky voice, and with a look of dread.

Lady Jane hesitated. 'I will not tell you now,' she said, 'but you shall hear the whole story another time. Miss C——, may we be allowed to see the child? with whom,' she added, with emotion, 'it is so well.'

With a silent gesture of assent Miss C—— led them to the remote and silent chamber of the Children's Hospital where the dead are laid until claimed for burial. In that chamber Death must always wear its saddest aspect; for they who tenant it are never among the old, the wayworn, the weary. They are the young, the little ones, the opening

buds, and, whatever be the evil from which they are taken, it is impossible to look at the place where only child-corpses lie without an aching heart.

Little Charley's deep, deep rest was shared by none. Kind hands had laid a few simple flowers on the white covering of the child's last bed, and placed a blossom or two in the waxen hands.

Kate's tears fell on the quiet breast of the sleeper, and Clarice trembled from head to foot as she looked at him. Taking a firm hold of Lady Jane's hand she whispered :—

‘My baby's face was just like his. Tell me, Aunt Jane ; I can bear it.’

‘I know, my dear. We can bear anything in the presence of death. Little Charley was the child of your sister Damaris.’

Yes, it was true. From ‘the ends of the earth,’ in the wide difference of their respective destinies, the stranger-sisters had been brought together by the dead hand of a child. No more unlikely accident could have been imagined than that which had united, in that spot on that day, the three women who stood by little Charley's cot in the Children's Hospital, and placed in Clarice Clayton's hands the evidence of the identity of the woman whom Mr. Harrington had found dead, the sister of whom she had hardly any recollection. No stranger combination of circumstances could have been devised than that which had defeated the purpose, and set at nought the constancy, of the woman who had ‘died and made no sign.’ The truth that had been hidden in the depths of the gulf of human misery in swarming London was revealed ; the secret that

had been kept through such toil and wretchedness, such fear and anguish, was known now. In the words of her true friend's vain warning, the story of Damaris Ross was told to her sister from her grave.

Amid the multitudinous rush of Clarice's thoughts there was one that had exquisite pain in it. If their mother had been living, Damaris would not have done this, or could not have succeeded in doing it; her mother would have found her, at any depth of whatsoever degradation! And there floated before the eyes of Clarice, dim with weeping, worn with longing for the little one that 'was not,' a vision of a haggard, heart-broken, misery-stricken woman, who might have been that infant, with the fate of the elder Damaris worked out, when she (Clarice) had long been dead. All things were possible in the life of humanity; that life which she had but begun to realise. Who could have dreamed of the end on which John Harrington had broken in, for Damaris, her sister! It was a phantom, created by her extreme pain, and it passed more quickly than a breath; but it taught Clarice what Lady Jane meant when she dwelt upon the child's 'safety' for evermore.

It was Clarice's hand that covered the face, so like her dead baby's, and her lips were the last that touched little Charley. She was very quiet, being almost stunned, until they took her to Kate's home; and there, in the presence of Mr. Harrington, she gave sorrow words.'

'Oh Kate, if it could only have been! If John had found her a day, a few hours sooner—if I had but known any part of her story! But I did not; I was a child when she

married, and your father, Kate, never told me anything except that she had done a mad and disobedient thing, and must take the consequences. Good God! if he, or any of us, could have conceived what they were! She was only a shadow, only a name in my life, so well and so long had she kept her word—that awful word pledged to Aunt Jane, that “as she had made her bed so she would lie in it;” that no human being should ever hear her complain of the lot she had chosen or the man she loved. And now, too late! too late! I was living in luxury, and she, our dead mother’s darling, was working herself to death in a garret! And the child! Not even to be able to save the child! Too late! Oh, Aunt Jane, Aunt Jane, tell me where I am to get any comfort.’

* * * * *

Comfort came to Clarice in time, and the good counsel of a great and irremediable sorrow. The spacious nursery in the beautiful house in Park Lane has no occupants; the sumptuous garments have never been worn; the little Damaris has no rival in her parents’ hearts, no successor in her splendid home. The baby, though dead, is nevertheless yet speaking, and with her voice blends that of little Charley; for it is in perpetual remembrance of the two that Mark and Clarice Clayton have bestowed upon the Children’s Hospital an endowment known as

‘THE DAMARIS COT.’

FRANCES CASHEL HOEY.

Saved.

I WAS walking in the meadows, near the river, when a
boy ;

And with me was my dearest friend, a big retriever, Roy ;
He was hunting 'mong the alders, out of sight I
heard a scream,

A plunge—a struggle—then a bark ! I ran towards
the stream.

I pushed aside the alders—sprang down the grassy shore—
I saw an eddying circle . . . a field-flower—nothing more,
Save the black muzzle of my Roy, cleaving his watery way,
To where, upon the sluggish stream, the little field-flower
lay.

Then, sudden, rose a tiny hand O God ! I saw it
plain.

Is it beyond the reach of Roy, before it sinks again ?

'Good Roy !' I shout. 'Brave dog !' The banks re-echo
with my cries,

One struggle more Hurrah ! Hurrah ! My Roy has
won his prize !

With tender lips he brought the child, and laid her at my
feet,

And, from that hour, I took the freight God sent me, as
was meet.

Most precious gift, through all these years, of all the gifts
that be,

A loving heart was saved by Roy, who brought my wife
to me !

HAMILTON AIDÉ.

The Spring Season in Greece.



IN these days of rapid touring many cultured Englishmen will be asking what can be seen and done during a month of Easter holidays in Greece.

The vacation of Easter is for this purpose preferable to that of summer or of winter, because it falls in spring. The summer time in Greece is too hot, dry, and dusty; the traveller is distressed by the heat unless he clings to the mountain tops. But then he cannot pass from one mountain group to another without crossing valleys at low levels where heat prevails. The winter time in the interior of the country is too wet and stormy; even if the traveller faces the bad weather, he will generally fail to see distant objects through the dense air surcharged with moisture; and it is the distance that lends enchantment to Grecian views. The autumn is, no doubt, a possible time; but then the snow is all off the hill-tops: the hill-sides have nought but withered vegetation, and the fields are bare after the harvest gathering. There remains, then, the spring season, which from the earliest ages has been celebrated as the very cream of the year, when Nature bursts forth rejoicing, and with its beauty sets off to the utmost advantage the glories of Art and of Tradition. Then it is that the snows of winter having departed from the flanks

and spurs of the mountains, still linger for a while on the summits; adding a crown of glittering splendour and a garland of spotless beauty to the classic landscape. Then, too, the barren slopes, even the scarps, the crevices of the rocks, the crags and the precipices, are all decked out with the wild flowers arrayed in colours, surpassing the products of human grandeur. Then, too, the cultivated plains are green with the rising crops.

Still, although the spring is certainly the favourite season, when the traveller will best see the islands, the coasts, the ruins, the views, the prospects, yet he must remember that he will not then be able to ascend the mountains, or penetrate to the sources of rivers. Not for him will be the ascent of Parnassus or of Olympus; not for him will be the access to the seats of the gods, or the sight of the springs of Styx, of Alpheus or of Peneius. He will admire at a respectful distance the heights of Taygetus overlooking Sparta, or of Erymanthus towering over Arcadia; of Parnassus looking down on the battlefields of Greek history; of Olympus, monarch of the Thessalian plains. But the rigour of climate at high altitudes, the thick layer of snow, the sweeping tempest, will prevent him from inspecting these mountains closely. He must be content to see them smile upon him serenely from the cloud regions.

On the whole, however, as the spring season is held to be the best by the consensus of travellers and of the Greeks themselves, let us consider what can be seen cursorily in a month or so, and what is the best way

of seeing it. Such sight-seeing cannot be more than cursory. For if the topography, the antiquarian remains, the historical associations of Greece are to be fully studied, a lifetime would hardly suffice.

In the first place, steam communication at frequent intervals, almost daily, has been established all round the coast of Greece, a priceless advantage to the tourist. Thus he may, starting from the Piræus, pass through the waters of Salamis, the gulf of Nauplia, the bay of Laconia, the straits that separate the Ionian Islands from the mainland. Above all, he may move up and down the Gulf of Corinth, and the strait which separates the long island of Eubœa from Northern Greece. On both these voyages, that is in the Corinthian Gulf and the Eubœan Strait, the voyager may fancy himself to be navigating vast lakes. The views entirely resemble those of lake scenery ; great sheets of water apparently enclosed by mountains. But few, perhaps none, of the most famous lakes in the world equal the Corinthian Gulf and the Eubœan Strait in respect of natural beauty and historic interest in combination. In a day's voyage from the deck of a steamer the traveller beholds the Acropolis of Corinth, the snow-masses of Cyllene, the entire mountain of Parnassus, the peak of Chelmos, where the Styx takes its rise, the fortress of Lepanto, the heights of Erymanthus beyond Patras, and the waters that saw the sea-fights of Actium and of Lepanto. What a combination of objects to please the eye and stimulate the imagination ! Again in one day's voyage the traveller beholds the surf-beaten shore of

Marathon, the snowy range of Eubœa, the castellated bridge of Calchis, another full view of Parnassus, the rocks of Thermopylæ, with Mount Cæta behind them, the distant snows of Othrys, the bay of Volo in Thessaly, with Pelion rising aloft, and at its base Iolcos, the starting-point of the Argonauts. Thus from morn till eve the thoughts are kept astir by a constant succession of places clothed in natural loveliness, or surrounded by deathless associations.

In the next place communication by rail, though as yet in its infancy, has begun an active existence. One short railway has just been opened from Athens through Megara to Corinth. Another will immediately be opened from Athens to Laureium, which is distant but a few miles from the 'marble steep' of Sunium. From Volo, on the shore of the Thessalian bay, there is a short railway to Larissa, with a branch to Pharsalia; whereby, among other things, the tourist is enabled to visit the Vale of Tempe, and to obtain the best possible views of Olympus and of Ossa.

In the third place, there are some, though not many, macadamised roads along which carriages can be driven rapidly. For instance, the traveller can thus be conveyed with ease and swiftness from Corinth past Nemæa, and past Mycenæ, the ancient capital of Agamemnon, right through the rich plain of Argos. Or he may proceed in a carriage and four along the high road from Athens past Eleusis, over the Cithæron Pass into the Bœotian Plain, and thus visit the battlefields of Platœa, of Leuctra, of Chœroneia. In fine weather (but not otherwise) he may drive slowly from Patras (mouth of the Corinthian Gulf),

through the primæval forests of Achaia and of Elis, on to the valley of the Alpheus and Olympia, where those games were held that formed the centre of social life in Hellas of old.

Beyond these lines of travel, the tourist must depend on the mules and ponies of the country. Now, whatever be the merits of the roads, the carriages, the steamers of



SNOW-CLAD PARNASSUS.

Greece—and they are many—the riding on horseback in Greece is literally the worst in the world. Setting aside any comparison with other regions in Europe or America, or the equestrian regions of Central Asia, one would have thought that Greece might bear some comparison with the nearest parts of Asia or of Africa. But no. In Turkey the traveller is well mounted. In Syria or in Palestine he procures gallant little horses from Damascus or from Moab. In Egypt he has the Arabian steed; in Tunis or in Algiers the African barbe. Though the bridle-paths be rough, the

animals are sure-footed, and where the ground is at all level he can career along at a good speed. But in the interior of Greece he finds nothing but mules and ponies of the meanest sort—unbroken and untrained, without bridles, guided only by a rope tied round the nose, and with the coarsest pack-saddles, painful to bestride. The fact of there being no bridle in the mouth indicates that the animal is meant to be ridden only at the slowest walk. It is with this sorry sort of mount that the traveller rides (if riding it can be called) from the north shore of the Corinthian Gulf up to Delphi and the Castalian Spring, over the fir-clad and snow-tipped shoulder of Parnassus, underneath the scarped precipices that flank the famous mountain, or along the road from Thebes to Thermopylæ, or over the Larissa Plain and into the umbrageous and rock-bound defile of Tempe.

After the evil reports of brigandage which for many years scandalised the Greek nation, it will now be asked whether travelling in the interior of Greece is perfectly safe. Well, there appears to be entire immunity from brigandage or overt robbery both in the Peloponnesus and in northern Greece. Until 1870 brigandage was rife and rampant up to the very suburbs of Athens. In that year two Englishmen of distinction, returning from Marathon, were captured near Athens, and then murdered. This event roused the Greek Government to such exertions as ended in the extirpation of brigandage. No case of that kind has been heard of for eight years. Even in the newly-annexed province of Thessaly the brigandage (which was very bad) has been

stopped, and travellers may now safely proceed to points near the very frontier of Macedonia.

The security thus afforded to life and property, the opening out of communications on land, the development of coasting navigation, the political liberty, and the consequent patriotism, secured by the constitutional system, are the strong points in the Greek administration. Otherwise, the weak points are conspicuous, such as the tardiness and uncertainty of justice, the ill-paid and inefficient establishments, the faulty collection of the revenue, the oft-recurring financial deficit, the heavy taxation, the changing of district officers, together with each change of ministry, on the American plan. The interest charges on the debt are too burdensome for a small country to bear. The army is very expensive, but for all that its existence is popular. And the necessity of its maintenance is one article of the national faith. But the sense of financial danger, notwithstanding the heavy taxation, displeased the Greek electors, and induced them at a general election, under manhood suffrage, the other day to displace their talented and patriotic minister, Tricoupis, and to try a new set of men. During the election it seemed clear that political intelligence is widely diffused among the Greeks, and that they have a lively care for the honour and interests of Greece. They have by all accounts many social and domestic virtues. But among their faults is an ambition to seize territories belonging to their neighbours—a disposition which may some day bring them into trouble. To strangers they usually show courtesy and hospitality. Their picturesque costumes,

their festive gatherings, their village dances, often delight the eye.

But though the traveller cannot fail to notice with friendly interest the Greeks of to-day, his thoughts are mainly turned towards the things which still remain to call to mind the Greeks of the elder time, that time which was one of the most glorious times in the annals of mankind. The antiquarian remains are not very abundant on the spot, as very many of the finest monuments have been carried away to other countries. Even the ruins are but scanty. Several noble temples were overthrown by earthquakes, and the noblest of all was blown up by an explosion of gunpowder. Despite these cruel catastrophes, however, much remains to call up the mighty past before the imagination. At moonlight especially the effect is magical. When the moon rises over the Eubœan mountains and lights up the sea that flows near the lowering rocks of Thermopylæ, when she appears above the sea horizon and silvers the waves as seen through the vista of columns at Sunium, when she shines over the shoulder of Hymettus, causing the Parthenon to stand out dark, and shedding a flood of light on the marble of the Propylœa, then the traveller muses over the patriotism, the valour, the freedom, the culture, the poetry, the philosophy of ancient Hellas.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

‘Darkest before Dawn.’

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

‘Everything about her resembles the purity of her soul.’ LAW.

‘A beggar through the world am I,
From place to place I wander by;
Fill up my pilgrim’s scrip for me,
For Christ’s sweet sake and charity.’—J. R. LOWELL.

A BITTER December night, an unusually cold air, even for that objectionable month. A night that made those warm and snug by their comfortable firesides more inclined to be grateful than usual for the benefits they enjoyed, and their less fortunate brethren more miserable by the contrast. The place, St. Giles! in all the utter misery which bright gas lamps so plainly showed. Gaunt, hungry men; children, with hardly a rag to keep out the keen icy wind, dwarfed and stunted in stature, old, with a premature age, sad to behold; drunken, dirty women, quarrelling and swearing; and, worst of all, girls! some, indeed, hardly more than children in years, but, oh! how sadly worn, how hollow-eyed, clad in tawdry finery!

These, elbowing, jostling, knocking against one another, crowding around the ever-open doors of the gin palaces,

making the air hideous with their language, such as these were some of the scenes and wretched beings congregating on the pavement in St. Giles. Hardly a place where one would like to meet one's wife, or mother, or sister, and yet women predominated in the crowd.

Among them, threading her way swiftly, but with the step of one familiar with the locality and its inhabitants, came a child of about eight years old. No shoes or stockings on her poor little feet, which were torn and bleeding from the cold and sharp stones; no bonnet or hat on her head; for all covering an old grey petticoat, a little ragged, tattered frock, and a checked shawl, almost threadbare, which was pinned over her head, under her chin, much in the way the girls and women in Yorkshire and Lancashire wear theirs. The hand which held the shawl as tightly as possible over the little shivering form was painfully thin, the little face was white and pinched. It was a very pretty face; at least, it would have been so if it had been cheery and bright, like a child's should be, with the large dark eyes, small mouth, and masses of dark brown hair.

The look of innocence bore speaking testimony, that though among these miserable people, she was not of them. Notwithstanding the poverty of the child's appearance, there was quiet expression of firmness and peace, and a greater refinement about her than was usual in such surroundings. On her other arm she carried a small wicker basket of matches, fusees, and other unpretending wares. The basket was nearly full; poor little

Madge had fared badly that day. In spite of staying about her usual haunts, and proffering her little stock to the passers-by, hardly anyone had taken pity on the child's pleading, wistful face. Most of them were rich, well-dressed people, who, having everything they could possibly want, like many others, from indifference or not caring, never gave a thought to the half-starved child, whose sole means of subsistence were the pennies the contents of her basket might bring her. And, yet, among them there were fond mothers—aye, and good ones too—who would have shuddered at the thought of one of their treasured little ones thus begging her bread.

But take courage, Madge; there is One who cares for you, who never turns a deaf ear to those who earnestly pray to Him.

At last Madge's way led her into a narrow alley, so narrow that you could shake hands with your opposite neighbour from your door or window. It was, if possible, more generally objectionable than the region through which she had just passed. Quantities of half-clad children made mud pies, and quarrelled over them, in the gutter; drunken, savage-looking men reeled along the broken pavement; women with torn gowns, untidy hair, and a general aspect of sullen misery, were in every direction leaning out of the windows, or standing in groups by the doors of their wretched homes.

'Here comes the Saint!' said a girl, with a mocking laugh. 'Let's go,' she continued; 'we ain't good enough for the likes of her!'

The speaker might have been about eighteen really, but she looked years older. Her face was flushed, an angry, excited gleam burnt in the beautiful eyes, for the girl was beautiful beyond a doubt, though hard living and poverty had left their marks on her face, and, in a great measure, obliterated what had once been so lovely. With her hands on her hips, she stood barring the passage. It was a sight painful indeed, sad to see, one so young in years, so old in vice, and apparently lost to every womanly virtue.

As Madge came near, she instinctively moved to let her pass. Something in Magdalen Stanley's face, however, arrested her.

'Come with me, Magdalen,' said Madge: 'you want quiet.'

'Shan't!' was Magdalen's grateful and only answer.

'Yes,' but you will,' said Madge, taking her hand in hers, and gently drawing her away from the noisy group.

Magdalen suffered herself to be led away, listless, forlorn misery visible in her every movement. Madge took her charge through a dark passage up a broken staircase, into a tiny room in the roof of, perhaps, the most tumble-down, wretched hole in this uninviting neighbourhood. The door was fastened by a bit of wood and string, one apology for a window, pasted with brown paper and rags, gave a dim ray of light. No fire cheered the poor abode. For furniture, a straw mattress, a small deal table, a broken chair, on a shelf, a plate, mug, and chipped jug.

and in a corner, a small, rough, intelligent, faithful-looking terrier.

The latter jumped up with a short, joyous bark, and welcomed Madge and her companion. He fawned and sprang round his mistress, and then went sniffing about Magdalen for some moments uneasily, as if he did not quite know what to make of this addition to his family party, and rather as if he thought it a questionable proceeding; but finally, after due consideration, he jumped up and licked Magdalen's hand.

Whether the action brought back some scene, some memory of long ago, I cannot say; but at the touch Magdalen's face changed—first, an expression of intense agony, and then, as if she could not resist it, her face seemed to shiver and break up like ice in an August sun; and falling upon her knees by the wretched bed, she burst into an agony of tears, such as, pray God, those who are dear to us may never have to suffer or go through.

Madge let her weep for some minutes; but finding after a time, that Magdalen's sobs still continued, she went softly up to her, and touching her on her shoulder, said,—

‘What is the matter, dear?’

No answer.

At last, lifting her aching head, Magdalen said,—

‘Oh, I wish I was dead! I wish I was—that I do! No one wants me; I'm no good in the world!’

And springing up, with a sort of wildness in her manner, she made a dash at the window, as if she would

throw herself out; but Madge was too quick for her, and catching her hand held her back. The wildness passed away with the child's soft, soothing touch.

'Oh, Magdalen!' said she, 'don't be naughty to poor Madge. Stay here with me, dear; come and sleep in my bed, and let me take care of you.'

The wretched girl pondered sullenly for some moments, as if she didn't like the control she felt and could not resist, and somehow liked to be conscious of. At last she consented: the voice of her good angel triumphed.

Ah! if we would only always listen to the promptings of good, sent by a merciful Father to save us from ourselves, from bad deeds, and from taking the Evil One as our master; but, alas! often are conscience's promptings stifled.

So Madge lit the remains of a tallow-candle, and set her one mug and plate on the table. Magdalen watched her unconsciously as she occupied herself. A little milk, some water, part of a loaf, and some watercresses, made their 'bill of fare.' When it was over, and 'Scrap' had gobbled up in a famished manner his share of the wretched fare, Madge and her companion, warned by the fading light of their candle, prepared for bed. Magdalen threw herself upon the miserable couch, over which Madge had spread a threadbare sheet and her own poor checked shawl, covering Magdalen with the best part of it. Then 'Scrap' was deposited on the mattress, where he curled himself into a ball, made comfortable by the warmth imparted by Magdalen's body.

In a few moments she had dropped into an uneasy slumber.

Not so Madge.

Having carefully secured the door, and ascertained that her treasured basket, on which her bread depended, was safe in its usual place, she drew the stool to the table, and opening a thin, worn, brown book, began to read that most comforting of all chapters, the fourteenth of St. John.

This done she extinguished the light, and, kneeling by the bed, prayed earnestly :

‘Oh, dear, kind God, who hears everyone’s prayers, please hear mine. I’m a little helpless child, I’ve no father or mother, no one but you. I’ve nothing to eat unless you send it me. Please take care of me and Scrap. Please help me and let me help Magdalen, and make her a good girl. Please God take care of us all, and make us know how to do right, and bless every one for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.’

This was the secret of Madge’s restful, happy expression. She, this little, untaught, ignorant child had, long ago, found that peace, that inestimable blessing, the Pearl of great price, therefore she took no thought for the morrow, feeling that He in whose sight the very sparrows are of value would take care of her.

‘What is that you are saying?’ asked Magdalen, suddenly raising herself on her elbow, her bright eyes fixed on Madge’s face.

Madge repeated the words; her companion listened

eagerly. And just then on their ears broke the opening notes of the Christmas carol, gladly and joyfully sung, the dear old words : ' While shepherds watched their flocks by night,' familiar as it is in every home, rich and poor.

It seemed to have a soothing effect on poor Magdalen's heated, weary brain, for she lay down again quietly, her head pillowed on Madge's arm, and ere the last notes had died away in the distance the heavy lids had closed over the lovely eyes, and the erring one and her pure child preserver were both fast asleep.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY.

What is a Church? let truth and reason speak ;
They should reply, ' The faithful, pure, and meek,
From Christian folds the one selected race,
Of all professions and of every place.'—CRABBE.

NEXT day was Christmas Day, and it dawned clear and frosty, and bitterly cold. Icicles on the window-panes and on the chimneys, hanging like diamonds from the roofs, and showered everywhere, on ground, pavement and road.

There was no fire in the grate this Christmas morn, and hardly a bit to eat, nothing scarcely but a loving, warm

child's heart full of sorrow and sympathy for a fellow creature who had sinned and suffered.

No bright, warm clothes or pretty presents gladdened the wretched abode ; no loving father or mother, to greet with fond kisses these two poor girls ; but Madge repeated the comforting words of Christ's birth and the glad tidings of that ever-blessed Birthday,

‘ Peace on earth, good will towards men.’

Both were too well used to hardships and hunger, to think about the scantiness of their fare, on that day, which ought to have been so joyous and pleasant to them.

So they ate the hard bread and drank the water which formed their breakfast, quickly and uncomplainingly.

Then Madge put on her old shawl, and pinned it as usual under her chin, for lack of all other covering for her head, and announced that she was going to church.

Magdalen had thrown herself on the bed again, and seemed inclined to sleep.

What was that day to her more than any other day in the year ? She was so miserable, and full of remorse, and uncared for. Her life was so completely without aim or object, and her days and nights, up to then, had been passed in folly and recklessness.

It had not always been thus. Perhaps Magdalen had been more sinned against than sinning. The thought rushed back to her of a time not so very far distant—for she was only eighteen—when she had been a bright, happy child, living a pure life in her old home, a snug farmhouse,

with animals of all kinds to feed and pet, and a wealth of flowers in the old-fashioned garden, with its quaint trim hedges of box and yew, which she loved, the flowers making the whole place sweet with their mingled perfumes. She remembered her loving old father, his unfailing kindness and generosity to all who needed help, his pride in her beauty, and how she had been the light and sunshine of his peaceful home.

Then her two lovers ; one a neighbouring farmer's son, in every respect a fitting husband for her, handsome Laurence Leslie, and the other the Squire's son, no match for such as her. How she spurned the true heart, the genuine gold, and turned to the false words, which lured her on to her doom. Then her stepmother, that hard, cruel woman, who had always hated her, and who saw her danger, and never stirred to help her, or interpose with her authority when it would have been of some avail.

And last, the miserable ending, which had made of the once pure girl what she was now. She had left home, father, friends ; forfeited everyone's good opinion, betrayed the trust reposed in her, forgotten all that the dear, kind old clergyman had so often taught her, to fly with the Squire's son, to be the toy and plaything of a moment ; thrown aside when the novelty was passed, to starve—or live, who cared ?—as best she might in the streets of cruel, pitiless London.

Stories similar to hers are of too frequent occurrence for every one there to put themselves to trouble to help the wretched victims of such cowardly conduct. Driven

to her fate by her stepmother, maddened to become what she was (for she loved the Squire's son with a passionate woman's first love), now she had nothing but hate, and contempt, and indignation for his memory ; pity for herself, for had he not promised to marry her ? adding a falsehood more to the many already told, and unutterable remorse for the past. All this passed before her in far less time than it takes to write, and the remembrance was intolerable to her when she thought of the bitter contrast. But her good angel was at work again, there would soon be peace for her also.

Madge turned at the door, and came back to the bedside.

'I wish you would come too,' she said.

'I don't mind if I do,' answered Magdalen.

So the two went out hand in hand, passing as quickly as possible by the noisy drunken groups, who, in spite of the day, were as usual occupied in quarrelling, swearing, and fighting. When they came to the church, they pushed open the door gently, and quietly seated themselves in a corner where they could see and hear without being seen. Magdalen had not been in a church since she left her home.

Here, again, memory was busy with her ; but soon her attention became fixed by the beautiful service and simple, though eloquent sermon. The preacher spoke of the ever-blessedness of that day—the joy, peace, and goodwill that ought to reign upon earth ; and then he referred to the many who, like the two girls, were destitute of almost everything in that great city. Peace would come to them

also, he said, if they would but ask for it earnestly, believing they would receive; and he finished by saying that however great the sin might be, however great the sinner, if they would only give up their evil courses and repent, and ask God to help them in temptation and from sin in the future, that they should be forgiven, their transgressions blotted out, made white as snow; peace should be theirs, and joy should be in heaven over them. 'For there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.'

For the first time for many a long day Magdalen prayed, and registered a vow that, God helping her, from that day forth she would lead an entirely new life.

CHAPTER III.

STRUGGLES FOR A NEW LIFE.

'Live well, and then how soon soe'er thou die
Thou art of age to claim eternity.'—RANDOLPH.

CHRISTMAS EVE once more. Two weary, footsore girls slowly tramping along the road. Field, hedge, ditch, road, farm, homestead, pond, garden, all alike covered with a pure white mantle, a sheet of glittering snow, without one

spot to mar its exquisite clearness and beauty. The snow was many inches deep, and where it had drifted, many feet.

It was a bad night to be out. The flakes were beginning to fall again: any one who did not know the country well would be lost, might be buried in the snow. We have seen the faces of the travellers before—Magdalen and Madge.

‘Are you sure you know the way?’ inquired Madge.

‘Yes, sure,’ answered Magdalen.

And again they plodded on. It was getting darker and darker, though it was quite early; the wind had risen, and came in short, angry blasts; and the snow had increased to a regular storm, and was whirling and eddying about, dancing wildly in the air.

Suddenly, what they imagined was the road entirely disappeared, and they found themselves knee-deep in a snowdrift. Not a light to be seen, not a sound except the wind to be heard, and the night had become so dark that they could not even see each other.

They did not dare move, for fear of getting into a deeper place.

What was to be done? If they remained where they were, they would unquestionably perish, be buried in the fast falling snow, unless help came, which seemed very improbable. Then they shouted as long and as loud as they could. Not a sound came back to cheer the poor wanderers, save the cruel mocking echo of their own despairing voices. The wind seemed to laugh at and rejoice in their misery; it was as if the air was full of



THE SNOW STORM.

chattering demons. They had no food, their last penny had been spent that morning, and they were half frozen in their wretched garments, thin and insufficient as they were; moreover they were footsore, hungry, and drowsy.

‘What are we to do?’ asked Madge. ‘Oh, I am so cold!’ and she shivered as she spoke.

She was but a child, and it was a situation to appal and strike terror into the stoutest heart. After their year of toil, and honest hard work, and when Magdalen had held to her vow of last Christmas Day so strictly, so nobly, against all difficulties and temptations, and they had worked and begged their way thus far to her old home, which was very near, if they could only find it; it seemed very hard to die after all this, almost in sight of the ‘haven where they would be.’

‘We will try and go a little further, perhaps we shall find the path again,’ said Magdalen. But, alas! in a moment they found they were up to their arms in the treacherous, yielding snow; they could not move hand or foot; it was all over with the two poor tired children. They shouted again, and crept closer together, to try and get a little warmth into their nearly frozen limbs.

Then they said their prayers. Gradually the fatal weariness and wish for sleep, stole over them; their eyes refused to keep open any longer; they sunk deeper and deeper into the snow, which was up to their chins almost; they had struggled as long as they could: the end was nearly come.

‘Lord Jesu, receive our spirits,’ prayed Magdalen.
The snow fell thicker and quicker, as if anxious and impatient to swallow up its hapless victims.
To the good God we must leave them.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

‘Happy were men if they but understood
There is no safety but in doing good.’—FOUNTAIN.

FARMER STANLEY was going home that bitter night with his dog ‘Lion,’ his constant and faithful companion.

He was a hale old man, with snow-white hair and a stalwart frame, but he limped slightly as he walked along. His thoughts were busy, full of his lost child, his darling Magdalen, who, in spite of all, was ever remembered with full forgiveness.

It was her birthday next day ; she would be nineteen—where was she ? he wondered, perhaps in want, maybe dead. Oh, how he yearned to see her once more ! ‘Come back, dear ; come back to your old father, he murmured to himself ; I want you so much.’

Just then ‘Lion,’ who had been some way on in front, came running back, barking furiously, and saying plainly in his dog language that he had something to show his master. Farmer Stanley paid no attention to him at first ;

but 'Lion' persisted in his efforts to attract his attention, jumping on his master, barking, and then running a short distance, and returning, to be sure that his master was following.

Knowing 'Lion' so well Farmer Stanley left the path, and cautiously followed him. He knew the road well, for it was the field at the back of his own house.

'Lion' led him to what, at first, looked like a bundle covered with snow; by degrees, Farmer Stanley saw it was two people, in all probability dead, buried in a glittering sheet of snow. He could not clearly distinguish their faces in the uncertain light, and the snow was still fast falling.

So he set off, and in a few moments he had reached his house, called his men, who, with lanterns, brandy, and blankets, proceeded to the spot, guided by "Lion."

Farmer Stanley turned his lantern full on the faces of the two unhappy people. One was strange to him, the other—

'Merciful heavens!' he exclaimed; 'My child! my Magdalen!' And down on his knees he went, and took the frozen hands in his own, kissing them passionately, chafing them, and calling her by all sorts of endearing names.

The men worked with a will, and in a few minutes Magdalen and Madge were safe in the comfortable kitchen at the Manor Farm, once more eagerly tended by loving hands.

Great was the thankfulness and joy in poor Farmer Stanley's heart when Magdalen at last opened her eyes.

‘Where am I?’ she asked. ‘In heaven?’ Then, raising herself, she caught sight of the farmer. ‘Father! father! is that you? Oh, thank God!’ she exclaimed.

‘Yes, it is your poor old father, who has sorrowed, oh, who can say how deeply, for your loss. Now, not a word on that subject,’ he added, seeing that Magdalen was about to speak; ‘it shall never be mentioned again.’ And the farmer clasped his erring daughter once more in his arms.

‘And who is this?’ said he, indicating Madge.

Magdalen told him, and also how much she was indebted to Madge’s innocent example.

Then the farmer kissed Madge, and thanked her warmly, and told her she must never leave them again.

So by God’s providence and mercy, peace and happiness were restored to the Manor Farm. The news soon spread of Magdalen’s wonderful escape from an awful death, through God’s help and ‘Lion’s’ sagacity, and many were the congratulations which came flowing in. Again, unseen, Magdalen went to Church, and oh! with what a full and thankful heart she contrasted that Christmas Day and its predecessors.

No longer, now, a most miserable, despairing outcast, God had helped her in her good resolutions, as He ever will those who earnestly pray to Him, and who try to help themselves. Madge’s pure example had made her path brighter and easier, and now she was once more in her old home, with the father she so loved, free from her step-mother, who had died soon after she left the farm, and with an entirely new life before her; truly, her sins, which were

many, had been forgiven, made white as snow ; rightly was she called Magdalen.

So we will leave her, a reclaimed, repentant woman, sorrowing deeply for the sins she had committed, but with a divine peace in her heart, an inestimably precious reward for all her great sufferings.

And when yet another Christmas morning dawned, Madge was still at the Manor Farm, where she will remain until she is old enough to marry ; and Magdalen's joy was full, for she was the forgiven, loved, and loving wife of handsome, constant Laurence Leslie.

CONSTANCE HOWARD.



Hunter Quatermain's Story.



SIR HENRY CURTIS is, as everybody acquainted with him knows, one of the most hospitable men on earth. It was in the course of the enjoyment of his hospitality at his place in Yorkshire the other day that I heard the hunting story which I am now about to transcribe. Many of those who read it will no doubt have heard some of the strange rumours that are flying about to the effect that Sir Henry Curtis and his friend Captain Good, R.N., found a vast treasure of diamonds out in the heart of Africa the other day, supposed to have been hidden by the Egyptians, or King Solomon, or somebody. I first saw the matter alluded to in a paragraph in one of the society papers the day before I started for Yorkshire to pay my visit to Curtis, and arrived, needless to say, burning with curiosity; for there is something very fascinating to the mind in the idea of hidden treasure. When I got to the Hall, I at once tackled Curtis about it, and he did not deny the truth of the story; but on my pressing him to tell it he would not, nor would Good, who was also staying in the house.

‘You would not believe me if I did,’ he said with one of the hearty laughs which seem to come right out of those great lungs of his. ‘You must wait till Hunter Quatermain comes; he will arrive here from Africa to-night, and I am not going to say a word about the matter, or

Good either, until he turns up. Quatermain was with us all through ; he has known about the business for years and years, and if it had not been for him we should not have been here to-day. I am off to meet him presently.'

I could not get a word more out of him, nor could anybody else, though we were all dying of curiosity, especially some of the ladies. I shall never forget their faces in the drawing-room before dinner when Good produced a great rough diamond, weighing fifty carats or more, and told them that he had many larger than that. If ever I saw curiosity and envy printed on fair faces, I saw it then.

It was just at that moment that the door was opened, and Mr. Allan Quatermain announced, whereupon Good shovelled the diamond into his pocket, and sprang at a little man who came limping shyly into the room, convoyed by Sir Henry Curtis himself.

'Here he is, Good, safe and sound,' said Sir Henry, gleefully. 'Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce you to one of the oldest hunters and the very best shot in Africa, who has killed more elephants and lions than any other man alive.'

Everybody turned and stared politely at the curious-looking little lame man, and though his size was insignificant, he was quite worth staring at. He had short grizzled hair, which stood about an inch above his head like the bristles of a brush, large brown eyes, that seemed to notice everything, and a withered face, tanned absolutely the colour of mahogany from exposure to the

weather. He spoke, too, when he returned Good's enthusiastic greeting, with a curious little accent, which made his speech noticeable.

It so happened that I sat next to Mr. Allan Quatermain at dinner, and, of course, did my best to draw him; but he was not to be drawn. He admitted that he had recently been a long journey into the interior of Africa with Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good, and that they had found treasure, and then politely turned the subject and began to ask me questions about England, where he had never been before. Of course, I did not find this very interesting, and so cast about for some means to bring the conversation round again.

Now, we were dining in a sort of oak - panelled vestibule, and on the wall opposite to me were fixed two gigantic elephant tusks, and under them a pair of buffalo horns, very rough and knotted, showing that they came off an old bull, and with the tip of one horn split and chipped. I noticed that Hunter Quatermain's eyes kept glancing at these trophies, and took an occasion to ask him if he knew anything about them.

'I ought to,' he answered, with a little laugh; 'the elephant to which those tusks belonged tore one of our party right in two about eighteen months ago, and as for the buffalo horns, they were nearly the death of me, and were the end of a servant of mine to whom I was much attached. I gave them to Sir Henry when he left Natal some months ago;' and Mr. Quatermain sighed and turned to answer a question from the lady whom

he had taken down to dinner, and who, needless to say, was also employed in trying to pump him about the diamonds.

Indeed, all round the table there was a simmer of scarcely suppressed excitement, which, when the servants had left the room, could no longer be restrained.

'Now, Mr. Quatermain,' said the lady next him, 'we have been kept in an agony of suspense by Sir Henry and Captain Good, who have persistently refused to tell us a word of this story about the hidden treasure till you came, and we simply can bear it no longer ; so, please, begin at once.'

'Yes,' said everybody, 'go on please.'

Hunter Quatermain glanced round the table apprehensively ; he did not seem to appreciate finding himself the object of so much curiosity.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said at last, with a shake of his grizzled head, 'I am very sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot do it. It is this way. At the request of Sir Henry and Captain Good I have written down a true and plain account of King Solomon's Mines and how we found them, so you will soon all be able to learn all about that wonderful adventure for yourselves ; but until then I will say nothing about it, not from any wish to disappoint your curiosity, or to make myself important, but simply because the whole story partakes so much of the marvellous, that I am afraid to tell it in a piecemeal, hasty fashion, for fear I shall be set down as one of those common fellows of whom there are so many in my profession, who are not ashamed to

narrate things they have not seen, and even to tell wonderful stories about wild animals they have never killed. And I think that my companions in adventure, Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good, will bear me out in what I say.'

'Yes, Quatermain, I think you are quite right,' said Sir Henry. 'Precisely the same considerations have forced Good and myself to hold our tongues. We did not wish to be bracketed with—well, with other famous travellers.'

There was a murmur of disappointment at these announcements.

'I believe you are all hoaxing us,' said the young lady next Mr. Quatermain, rather sharply.

'Believe me,' answered the old hunter, with a quaint sort of courtesy and a little bow of his grizzled head; 'though I have lived all my life in the wilderness, and amongst savages, I have neither the heart, nor the want of manners, to wish to deceive one so lovely.'

Whereat the young lady, who was pretty, looked appeased.

'This is very dreadful,' I broke in. 'We ask for bread and you give us a stone, Mr. Quatermain. The least that you can do is to tell us the story of the tusks opposite and the buffalo horns underneath. We won't let you off with less.'

'I am but a poor story-teller,' put in the old hunter, 'but if you will forgive my want of skill, I shall be happy to tell you, not the story of the tusks, for it is part of the history of our journey to King Solomon's Mines, but that of the buffalo horns beneath them, which is now ten years old.'

'Bravo, Quatermain!' said Sir Henry. 'We shall all be delighted. Fire away! Fill up your glass first.'

The little man did as he was bid, took a sip of claret, and began:—'About ten years ago, I was hunting up in the far interior of Africa, at a place called Gatgarra, not a great way from the Chobe River. I had with me four native servants, namely, a driver and voorlooper, or leader, who were natives of Matabeleland, a Hottentot called Hans, who had once been the slave of a Transvaal Boer, and a Zulu hunter, who had for five years accompanied me upon my trips, and whose name was Mashune. Now near Gatgarra I found a fine piece of healthy, park-like country, where the grass was very good, considering the time of year; and here I made a little camp or head-quarter settlement, from whence I went expeditions on all sides in search of game, especially elephant. My luck, however, was bad; I got but little ivory. I was therefore very glad when some natives brought me news that a large herd of elephants were feeding in a valley about thirty miles away. At first I thought of trekking down to the valley, wagon and all, but gave up the idea on hearing that it was infested with the deadly "tsetse" fly, which is certain death to all animals, except man, donkeys, and wild game. So I reluctantly determined to leave the wagon in the charge of the Matabele leader and driver, and to start on a trip into the thorn country, accompanied only by the Hottentot Hans and Mashune.

'Accordingly on the following morning we started, and on the evening of the next day reached the spot where the

elephants were reported to be. But here again we were met by ill luck. That the elephants had been there was evident enough, for their spoor was plentiful, and so were other traces of their presence in the shape of mimosa trees torn out of the ground, and placed topsy-turvy on their flat crowns, in order to enable the great beasts to feed on their sweet roots ; but the elephants themselves were conspicuous by their absence, having elected to move on. This being so, there was only one thing to do, and that was to move after them, which we did, and a pretty hunt they led us. For a fortnight or more we dodged about after those elephants, coming up with them on two occasions, and a splendid herd they were—only, however, to lose them again. At length we came up with them a third time, and I managed to shoot one bull, and then they made right off again, where it was useless to try and follow them. After this I gave it up in disgust, and we made the best of our way back to the camp, not in the sweetest of tempers, carrying the tusks of the elephant I had shot. It was on the afternoon of the fifth day of our tramp that we reached the little Koppie overlooking the spot where the wagon stood, and I confess that I climbed it with a pleasurable sense of home-coming, for his wagon is the hunter's home, as much as his house is a civilised person's. I reached the top of the Koppie, and looked in the direction where the friendly white tent of the wagon should be, and there was no wagon, nothing but a black burnt plain stretching away as far as the eye could reach. I rubbed my eyes and looked again, and made out on the spot of the camp not my wagon, but

some charred beams of wood. Half wild with grief and anxiety, I ran at full speed down the slope of the Koppie, and across the bit of plain below to the spring of water, where my camp had been, followed by Hans and Mashune. I was soon there, only to find that my worst suspicions were confirmed. The wagon and all its contents, including my spare guns and ammunition, had been destroyed by a grass fire.

‘Now before I started, I had left orders with the driver to burn off the grass round the camp, in order to guard against accidents of this nature, and this was the reward of my folly: a very proper illustration of the necessity, especially where natives are concerned, of doing a thing oneself if one wants it done at all. Evidently the lazy rascals had not burnt round the wagon; most probably, indeed, they had themselves carelessly fired the tall and resinous tambouki grass near by; the wind had driven the flames on to the wagon tent, and there was quickly an end of the whole thing. As for the driver and leader, I know not what became of them: probably fearing my anger, they bolted, taking the oxen with them. I have never seen them from that hour to this. I sat down there on the black veldt by the spring, and gazed at the charred axles and disselboom of my wagon, and I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, I felt inclined to cry. As for Mashune and Hans they cursed away vigorously, one in Zulu and the other in Dutch. Ours was a pretty position. We were nearly 300 miles away from Bamangwato, the capital of Khama's country, which was the nearest spot where we could get any help, and our

ammunition, spare guns, clothing, food, and everything else, were all totally destroyed. I had just what I stood in, which was a flannel shirt, a pair of "veldt-schoons" or shoes of raw hide, my eight-bore rifle, and a few cartridges. Hans and Mashune had also each a Martini rifle and some cartridges, not many. And it was with this equipment that we had to undertake a journey of 300 miles through a desolate and almost uninhabited region. I can assure you that I have never been in a worse position, and I have been in some queer ones. However, these things are the natural incidents of a hunter's life, and the only thing to do was to make the best of them.

'Accordingly, after passing a comfortless night by the remains of my wagon, we started next morning on our long journey towards civilisation. Now if I were to set to work to tell you all the troubles and incidents of that dreadful journey I should keep you listening here till midnight ; so I will, with your permission, pass on to the particular adventure of which the pair of buffalo horns opposite are the melancholy memento.

'We had been travelling for about a month, living and getting along as best we could, when one evening we camped some forty miles from Bamangwato. By this time we were indeed in a melancholy plight, footsore, half starved, and utterly worn out ; and, in addition, I was suffering from a sharp attack of fever, which half blinded me and made me as weak as a babe. Our ammunition, too, was exhausted ; I had only one cartridge left for my eight-bore rifle, and Hans and Mashune, who were armed with

Martini Henrys, had three between them. It was about an hour from sundown when we halted and lit a fire,—for luckily we had still a few matches. It was a charming spot to camp, I remember. Just off the game track we were following was a little hollow, fringed about with flat-crowned mimosa trees, and at the bottom of the hollow, a spring of clear water welled up out of the earth, and formed a pool, round the edges of which grew an abundance of watercresses of an exactly similar kind to those which were handed round the table just now. Now we had no food of any kind left, having that morning devoured the last remains of a little oribe antelope, which I had shot two days previously. Accordingly Hans, who was a better shot than Mashune, took two of the three remaining Martini cartridges, and started out to see if he could not kill a buck for supper. I was too weak to go myself.

‘Meanwhile Mashune employed himself in dragging together some dead boughs from the mimosa trees to make a sort of “skerm,” or shelter for us to sleep in, about forty yards from the edge of the pool of water. We had been greatly troubled with lions in the course of our long tramp, and only on the previous night had very nearly been attacked by them, which made me nervous, especially in my weak state. Just as we had finished the skerm, or rather something which did duty for one, Mashune and I heard a shot apparently fired about a mile away.

“Hark to it!” sung out Mashune in Zulu, more I fancy by way of keeping his spirits up than for any other

reason,—for he was a sort of black Mark Tapley, and very cheerful under difficulties. “Hark to the wonderful sound with which the ‘Maboona’ (the Boers) shook our fathers to the ground at the battle of the Blood River. We are hungry now, my father; our stomachs are small and withered up like a dried ox’s paunch, but they will soon be full of good meat. Hans is a Hottentot, and an ‘umfagozan’ (a low fellow), but he shoots straight—ah! he certainly shoots straight. Be of a good heart, my father, there will soon be meat upon the fire, and we shall rise up men.”

‘And so he went on talking nonsense till I told him to stop, because he made my head ache with his empty words.

‘Shortly after we heard the shot the sun sank in his red splendour, and there fell upon earth and sky the awful hush of the African wilderness. The lions were not up as yet, they would probably wait for the moon, and the birds and beasts were all at rest. I cannot describe the intensity of the quiet of the night: to me in my weak state, and fretting as I was over the non-return of the Hottentot Hans, it seemed almost ominous—as though Nature were brooding over some tragedy which was being enacted in her sight.

‘It was quiet—quiet as death, and lonely as the grave.

“‘Mashune,” I said at last, “where is Hans; my heart is heavy for him.”

“‘Nay, my father, I know not; mayhap he is weary, and sleeps, or mayhap he has lost his way.”

“‘Mashune, art thou a boy to talk folly to me? Tell me, in all the years thou hast hunted by my side, didst thou

ever know a Hottentot to lose his path or to sleep upon the way to camp?"

"Nay, Macumazahn" (that is my native name, and means the man who "gets up by night," or who "is always awake"), "I know not where he is."

'But though we talked thus, we neither of us liked to hint at what was in both our minds, namely, that misfortune had overtaken the poor Hottentot.

"Mashune," I said at last, "go down to the water and bring me of those green herbs that grow there. I am hungered, and must eat something."

"Nay, my father; surely there are ghosts there; they come out of the water at night, and sit upon the banks to dry themselves. An Isanusi told it me."*

'Mashune was, I think, one of the bravest men I ever knew in the daytime, but he had a more than civilised dread of the supernatural.

"Must I go myself, thou fool?" I said sternly.

"Nay, Macumazahn, if thy heart yearns for strange things like a sick woman, I go, even if the ghosts devour me."

'And accordingly he went, and soon returned with a large bundle of watercresses, of which I ate greedily.

"Art thou not hungry?" I asked the great Zulu presently, as he sat eyeing me eating.

"Never was I hungrier, my father."

"Then eat," and I pointed to the watercresses.

"Nay, I cannot eat those herbs."

* *Isanusi*, witch-finder.

“ If thou dost not eat thou wilt starve : eat, Mashune.”

‘ He stared at the watercresses doubtfully for a while, and at last seized a handful and crammed them into his mouth, crying out as he did so, “ Oh, why was I born that I should live to feed on green weeds like an ox ; surely if my mother could have known it she would have killed me when I was born ; ” and so he went on lamenting between each fistful of watercresses till all were finished, when he declared that he was full indeed of stuff, but it lay very cold on his stomach, “ like snow upon a mountain. ” At any other time I should have laughed, for it must be admitted he had a ludicrous way of putting things. Zulus do not like green food.

‘ Just after Mashune had finished his watercress, we heard the loud “ woof woof ” of a lion, who was evidently promenading round our little skerm much nearer than was pleasant. Indeed, on looking into the darkness and listening intently, I could hear his snoring breath, and catch the light of his great yellow eyes. We shouted loudly, and Mashune threw some sticks on the fire to frighten him, which apparently had the desired effect, for we saw no more of him for a while.

‘ Just after we had had this fright from the lion, the moon rose in her fullest splendour, throwing a robe of silver light over all the earth. I never saw a more beautiful moonrise. I remember that sitting there in the skerm I could with ease read faint pencil notes in my pocket-book. As soon as the moon was up game began to trek down to the water just below us. I could, from

where I sat, see all sorts of them passing along a little ridge that ran to our right on their way to the drinking place. Indeed, one buck—a large eland—came within twenty yards of the skerm, and stood at gaze, staring at it suspiciously, his beautiful head and twisted horns standing out clearly against the sky. I had, I recollect, every mind to have a pull at him on the chance of providing ourselves with a good supply of beef; but remembering that we had but two cartridges left, and the extreme uncertainty of a shot by moonlight, I at length decided to refrain. The eland presently moved on to the water, and a minute or two afterwards there arose a great sound of splashing, followed by the quick fall of galloping hoofs.

“What’s that, Mashune?” I asked.

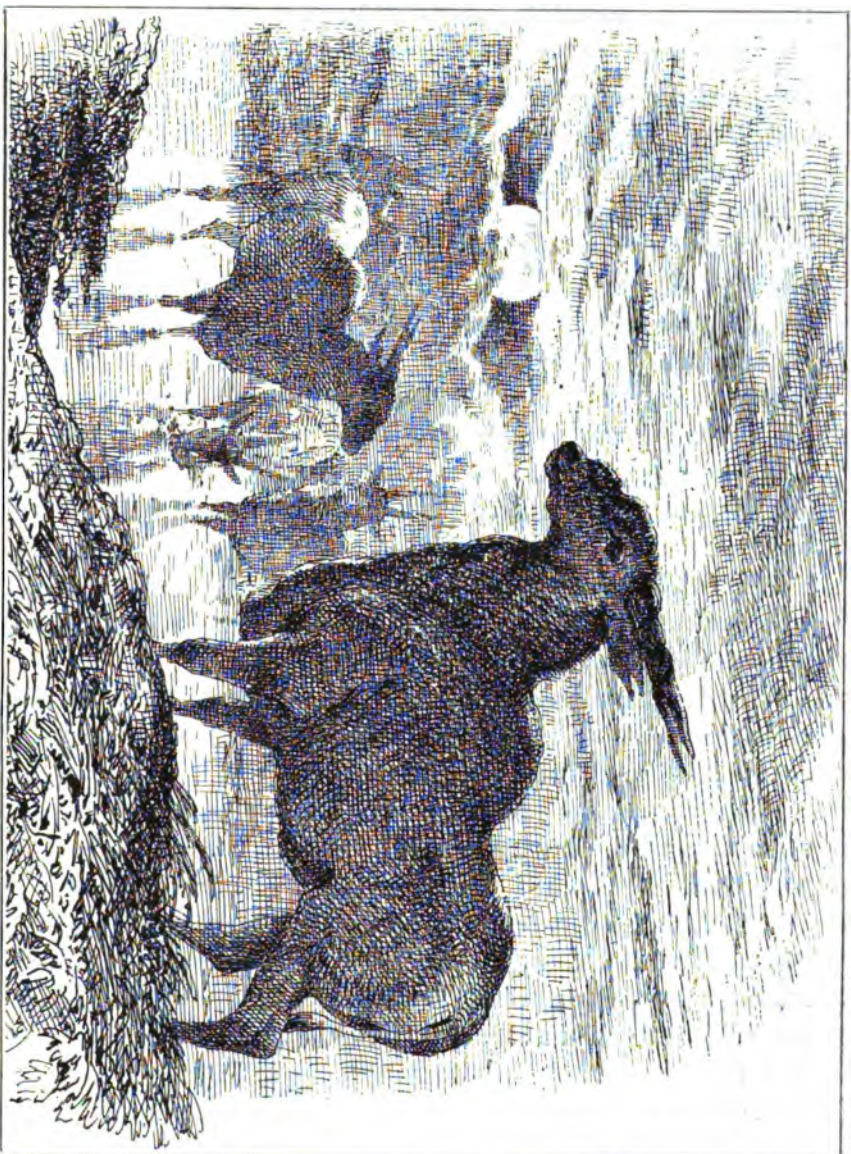
“That dam lion; buck smell him,” replied the Zulu in English, of which he had a very superficial knowledge.

‘Scarcely were the words out of his mouth before we heard a sort of whine over the other side of the pool, which was instantly answered by a loud coughing roar close to us.

“By Jove!” I said, “there are two of them. They have lost the buck; we must look out they don’t nobble us.” And again we made up the fire, and set to and shouted, with the result that the lions moved off.

“Mashune,” I said, “do you watch till the moon gets over that tree, when it will be the middle of the night. Then wake me. Watch well now, or the lions will be picking those worthless bones of yours before you are three hours older. I must rest a little, or I shall die.”

“Koos,” (chief) answered the Zulu. “Sleep, my



'The Eland stood at gaze.'

father, sleep in peace ; my eyes shall be open as the stars ; and like the stars shall watch over you."

'Although I was so weak, I could not at once follow his advice. To begin with, my head ached with fever, and I was torn with anxiety as to the fate of the Hottentot Hans ; and, indeed, as to our own fate, left with sore feet, empty stomachs, and two cartridges, to find our way to Bamangwato, forty miles off. Then the mere sensation of knowing that there are one or more hungry lions prowling round you somewhere in the dark is disquieting, however well one may be used to it, and, by keeping the attention on the stretch, tends to prevent one from sleeping. In addition to all these troubles, too, I was, I remember, seized with a dreadful longing for a pipe of tobacco, whereas, under the circumstances, I might as well have longed for the moon.

'At last, however, I got off into an uneasy sleep as full of bad dreams as a prickly pear is of points, one of which, I recollect, was that I was setting my naked foot upon a cobra that rose upon its tail and hissed my name, "Macumazahn," into my ear. Indeed, the cobra hissed with such persistency that at last I roused myself.

' "*Macumazahn, nanzia, nanzia !*" (there, there !) whispered Mashune's voice into my drowsy ears. Raising myself, I opened my eyes, and I saw Mashune kneeling by my side and pointing towards the water. Following the line of his outstretched hand, my eyes fell upon a sight that, old hunter as I was even in those days, made me jump. About twenty paces from the little skerm was a large ant-

heap, and on the summit of the ant-heap, her four feet rather close together, so as to find standing space, stood the massive form of a big lioness. Her head was towards the skerm, and in the bright moonlight I saw her lower it and lick her paws.

'Mashune thrust the Martini rifle into my hands, whispering that it was loaded. I lifted it and covered the lioness, but found that even in that light I could not make out the fore-sight of the Martini. As it would be madness to fire without doing so, for the result would probably be that I should wound the lioness, if, indeed, I did not miss her altogether, I lowered the rifle; and, hastily tearing a fragment of paper from one of the leaves of my pocket-book, which I had been consulting just before I went to sleep, I proceeded to fix it on to the front sight. But all this took a little time, and before the paper was satisfactorily arranged, Mashune again gripped me by the arm, and pointed to a dark heap under the shade of a small mimosa tree which grew not more than ten paces from the skerm.

"Well, what is it?" I whispered; "I can see nothing."

"It is another lion," he answered.

"Nonsense, thy heart is dead with fear, thou seest double;" and I bent forward over the edge of the surrounding fence, and stared at the heap.

'Even as I said the words, the dark mass rose and stalked out into the moonlight. It was a magnificent; black-maned lion, one of the largest I had ever seen.

When he had gone two or three steps he caught sight of me, halted, and stood there gazing straight towards us;—he was so close that I could see the firelight reflected in his wicked, greenish eyes.

“Shoot, shoot!” said Mashune. “The devil is coming—he is going to spring!”

‘I raised the rifle, and got the bit of paper on the foresight, straight on to a little patch of white hair just where the throat is set into the chest and shoulders. As I did so, the lion glanced back over his shoulder, as, according to my experience, a lion nearly always does before he springs. Then he dropped his body a little, and I saw his big paws spread out upon the ground as he put his weight on them to gather purchase. In haste I pressed the trigger of the Martini, and not an instant too soon; for, as I did so, he was in the act of springing. The report of the rifle rang out sharp and clear on the intense silence of the night, and in another second the great brute had landed on his head within four feet of us, and rolling over and over towards us, was sending the bushes which composed our little fence flying with convulsive strokes of his great paws. We sprang out of the other side of the “skerm,” and he rolled on to it and into it and then right through the fire. Next he raised himself and sat upon his haunches like a great dog, and began to roar. Heavens; how he roared! I never heard anything like it before or since. He kept filling his lungs with air, and then emitting it in the most heart-shaking volumes of sound. Suddenly, in the middle of one of the loudest roars, he rolled over on to his side



‘ Suddenly, in the middle of one of the loudest roars, he rolled over on his side.’

and lay still, and I knew that he was dead. A lion generally dies upon his side.

‘With a sigh of relief I looked up towards his mate upon the ant-heap. She was standing there apparently petrified with astonishment, looking over her shoulder, and lashing her tail ; but, to our intense joy, when the dying beast ceased roaring, she turned, and, with one enormous bound, vanished into the night.

‘Then we advanced cautiously towards the prostrate brute, Mashune droning an improvised Zulu song as he went, about how Macumazahn, the hunter of hunters, whose eyes are open by night as well as by day, put his hand down the lion’s stomach when it came to devour him and pulled out his heart by the roots, &c., &c., by way of expressing his satisfaction at the turn events had taken in his hyperbolical Zulu way.

‘There was no need for caution ; the lion was as dead as though he had already been stuffed with straw. The Martini bullet had entered within an inch of the white spot I had aimed at, and travelled right through him, passing out at the right buttock, near the root of the tail. The Martini has wonderful driving power, though the shock it gives to the system is, comparatively speaking, slight, owing to the smallness of the hole it makes. But fortunately the lion is an easy beast to kill.

‘I passed the rest of that night in a profound slumber, my head reposing upon the deceased lion’s flank, a position that had, I thought, a beautiful touch of irony about it, though the smell of his singed hair was disagreeable.

When I woke again the faint primrose lights of dawn were flushing in the eastern sky. For a moment I could not understand the chill sense of anxiety that lay like a lump of ice at my heart, till the feel and smell of the skin of the dead lion beneath my head recalled the circumstances in which we were placed. I rose, and eagerly looked round to see if I could discover any signs of Hans, who, if he had escaped accident, would surely return to us at dawn, but there were none. Then hope grew faint, and I felt that it was not well with the poor fellow. Setting Mashune to build up the fire I hastily removed the hide from the flank of the lion, which was indeed a splendid beast, and cutting off some lumps of flesh, we toasted and ate them greedily. Lion's flesh, strange as it may seem, is very good eating, and tastes more like veal than anything else.

'By the time that we had finished our much-needed meal the sun was getting up, and after a drink of water and a wash at the pool, we started to try and find Hans, leaving the dead lion to the tender mercies of the hyenas. Both Mashune and myself were, by constant practice, pretty good hands at tracking, and we had not much difficulty in following his spoor, faint as it was. We had gone on in this way for half-an-hour or so, and were, perhaps, a mile or more from the site of our camping-place, when we discovered the spoor of a solitary bull buffalo mixed up with the spoor of Hans, and were able, from various indications, to make out that he had been tracking the buffalo. At length we reached a little glade

in which there grew a stunted old mimosa thorn, with a peculiar and overhanging formation of root, under which a porcupine, or an ant-bear, or some such animal, had hollowed out a wide-lipped hole. About ten or fifteen paces from this thorn-tree there was a thick patch of bush.

“See, Macumazahn! see!” said Mashune, excitedly, as we drew near the thorn; “the buffalo has charged him. Look here, he stood to fire at him; look how firmly he planted his feet upon the earth; there is the mark of his crooked toe (Hans had one bent toe). Look! here the bull came like a boulder down the hill, his hoofs turning up the earth like a hoe. Hans had hit him: he bled as he came; there are the blood spots. It is all written down there, my father—there upon the earth.”

“Yes,” I said; “yes; but *where is Hans?*”

‘Even as I said it Mashune clutched my arm, and pointed to the stunted thorn just by us. Even now, gentlemen, it makes me feel sick when I think of what I saw.

‘For fixed in a stout fork of the tree some eight feet from the ground was Hans himself, or rather his dead body, evidently tossed there by the furious buffalo. One leg was twisted round the fork, probably in a dying convulsion. In the side, just beneath the ribs, was a great hole, from which the entrails protruded. But this was not all. The other leg hung down to within five feet of the ground. The skin and most of the flesh were gone from it. For a moment we stood aghast, and gazed at this horrifying sight. Then I understood what had happened.

The buffalo, with that devilish cruelty, which distinguishes the animal, had after his enemy was dead, stood underneath his body, and licked the flesh off the pendant leg with his file-like tongue. I had heard of such a thing before, but had always treated the stories as hunters' yarns; but I had no doubt about it now. Poor Hans' skeleton foot and ankle were an ample proof.

'We stood aghast under the tree, and stared and stared at this awful sight, when suddenly our cogitations were interrupted in a painful manner. The thick bush about fifteen paces off burst asunder with a crashing sound, and uttering a series of ferocious, pig-like grunts, the bull buffalo himself came charging out straight at us. Even as he came I saw the blood mark on his side where poor Hans' bullet had struck him, and also that, as is often the case with particularly savage buffaloes, his flanks had recently been terribly torn in an encounter with a lion.

On he came, his head well up (a buffalo does not generally lower his head till he does so to strike); those great black horns—as I look at them before me, gentlemen—I seem to see them come charging at me as I did ten years ago, silhouetted against the green bush behind;—on, on! With a shout Mashune bolted off sideways towards the bush. I had instinctively lifted my eight-bore, which I had in my hand. It would have been useless to fire at his head, for the dense horns would have turned the bullet; but as Mashune bolted, the bull slewed a little, with the momentary idea of following him, and as this gave me a ghost of a chance, I let drive my only cartridge at his

shoulder. The bullet struck the shoulder blade and smashed it up, and then travelled on under the skin into his flank ; but it did not stop him, though for a second he staggered. Throwing myself on to the ground I rolled, with the energy of despair, under the shelter of the projecting root of the thorn, crushing myself as far into the mouth of the ant-bear hole as I could. In a single instant he was after me. Kneeling down on his uninjured knee—for one leg, that of which I had broken the shoulder, was swinging helplessly to and fro—he set to work to try and hook me out of the hole with his crooked horn. At first he struck at me furiously, and it was one of the blows against the base of the tree which splintered the tip of the horn in the way that you see. Then he got more cunning, and shoving his head as far under the root as possible, made long semicircular sweeps at me, grunting furiously, and blowing saliva and hot steamy breath all over me. I was just out of reach of the horn, though every stroke, by widening the hole and making more room for his head, brought it closer to me, but every now and again I got heavy blows in the ribs from his muzzle. Feeling that I was being knocked silly, I made an effort, and seizing his rough tongue, which was hanging from his jaws, I twisted it with all my force. The great brute bellowed with pain and fury, and jerked himself backwards so strongly, that he dragged me some inches further from the mouth of the hole, and again made a sweep at me, catching me this time round the shoulder-joint in the hook of his horn.

‘ I felt that it was all up now, and began to holloa.

“He has got me,” I shouted in mortal terror. “*Gwasa, Mashune, gwasa*” (stab, Mashune, stab).

‘One hoist of the great head, and out of the hole I came like a periwinkle out of his shell. But even as I did so, I caught sight of Mashune’s stalwart form advancing with his “bangwan,” or broad stabbing assegai raised above his head. In another quarter of a second I had fallen from the horn, and heard the blow of the spear, followed by the indescribable sound of steel shearing its way through flesh. I had fallen on my back, and looking up I saw that the gallant Mashune had driven the assegai two foot or more into the carcase of the buffalo, and was turning to fly.

‘Alas! it was too late. Bellowing madly, and spouting blood from the mouth and nostrils, the devilish brute was on him, and had thrown him up like a feather, and then gored him twice as he lay. I struggled up with some wild idea of affording help, but before I had gone a step the buffalo gave one long sighing bellow, and rolled over dead by the side of his victim.

‘Mashune was still living, but a single glance at him told me that his hour had come. The buffalo’s horn had driven a great hole in his right lung, and inflicted other injuries.

‘I knelt down beside him in the uttermost distress, and took his hand.

“Is he dead, Macumazahn?” he whispered. “My eyes are blind; I cannot see.”

“Yes, he is dead.”

“Did the devil hurt thee, Macumazahn?”



‘Then came a long silence.’

“No, my poor fellow, I am not much hurt.”

“Ow! I am glad.”

‘Then came a long silence, broken only by the sound of the air whistling through the hole in his lung as he breathed.

“Macumazahn, art thou there? I cannot feel thee.”

“I am here, Mashune.”

“I die, Macumazahn,—the world flies round and round. I go—I go out into the dark. Surely, my father, at times in days to come,—thou wilt think of Mashune who stood by thy side—when thou killest elephants, as we used—as we used——”

‘They were his last words, his brave spirit passed with them. I dragged his body to the hole under the tree, and pushed it in, placing his broad assegai by him, as is the custom of his people, that he might not go defenceless on his long journey; and then, gentlemen—I am not ashamed to confess—I stood alone there before it, and wept like a woman.’

H. RIDER HAGGARD.



Seekers for a City.

'Believe me, if that blissful, that beautiful place, were set on a hill visible to all the world, I should long ago have journeyed thither But the number and variety of the ways ! For you know, *There is but one road that leads to Corinth.*'

HERMOTIMUS (Mr. Pater's Version).

'The Poet says, *dear city of Cecrops*, and wilt thou not say, *dear city of Zeus ?*'

M. ANTONINUS.

*T*O *Corinth leads one road*, you say,

Is there a Corinth, or a way ?

Each bland or blatant preacher hath

His painful or his primrose 'path,

And not a soul of all of these

But knows the city 'twixt the seas,

Her fair unnumbered homes and all

Her gleaming amethystine wall !

Alas ! how few that point the road,

Take Corinth for their own abode !

Nay, like these worthy Bishops all,

Who rule the Sees colonial,

Of many a dark and heathen land,

These guides are met with in the Strand ;

Or, if they seek the City, why

A penny 'bus they seek it by,

Or call a hansom from the rank,

And go, as Pilgrims, to the Bank.

Such are the guides who know the way,

The guides who write, and preach, and pray,

I watch their lives, and I divine
They differ not from yours and mine !

One man we knew, and only one,
Whose seeking for a city's done,
For what he greatly sought he found,
A city girt with fire around,
A city in an empty land
Between the wastes of sky and sand,
A city on a river-side,
Where by the folk he loved, he died.*

Alas ! it is not ours to tread
That path wherein his life he led.
Not ours his heart to dare and feel,
Keen as the fragrant Syrian steel,
Yet are we not quite city-less,
Not wholly left in our distress,
Is it not said by One of old,
Sheep have I of another fold ?
Ah ! faint of heart, and weak of will,
For us there is a city still !

Dear city of Zeus, the Stoic says,†
The Voice from Rome's imperial days,
In Thee meet all things, and disperse,
In Thee, for Thee, O Universe !

* January 26, 1885.

† M. Antoninus, iv. 23.

*To me all's fruit thy seasons bring,
Alike thy summer, and thy spring,
The winds that wail, the suns that burn,
Proceed from Thee, to Thee return.*

*Dear city of Zeus, shall we not say,
Home to which none can lose the way!
Born in that city's flaming bound,
We do not find her, but are found.
Within her wide and viewless wall
The Universe is girdled all.
All joys and pains, all wealth and dearth,
All things that travail on the earth,
God's will they work, if God there be,
If not, what is my life to me?*

*Seek we no further, but abide
Within this city great and wide,
In her, and for her living, we
Have no less joy than to be free;
Nor death nor grief can quite appal
The folk that dwell within her wall,
Nor aught but with our will befall!*

A. LANG.



A Modern Cornish Saint.



OME of the greatest saints are still to be found among the poor, whom God has chosen, rich in faith.

An old woman of eighty died on May 18th of last year, who deserves to be reckoned among those saints. Everyone knew her by the name of Mary Ann. She lived, the last many years of her life, alone in a little thatched one-room cottage, high up the street of the most picturesque of Cornish villages. Beneath, round the grey and ivied church tower, waved the tops of the straight elm trees, pierced with blue smoke from hidden houses, and the unceasing prattle of the brook. It was the most refreshing and invigorating thing for any one tired with sacred work, to climb the steep road, and rest for a while in that clean and tidy room, where Mary Ann sat, behind the rush-screen, her own handiwork, which kept off the draught from the door and served at the same time as desk and bookshelf. No one who has done so will forget the richness and variety of the benedictions with which Mary Ann, after a moment's pause, would greet an incomer with whom she was in sympathy. With what fervour she interspersed her good old Cornish 'A-amen' into the prayers! And every sentence she uttered—she spoke with gravity and deliberation—was an epigram which would have struck you as brilliant, if its brilliancy had not been lost sight of in its spiritual depth.

Mary Ann was a cripple. She had had more than one stroke of palsy. The affliction affected her mouth, and made it a matter of serious pain and difficulty for her to speak. Perhaps that was one reason why every word came with a kind of majestic sanctity ; a heavy tax upon words may help to produce a good article. With great exertion Mary Ann could make her check-hung bed and her wood fire, and keep the room in order, with the help of a neighbour, and do her not elaborate or extensive cooking. Of course, she could never go to church, except on rare summer occasions when some of the young fellows would carry her down in a chair. But much as she would have liked to be there, she would not be too much pitied for her privation. 'I've got good company,' she would say ; and then, with impressive reverence, she would add, 'There's the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost ; and that's the best company for a Christian.'

Mary Ann had been brought up a Methodist, and she married an aged local preacher among the 'Bible Christians,' with whom she lived very happily for fourteen years, in spite of extreme poverty and the hardest work. Sometimes she would have to walk eight or nine miles before breakfast, with a heavy sack on her back ; sometimes to stand for two or three hours with a hook to cut the ice off the mill-wheel. But she wrote, in a retrospect of her married life, 'Bless God, we never wanted bread more than three days together, and then we was asked at five places to take tea ! Often it was barley bread and water three times a day, and could have eaten more if we had had it,

but the Lord hath added His blessing to what we have had.'

Mary Ann's extreme conscientiousness will be shewn by the following story. In complete ignorance, she allowed herself, after her husband's death, to take a certain step which she afterwards found to have been wrong. Her penitence for it was deep and lifelong. Not that she doubted of her forgiveness; she often said she was 'as happy as she could live in the body.' But she could not forget what she had done. 'God has forgiven me,' she said once, 'bless His holy name; but I can't *forgive myself*.'

The form in which she chose to express her sorrow was to observe the Friday of every week as a day of solemn humiliation. Nothing would induce her on that day to touch a morsel of flesh. On one occasion, when her birthday happened to fall upon Friday, the Rector's wife sent her an appetising dinner of chicken, or rabbit, or something of the kind, for which she was known to have a liking. But when her kind friend went up in the afternoon to pay the birthday visit, she was greeted with something like tears of pain. 'Oh, my dear life, how could 'ee think that I could eat it, and to-day Friday!'

It will be seen that Mary Ann's religion was of an eclectic kind. One instance of her sympathies and antipathies will amuse even those who do not share them. At one time she was much thrown in with the Roman Catholics, and she would often describe the 'fine good times' that she had had in their chapel. On one occasion they had had a revival of some kind there, which was

concluded with a solemn procession and a renewal of vows. She told the story, how they put a candle in her hand and told her she must walk round the chapel with the rest. 'And I was fine and glad to do it, and I kept saying to myself, like David, "The Lord shall light my candle." But when we came to the end, and they said, "Now, Mary Ann, you must kiss the image," I said, "No, your honour; I like to carry your candle, but as for kissing of a image I wean't do it;

"By faith I kiss Thy bleeding feet."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Mary Ann was her extraordinary generosity. There was a wonderful story, of which I forget the details, though it was thrilling to hear her tell it, of some famous collection that was made at Liskeard in her unmarried days for the Foreign Missions of her sect. The missionary, observing that she put nothing into the plate, accused the poor girl of being covetous. She said nothing at the time, but the minister of the chapel told the missionary afterwards that, before the meeting, Mary Ann had given him the whole of her savings for some years past. The same generosity remained with her to the end. She had nothing to live on but half-a-crown a-week from the parish, but out of this she managed to scrape enough to be a regular and handsome subscriber to both the great missionary societies of the Church. In consequence of her name appearing for so good-looking a sum on the lists of these

societies, poor Mary Ann was flooded with begging-letters and circulars from all manner of people seeking help, and often her friends would find her in tears over some fresh appeal to which she was unable to respond.

To the poor of London Mary Ann's heart and almsgiving went out as profusely as to Foreign Missions. Poor boys' dinners, children's hospitals, and the like, had her continual support, and through the pages of the *Missing Link Magazine* she entered into actual correspondence with a number of sufferers in London, whom she helped by her alms and prayers.

All money gifts that were made to her found their way into her missionary box, and she worked her poor palsied fingers to knit wonderful little pence-jugs of worsted, to be sold at bazaars. Hearing that a friend of hers, a Prebendary of Endellion, was collecting funds for a church in a fishing village belonging to that parish, she twice, at no great interval, gave him half-a-sovereign towards the good work.

A rich lady of the neighbourhood, who had given her some money, positively forbade her to give it to the missionaries; so, the next time a certain friend went to see her, she said slyly, 'Tes a good thing Mrs. — don't know nothing 'bout Port Isaac!' This money, which she was keeping for Port Isaac, stood on a shelf in the window. When someone remonstrated with her, and pointed out how easily it could be stolen, she replied, 'Tes the Lord's, I reckon, and if He want to keep et He can keep et.'

A new friend one day took up her missionary box, and said, 'But you've got nothing in it, Mary Ann.'

She answered, 'I dawns't put my money en et *for to rattle.*'

So scrupulous was she not to seem to vaunt of her charity, that she would always keep her pennies till they amounted to shillings, and then would wrap the shilling in paper before putting it in, that it might not jingle in the box.

Lives like these are not so uncommon, whether in Cornish villages or in the low parts of East London, though few are sustained at so high a level as Mary Ann's. But wherever they are found, they are the strength of the Church, and the glory of Christ, and a powerful appeal for reverential imitation.

ARTHUR J. MASON.



Lost.



BEHOLD how, when the Day is done, Night
stealing softly on his track,
Beckons the slowly-fading Sun, and strives to
hold his glory back ;
Clings with pale fingers to his robe, praying in vain to see
his face
That sinks behind the darkened globe ; so that her eager
arms embrace
Not the warm presence she desired, whose smile was
sweetest as he fled,
But the cold space that once he fired,—a void where light
and love are dead.
Then falls she prone along the earth, in growing darkness
veils her grief,
Until in slow and solemn birth her bitter anguish finds
relief :
The grey dews weep for her distress, the empty heavens
brood above
Till there—wrung from her loneliness, shines forth the
mirror of her love.
So thou—when thy belovèd passed from out thy hands that
fain would hold,
And fading from thy sight at last, did leave thee desolate
and cold—

With outstretched arms and longing gaze dost turn thy
slow regretful feet
From where, in those thrice happy days, thou and thy love
wert wont to meet.
For all the passion of thy pain, and all the tears that thou
mayst shed,
Bring thee no whisper back again, and bear no message to
the dead :
One only comfort shall thee bless, set in thy future's empty
sky
Above the dim world's loneliness :—the waning moon of
memory.

A. M. BARBER.



Incidents of Life in Summer Encampments near Jerusalem.



ERE in England people go to the seaside or to some pleasant country place for change of air and scene, and this only during a few weeks in the summer months. But in the Holy Land we were able, thanks to the beautiful climate, to establish ourselves in the open air, not for a few weeks only, but during several months of uninterrupted summer weather. Thus the children were able to enjoy pure air and country life without stint or hindrance, until their cheeks grew rosy, and all ailments had been charmed away by the bracing and delicious breezes that sweep over the mountains of Palestine. As soon as the 'latter rain' had fallen, about Easter time, generally in April, the weather 'settled' for the season. We knew that no more rain was to be expected until September or October. Though still cold, the nights would soon be warm enough to make tent life safe, and as the sun gained strength, each day increased the longing to get out of the streets and houses, beyond the gates and walls of Jerusalem, and out to the country. It seemed

such a pity to come into the city from the evening ride, just when all was settling into the delicious cool of a dewy evening. And so, year after year, the move was made as early as possible, and the house within the walls was forsaken for tents on the hill sides. During the first few years a different spot was generally chosen for the camp. 'Where shall we go this time?' was the delightful question discussed each day at breakfast; and each afternoon the object of the ride or walk was to try and discover some new spot, convenient and charming, where the tents might be pitched. The children helped in the search, and on their donkeys explored the neighbourhood for pleasant olive groves and cleared land suitable for the camp. Certain qualifications were indispensable, and the shade of trees was the first of these; for tents, though delightful bedrooms at night, are far too hot to be tolerable when the sun shines upon them by day. It is better to be in the open air than under a tent of ordinary thickness, when the sun is upon it; the force of the rays seems to be concentrated, somewhat as by a burning-glass lens, and to strike with greater force through the tent than through the air.

So trees were indispensable. Equally important was it to find level space of cleared ground; the sloping side of a hill would not do at all. Well-ploughed, soft ground of rich red earth, fragrant and yet dry, was what we sought. On this the tents could be pitched straight and even, the carpets and mats spread smooth, the camp-beds, tables and seats set firm, and, being cleared of loose stones and cultivated, there would be no harbour for scorpions or centipedes.

These creatures like the warmth and shelter of loose stones if undisturbed by the husbandman.

Then came the question of water supply for man and beast. For the latter—the donkeys and the horses—well-water was good enough. And all over Palestine may be found the rock-hewn tanks for storage of rain-water which were in ancient times made in the fields, or on the hill-sides, for use of the flocks when gathered at noonday for rest and refreshment, or for the supply of villages or country houses on the hills. These tanks, cisterns, or 'pits' (Joseph was cast by his brethren into such a pit) are excavated and sunk in the rock below ground, sometimes bell-shape, sometimes round, or angular; a narrow opening at the top is left (and should be protected, as formerly, by a low wall), at which the water may be drawn up in leathern buckets made for the purpose, and which every shepherd uses.

Many of these wells are now dry pits—cracked or broken cisterns—half filled with loose stones that have in course of ages fallen in (or have been thrown in by enemies to spoil the well). But the village owners of the olive trees and of the land could generally direct us to some well still in repair, and still filled with pure, cool, sweet water, and the owners would let us have it all for reasonable payment; and for ourselves, who preferred sparkling water from some spring bubbling from the hill-side, that could also be had for the fetching, if our camp was pitched near enough to the spring, and to the village to which it belonged; some peasant lad or old woman

would bring us daily in the early morning or cool of the afternoon, fresh and fresh supplies for the great earthenware jars that we brought as part of the camp equipage, and put in a breezy shady spot to serve as water-coolers. All these requisites being found—trees for shade, ground for the camp, and place whence water supplies might be drawn—the next thing was to send down to the village in whose district the land lay, to find the actual owner, and to bargain with him for the rent to be paid for use of the place during the season.

And here, as always in all transactions in the East, arose the opportunity for display of the skill and tact in bargaining which Orientals so much admire, and practice.

‘We have visited thy land and olive grove, oh Salim, and we desire to breathe the air, and abide there in tents this summer.’

‘Be welcome, my lord! My land is thy land!’

‘Not so, O Salim! but say what sum will please thee for its hire, for we desire not to deprive thee of thy due.’

‘May God increase my lord’s prosperity! The place is worth a thousand piastres!’

‘No doubt; but not for our purpose, which is only to dwell thereon. We desire not the olives on thy trees, only the shade thereof. Accept 500 piastres and a blessing therewith.’

Upon this Salim alleges some reason for declining 500 piastres; ‘but for the honour’s sake of my lord will abate 100, and accept 900.’ 550 is then offered to him, the added 50 being ‘for thy son’s sake.’ He thereupon abates

50, 'for the goodwill of the lady!' 600 is then offered 'for thy other children's sake,' and so on and on, until both parties have arrived at the medium sum, which both had privately judged to be about the real value—perhaps 700 piastres—about 6*l*.

To this is to be added the gift of a pair of scarlet morocco shoes with pointed toes—on Salim's feast day (when it comes), and the promise that Salim or his younger brother shall be employed in bringing up the water from the spring for pay of about threepence each donkey load of two large goat-skins full; and so the bargain is made, and the place of encampment is chosen, the ground secured, and nothing remains but to move out and take possession.

Happy day for the children. Busy day for their elders. *Everything* has to be provided. Tents have been some days before brought out of the store-room—unrolled, aired, mended, supplied with fresh ropes, loops, and wooden buttons. Bedding has been selected (including a good supply of blankets—for the nights are fresh and even cold); clothing packed up; also lesson-books, work, pens, paper, ink, &c., &c.; provisions laid in for at least two or three days' immediate use; medicines of a few simple kinds, and with the latter, ipecacuanha powder, which is a certain cure for scorpion sting, if applied wet; jars for water large enough to hold a couple of gallons, and little porous jars, which may be hung up in the branches of the trees, to cool the water; kitchen utensils, and among these an iron frame, on which the shallow grates may be set, in which the charcoal is burnt that serves the purpose

of fuel, and over which not only boiling and stewing, but roasting and baking can be done in a large wide-mouthed saucepan ! All these and many more miscellaneous articles are packed on mule or camel back, and despatched to the ground, where some senior of the party is waiting to direct the tent pitching. As many tents as may be needed for bedrooms are pitched, and so placed that each one gets the shadow of a tree at *sunrising* ; a drawing-room tent larger than these is placed so as to be shaded in the afternoon, as the sun declines in the west, for that is the time when the drawing-room is the common resort, and when visitors may be expected from other camps, or from those who are prevented by business or other causes from leaving the city for camp life.

The umbrella-shaped top of the tent is first raised on its central pole, and fixed to the ground by long ropes well pegged down. Then around this 'umbrella' are buttoned two pieces of straight curtain for walls : where they meet are the doors. These curtain walls are also pegged to the ground ; thus the house is built, and ready for its mats and simple furniture. Any loose stones are of course gathered out, and large clods of earth broken up before the mats are laid. Very thick and comfortable are these mats, mostly woven in Bethany of long wheaten straw. Bright Turkish carpets laid here and there over the mats make all gay.

A good thick-leaved tree is chosen for 'breakfast tree ;' the table placed (in the open air of course) on the shady side. Another is the 'dining-room tree ;' a third the 'morning-room tree ;' and a good wide-spreading one is

chosen, a little further off, for the 'Sunday church tree.' The tents up, the animals unloaded, the furnishing goes on apace; and here, as sunset draws on, come the children and their gentle Syrian nurse, good Um-eesa ('Mother of Eesa'), thus named for dignity's sake, her eldest son being Eesa. Still young, though some years a widow, a native of the city, she had scarcely ever been so far beyond its walls. Once she had been to Bethlehem, six miles off, for Christmas; and once or twice to the top of the Mount of Olives, for the service at early morning on Ascension Day. It was a great thing for her to come out into the country; but she was not afraid, for she was with us whom she loved and trusted, and with the children, for whose sake she would almost have braved the terrors of an actual journey. So here she was on a donkey, wrapped in the white sheet that serves the townswomen as mantle, and veiled—as respectable townswomen always are, if Christians or Moslems—by means of the thin flowered handkerchief over the face, which conceals the features and yet allows the wearer to see plainly all around. Good, gentle Um-eesa, with her graceful ways and tender heart; the full, soft eyes, dark like those of a gazelle, ever watching over the children under her care. It was a sorrow when, after seventeen years, in which she had faithfully served us, we had to leave her (and other trusty servants) on our departure from Jerusalem. And she, poor thing! was heartbroken at parting from the children. Honest and faithful and true, she was a quiet, sincere Christian, and worthy of trust and affection.

Presently, after the nurse and the children, arrived the cook, also a Christian woman, not however from Jerusalem, but of Bethlehem ; on foot, walking with erect carriage and free step, a basket poised upon her head, in which were the viands for the evening meal all ready prepared. She, too, remained with us for years. Thoroughly attached to the children and to us, but far more robust than Um-æsa, she was well accustomed to the country : had she not often and often walked to and from Bethlehem, bringing grapes or other produce to market. She wore no white sheet as the townswomen do, but her picturesque Bethlehem costume—the long blue linen gown with woven stripes of bright colour on each side and on the shoulders, and a stomacher of rich silk let in on the front. *Her* veil was of strong native-woven silk crape, black, and fringed with coloured silk fringes. This veil hung not over her face, but from and over her head-dress down her back, nearly reaching the ground ; around her forehead were arranged silver coins, and silver native-made bracelets were on her wrists. Helweh—for that was her name—was quite at home in all country life, and right glad to get into pure country air.

While the Abyssinian (Christian) lad set all ready within the large tent for tea and supper, the Moslem Egyptian groom was picketing the horses and donkeys at some distance, among the trees assigned as quarters for them and for the men, whose white tent was soon pitched. The water-carrier passed from jar to jar emptying his skins ; the barley was put into the nose-bags or heaped at the animals'

feet ; the little quiet neigh or whinny of satisfaction told how glad they were to begin their supper.

All settled quietly into their places, the sun sank lower and lower ; and when most people were hurrying back into Jerusalem before the city gates were closed, we were enjoying the freedom, the repose, the exquisite perfume and coolness of the evening air.

Though there is a decided interval of twilight after sunset, it does not last long. There was no moon this first week of our encampment, and presently the small hand lanterns were lit and flitted hither and thither among the trees from tent to tent until, and at a very early hour, all went to rest after a pleasant, tiring day, rejoicing in being *outside*, not inside the city gates ; in being out under the starry sky, where the wild aromatic plants were giving forth their odours as the dew gently refreshed them ; where the distant chirp of the grasshopper, and the twitter of the small owls, soothed the ear as they came in harmony with the gentle rustle of the branches overhead.

There is nothing more delicious than the quiet of a summer's night out on the hills ; nothing more refreshing than the light and restful sleep obtained in the cool air and among the sounds which quiet down weary nerves and over-fatigued brain. And this rest, this refreshment, could be enjoyed without fear of storms or rain, for weeks and months at a time. Early to bed and early to rise was the watchword of camp life. Sometimes it was not fully daylight when the children's voices were heard outside the tent. 'We have made you some coffee, and we are going for a

ride on our donkeys before breakfast.' Various spoils were gathered in those before-breakfast rides; fossils of various kinds, bunches of flowers according to the season, honeysuckle found trailing over the rocks, wild clematis with tufts of feathered seed, deep blue larkspur and crimson everlasting, among the latest of the spring flowers; and now and then wild mignonette or gladioli. If we had got into camp early enough to be at harvest time, mandrake fruit, golden yellow, with its powerful odour, was to be found. Porcupine quills, partridge eggs, living tortoises, some of these tiny babies in size, and now and then the beautiful silvery skin which a snake had cast off, transparent and perfect even to the clear scales which had covered the eyes, but all turned inside out, and perhaps six feet long, all were welcome to our collection. Camp life gave fine opportunities for observing nature; of snakes, scorpions, and centipedes we saw very little, only a stray one now and then; and each different camp gave us different opportunities. In the early morning, while yet dark, the delightful song of the thrush awoke us. He had built his nest in a tree close by, and poured out his song before there was even a faint streak of light visible. Then one day we heard the familiar note of the cuckoo, heard by us at other times in various parts of the country.

In another camp, where there was a running stream close by, and plenty of peach and pear trees, innumerable song-birds, among them many goldfinches, burst into a ravishing chorus, and sung on from two to four o'clock. When the sun rose and his heat was perceptible, they ceased; but many of them sang again about noon and



TENTS NEAR JERUSALEM.

in the evening before sunset. When these ceased, and all through the day, came the gentle note of the turtle-dove, which builds in the olive trees. Spring is well begun—indeed, 'it is already early summer—when the 'voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land.' The figs are well formed, and the vines are in flower. But before we have quite done with spring, come the storks and stay for a while, picking up insects and, as the natives say, locust eggs. If there are no fir trees at hand, the storks roost in the olives. Among the birds of early morning, just at, and after sunrise, were armies of rooks passing overhead—from the olive groves and from the precincts of the Temple Sanctuary in Jerusalem itself—and going abroad to feed. As the heat of the day advances, if the summer has really set in, come the bee-catchers, with their beautiful colour glistening in the sunshine, and we hear the snap, snap, of their beaks as they skim swiftly after their insect prey.

Not any sound of beak or wings, but a broad shadow passing over the ground, gives notice that high overhead soars a vulture; and these are out in the hottest part of the day—some kinds in search of carrion, others looking for snakes that may be sunning themselves upon some rock. I was sitting at my tent door one morning before noon, and, looking up, saw overhead one of these birds poised and keeping afloat with an occasional stroke of his wings, while waging deadly war with a long black snake, which he somehow held by the middle. The snake bent and twisted in every direction, struggling to reach

his adversary and to free himself. For some time, perhaps four minutes, the combat raged, and then suddenly down dropped the snake. I heard it strike the ground, and ran to find it, but in vain. There were some sumach bushes about and some rocks, in which he had perhaps found shelter. I saw no more of him or of the bird. The heat of the day also brought out lizards—pretty little fellows of brown or grass-green—running in and out of the holes in the roots of the trees under which we sat, or great grotesque black creatures, that came out of their holes in some rock at a distance, and basked in the heat, or chased each other and performed antics and nodding movements which the natives compare to the bowings of the Moslem pilgrims at their prayers.

Sometimes—though we never could discover them *on* the trees or among the branches, so perfectly did they hide themselves by taking the colour of either—a chameleon would overbalance himself when in chase of flies, and fall from the branches at our feet. It was then easy to catch him by throwing a handkerchief over him. Most interesting and amusing it was to watch the changes of colour to suit whatever object he stood upon—straw colour, if on the mat; green if among green leaves; grey of all the various tints of olive trunk and branches and leaves. But black was the colour taken when frightened or angry. No less amusing was it to watch him catching flies, which he perceived at an extraordinary distance before or behind. Chameleons' eyes are so set that they can turn them in every direction, independently of each

other. With one eye looking forward, the other backward ; or one upward, the other down, flies had but small chance of being unperceived. The chameleon would race off after one till tolerably near, then having adjusted his colour nicely, he would steal gently forward, his curious paw uplifted, and then carefully put down, until within reach for aim, with the long tongue up to that instant folded away in his pouch, shot forth with unerring precision. The fly was caught, and secured by the viscid fluid, and carried into the pouch ; and the chameleon would start afresh for the next fly.

The heat of the sun always set the cicadas, which live in the olive-trees, chirping. As the sun passed round the tree the sound of their note went with it, till by the afternoon the opposite side was full of the sound which in the forenoon had been on the side towards sunrising. We never once succeeded in finding them alive, though numbers were there. At last one day a dead one fell on the mat, and his grey body and transparent colourless wings explained how difficult it must be to see these insects when among the leaves. They are nearly an inch long, some more, some less, and give forth a wonderful quantity of sound. It was not easy to read aloud while they were chirruping overhead, for the letters 's' and 'z' were lost among the sibilant noises they made. If anything was thrown up at them, they became instantly silent, though not for long.

There was yet another insect which came in the hot hours of the forenoon—a large ichneumon wasp, with bands of dark red instead of yellow, and having a body much

more slim and elegant, as well as longer than the ordinary wasp. Its wings were also longer.

These insects took a fancy to building their nest on and against our tent-pole. And most curious was the process. I watched it day by day as I sat at my work. The ichneumon would fly to the water-jar, and take some in her mouth. Then to the ground, where the sun was nice and hot, and there gather up a quantity of earth worked up with the water. Then she flew up with her mouth full to the place she had chosen, and there built an oval ring of the moist clay, which the warmth of the air soon dried. That done she raised the ring higher and narrower, flying backwards and forwards till a little cell, something like a good-sized filbert, had been built, with only one small hole for entrance. I observed that the insect always got inside her wall, and worked outwards with mouth and forefeet. Having got so far, she disappeared for a good while, perhaps an hour. But then she came back, carrying in her mouth by the middle a green caterpillar as long as herself. This she pushed into the hole of the cell she had made, and then flew down as before, prepared more clay, and closed up the caterpillar a prisoner in the cell. But in that caterpillar she had laid an egg, of the grub which, when hatched, was to feed upon the caterpillar, and thus find sustenance in its growth towards becoming an ichneumon wasp in its turn. This done, the insect began all the work over again, and continued it until a cluster of perhaps ten cells were made, filled, and closed. After that she disappeared altogether.

White and yellow and tortoiseshell butterflies were also among our day visitors.

‘We call them Tayyâr, O lady!’ said Um-eesa; ‘and we also call them roohh’ (spirit).

Here, then, is a link between the ideas of the natives of Palestine at this day and of those in ancient times in Greece who used the butterfly as emblem of immortality of the soul (psyche, or spirit) of man—The very belief which led the builders of the tombs, discovered by Schlieman, to bury butterflies wrought in exquisite golden fillagree with their dead. What of the golden crosses also buried there? Ah! that is a subject which would lead us away, not, indeed, from Palestine and its ancient inhabitants, but very far from the camp life which is our present subject. I may, however, say this much, that it was our annual sojourn in tents which gave us the insight into the manners, customs, and traditions of those most interesting people, the fellahheen of Palestine, that led us to identify them with the ancient Canaanites. Subsequent explorers of Palestine: Warren, Conder, Clermont Ganneau, &c., have independently arrived at the same conclusion. *Apropos* of butterflies, the following pretty fable was told us by one of our native friends; and I have translated it from Arabic as follows:—

THE BUTTERFLIES’ DISPUTE.

THE snow-wreaths had melted from valley and hill,
The cold wintry wilds were all silent and still,
And birds sang gay songs in their bowers.
Two bright little butterflies, sportive and fair,
Flew merrily forth in the sunshiny air,
To visit the new opened flowers.

They flew to a bank where all butterflies met
To breakfast on honey from wild mignonette,
And crocuses full of sweet scent ;
Where scarlet anemones waved in the sun,
They hid in the blossoms for mischief and fun,
Or danced on the stems as they bent.

Now stopping to look how the young grapes had grown,
Now spreading their wings on a warm sunny stone,
Or flitting among the green corn ;
Then chasing each other with innocent glee,
From blossom to blossom of pink almond tree,
And bushes of fragrant white thorn.

At last they were weary and wanted to rest ;
They hied to the old olive tree they loved best,
And, ceasing their frolicsome play,
One settled above, and one settled below,
Where the breeze when it came might rock both to and fro
On the tip of a lightly hung spray.

They then fell to chatting, as butterflies do,
And praising the shape and the delicate hue
Of leaves on their dear olive tree ;
The one said, ' Oh, brother ! this beautiful green
Is the loveliest colour that ever was seen ;
This green is the colour for me.'

The other said hastily, ' Brother, I see
No one single leaf on this whole olive tree
That looks a bit like olive green ;
Their colour, I say, is a delicate white,
Like silver it shines in the sun and the light,
The prettiest colour I've seen.'

'My brother, 'tis green,' and 'My brother, 'tis white,'
Each butterfly said, and declared he was right.
'I see it quite plainly from here.'
'Tis white, I can see it as plainly as you.'
'Better sight to your eyes, for I know I speak true,
'Tis green! Brother, now do you hear?'

Just then Father Wind very gently drew near;
He blew on the leaves, and soon made it appear
How foolish their quarrel had been;
That both had been wrong, and that both had been right,
For one side was green, but the other was white,
As each one correctly had seen.

'Dispute not, my children, for truth has two sides,
And he is a fool who his brother derides
For seeing what himself cannot see;
Who looks from below may most clearly descry
Things hidden from him who looks down from on high,
Like leaves on the old olive tree.'

Before the sunset we had the rooks again passing homewards—cawing merrily, and now and then came the rich full note of a solitary raven also going home for the night.

But our natural history sights and sounds did not end there. As soon as it became dusk the pretty little owls came forth and flitted, twittering from olive to olive tree: here and there a glowworm appeared by the wayside. On still warm evenings fireflies danced hither and thither; but were soon put to flight if a breeze sprang up. Then when our lamps were lit in the 'drawing-room tent' for the

evening, and as we sat reading or working came all kinds of moths, and varieties of mantis. The largest of these last were beautiful creatures, with blue and white marks upon their wings—sometimes from three to four inches across from tip to tip. The praying mantis, too, was one of our visitors, and the movement of its uplifted hands and body were most curious. Other varieties of these insects had wings exactly like a partly faded leaf—green and yellow; while others again were like bits of stick or straw.

When night closed around us, the occasional distant long-drawn howl of a wolf, the yelping of a troop of jackals, hurrying to some place where they could steal fruit, the bark of a fox, or the hideous uncanny laugh of a hyena, reminded us that some wild animals still linger in the natural caves which exist in the deep-cut valleys of Judea.

Not that these animals molested us at all. A hyena would sometimes venture near, if we had a joint of meat hung up in the 'larder tree' for next day's use. Hyenas like donkey flesh better than anything else. But our dogs were always on the alert to give chase if they attempted to come too near. Their presence was at once made known by the shivering and bray of terror of the donkeys, and then the dogs started in pursuit, and we could hear the hyenas' cry and the barking of the dogs (gazelle hounds—the Syrian greyhound) echoing and re-echoing down the valleys for miles. Once or twice the hyena turned, and rather badly wounded one of his pursuers, who came back in pitiful condition for hospital nursing. But this was very

rare, and we found that all the wild creatures, including the snakes and scorpions, generally ran away from man as fast as they could.

It happened two or three times in more than seventeen years that we had experience of what scorpion sting was like. This was when a cool and very dewy night had driven these heat-loving creatures to seek for shelter by climbing up the walls of the tent and getting into some folds of tent or towel that might be hanging there. In self defence they then used their sting when roughly handled by some of us, who were all unconscious of the unwelcome visitor until the sharp and sudden pain made his presence known. But ipecacuanha powder soon drew out the pain, and no evil effect followed.

In the hotter months, July, August, and September, when there was abundance of 'summer fruit,' apricots, peaches, figs, and grapes, hornets were often to be seen, splendid jet-black creatures, twice the size of our largest wasps, and much thicker than a wasp, their bodies banded with gold-coloured bands. Dinner-time was the favourite hour for their visit, when meat was to be had. And roast meat was their special delight. One would come alone, alight on the joint, and commence sawing off a piece nearly as large as itself, the powerful jaws opening up and down, and *also* sideways with four simultaneous actions. Flying away with its booty, the first hornet was soon followed by others, who straightway attacked the meat, and would speedily have consumed a considerable quantity.

So much for some of the natural history incidents which

made this open-air life of ours so interesting. We carried on our own various occupations—children's lessons, reading, writing, and work, as regularly as usual in town. The gentlemen rode off each morning to business in the city, and came back to dinner; visitors came to see us in the afternoon, and if one chose to spend the night or a few nights, there was but the need to put up another tent as bedroom; and thus the weeks passed delightfully away. Of native peasant life we saw far more than we could otherwise have ever seen. When the grapes in their vineyards began to ripen the owners forsook their villages and came to watch and gather the fruit. Before that also, at the very beginning of the summer, the harvest being reaped, barley in May, wheat in June, the corn was carried and piled on the threshing-floor,—some smooth, bare rock where the oxen could tread out the grain, and where the winnowing could be done in the morning and evening breeze. Day by day we watched this work going on, sometimes performed by oxen muzzled (an ancient heathen practice forbidden by the law of Moses); sometimes by an ox, a camel, and small ass all unequally yoked together in discomfort (a practice also forbidden by the Mosaic law). Very pretty it was in the nights when the full moon shed her brilliant light upon the scene, making it almost like day, to watch the work go on and hear the plaintive chant of some Arabic ditty by the husbandman. He and his family would make merry at the threshing-floor, eat their evening meal, sing and gossip, and finally lie down to sleep on the soft broken straw, with which they also

covered themselves from the dew. The history of Ruth and Boaz was explained and illustrated by these sociable meetings on the threshing-floor, lit up as if it were day by the splendour of the moon.

And in the early morning, before day had fully dawned, there came the sound of the grinding of corn from the hand-mill, where *two* women were preparing enough meal for each day's bread; and the baking in the primitive pottery oven followed quickly. Then the women would go forth, some to draw and carry water, some to gather fuel, some to take poultry, eggs, or milk to the city market, and, as the season advanced, carry thither fresh gathered grapes, or figs, or melons.

While the threshing was going on, we had ample opportunities for observing the ants at work storing grain for their winter consumption. These were the large black kind of ant, each perhaps one-third of an inch or more in length. (There are two other varieties in Judea, the small black and the small red ant.) All day long these diligent little creatures were toiling at their work, from early morning till sunset or even after sunset, one set of ants laden with grain, going home, the other empty and coming briskly back to fetch more. If the thing to be carried was too heavy, the ant would put it down and seek help from other ants, who came and assisted their brother, pushing and pulling the burden with might and main. I have known the threshing-floor to be a mile or more from the ants' nest, and all along the way was a continuous double stream of the little creatures, whose feet had worn down the path they

trod to considerably below the level of the soil in the fields which it crossed. It has been doubted by European authors whether ants store provision for winter use in the summer. But here we saw them at work as Solomon must have seen them ; the wise king who had studied animal life and all manner of plants. He knew that his fellow-countrymen would understand his advice to the sluggard when told to go to the ant, and from her learn wisdom and industry. Many a pleasant few minutes have we spent watching the little creatures, and observing how intelligently they performed their task alone, or assisted each other ; and it was perfectly clear that either by the movements and tappings of their feelers, or by some other means, they could and did communicate their wishes to each other.

Thus with ever-varying subjects of interest around us, the weeks and months passed by. The weather was always fair ; no need to inquire whether rain would fall. The rain was over and gone for the season. Only during one summer, that of 1859, did I ever see occasional showers between May and September. In that year there was one short shower in each month, and it was considered passing strange. Thunder and lightning never come in summer. The storms only occur when the season ' breaks ' in October, then sometimes in winter, and again with the last spring rains in April. Hence the terror of the Israelites when Samuel the prophet called for thunder and lightning ' in the time of harvest,' June. April is the month of flowers ; the land is then covered with flowers. But we were not in camp so early, for the nights are then still cold, and ' the

latter rain' is still due, and pours down heavily when it comes. The nights are still cool or cold in May unless the sirocco is blowing, which it often is in that month, in spells of three days and nights or so at a time. The air is then filled more or less with a haze of desert sand. Excessive dryness prevails which irritates man and beast, and tries the nerves of old and young. But May is not *all* sirocco; the intervals are fresh with westerly breezes; the green standing corn, the young foliage of the vines, the pomegranate blossoms and the flowers on the olive trees, with all the late spring flowers, poppies, ranunculus, gladiolus, hollyhocks and iris; the perfume of the bean-fields, now in blossom, and best of all, the roses, fragrant, pink and blush, make May a charming month, in spite of repeated siroccos and increasing heat of the sun.

But June is altogether delightful. Siroccos are over, the nights are fresh and sweet, the days are often soft and cloudy with dew clouds. The lambs and the kids, the birds, and all vegetation, thrive and prosper in June. Then is the time for the early figs, for parched corn with all the sweet milk in the ear, for cucumbers and fresh beans; for coveys of young partridges among the corn, for gazelles at night among the fields. In June the nights are delicious; the dew falls freely, the stars sparkle with liquid brilliance, the earth smells sweet as it drinks in the moisture; the mornings are exquisite when the sun comes forth and draws up the fleecy clouds from the valleys and mountain tops, and shows the plants in all their early freshness and beauty.

As summer advances the sun gains strength, but it has a

wholesome and exhilarating warmth. The air dances and quivers beneath his beams, and when the breeze springs up, at nine o'clock or so in the forenoon, the heat of the sun is tempered and life is worth living in the pure mountain air on the Jerusalem plateau, some 2600 feet above the Mediterranean level, yet sufficiently near, as the crow flies, for the sea air to reach the whole district. On a dewy, cloudy morning we could distinctly smell the sea, and could also hear salutes of cannon fired at Jaffa, the nearest port. I have heard and counted the guns fired in salute, and known by the number who it was that was landing in state from some European vessel off the coast.

As the heat of summer increased, so did the abundance of the dews at night increase. We were sometimes awoke by the dripping from our tent roof on the ground close by ; and now and then if the tent ropes had not been slackened before bedtime, the moisture would fill and strain them, till a sudden crack like the report of a pistol would startle us out of sleep, and make known that the rope had given way under the strain. And then the perfume from the sweet and wholesome earth, the rich fragrance when the sun shone upon the wild thyme and numberless wild aromatic plants upon the hills ; the beauty of the landscape at sunrise with all this moisture in the air, and the sparkle of every pebble wet with dew, the bright green of all the dripping leaves. They who have not passed the summer months in tents, know not what the climate of Palestine is — cannot appreciate the charm and beauty of the seasons and of the country.

And the perfect security with which we were able thus to live out in the country was remarkable. We had no guards or special protection. One of our own janissaries slept in the camp at night; our old Egyptian groom also was there in charge of his horses and donkeys; and the peasant lad who fetched water often slept in the camp. The two or, at most, three gentlemen of our family were all the protection we had; arms were not thought of. Our tents were scattered over a considerable space of ground. There were all kinds of things about worth stealing, but nothing was stolen. Sometimes, when business took the gentlemen from home, we remained for weeks together in camp, and had sometimes only the one janissary and the old groom. It has happened that when sitting up late at night for any reason, and once or twice when not very well and sleepless, that I have walked from end to end of our encampment among the olive trees in the small hours after midnight, all but myself asleep. There was no room for sense of fear, all was perfect stillness. Slight sounds in the city, within the walls, could be heard; but out here absolute unbroken silence and rest. No peasant abroad at night; no dog even to bark, unless our own dog in a restless fit would bark, and answer again the echo of his own barking returned to him by an angle of the city wall, and then lie down again to sleep because no other answer came.

The peasantry were sometimes at open war with each other—clan against clan, faction against faction—but they did not disturb us. One morning we were awoke by the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep and goats. Both

parties of the combatants had brought their cattle to our camp as sanctuary of refuge, till the conflict should be over; and when it was over they came—both parties—to fetch away their cattle. Sometimes we were able to mediate and obtain a truce, and then negotiate terms of peace between the opposing factions. And the peace thus concluded was honourably kept. To break it would have been to show despite to the British Consul (my husband), who had obtained it as a mark of friendship from both parties. And who in those days would have thought of doing such a foolish thing as that? In those days the name of England was respected; the justice and truth of Englishmen were known; the great ambassador of England at Constantinople was both feared and honoured. Kindly deeds were possible; and were not forgotten. During all those happy years we came and went, none making us afraid, in the city or in the country, and in all parts of the country from Lebanon to Egypt, from the Mediterranean to the other side Jordan. Whether permanently for the summer season, or for shorter or longer expeditions of travel, tent life was most delightful; and during tent life we obtained varied opportunities for acquaintance with the climate, products, animals, and various peoples of the Holy Land, such as could be obtained in no other way.

I append an Arab fable, one among many that we picked up in Palestine.

THE FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

In spring the weather is very variable—a few days hot and then a few cold, and the hot days are followed by cold nights. All this comes from God, who knows exactly what His children need. There was once a Moslem who was a very holy man ; he had two daughters, the one was married to a potter, the other to a farmer of the country. After four years had passed, his wife persuaded him to go and visit his children. He first visited the potter's wife, and spent a day and a night in her house. When he was leaving in the morning, he asked her if she desired anything that he might pray to God for her. She said, ' Oh, my father ! pray that this year we may have little rain, so that the jars and pots which my husband makes may have time to dry.' He heard but did not answer, and went on his way musing on her request. He then arrived at his younger daughter's house out in the country ; and having stayed awhile in her house, he also asked her before his departure whether he should ask God for any special blessing for her. ' Oh, my father !' said she, ' pray that we may have plenty of rain, so that our crops may be plentiful.' The father left her also without an answer, and went home. When his wife saw him she asked how he had found her children. ' Well, God be praised.' ' And did they ask anything of thee ?' ' Yes, each one asked me to pray for what was for her own benefit ; but their petitions are so contradictory

that I did not know which to grant, and seeing that the good of the one will be to the injury of the other, I will pray for neither.'

But our heavenly Father grants the petitions of all His children; and He knows how to reconcile those which are even the most contradictory to each other, and to give to all out of His wisdom and abundance.

E. A. FINN.



‘Bis in den Mod.’

IT was the blessed season when, as reason and tradition are agreed, the world was created. The black winter which had so long held all things living in an iron grasp, had once again abdicated in favour of smiling spring, and the ruthless blasts which had swept down the valleys from the high tableland, covered by the Forest of Dean, were now superseded by the balmy southern breezes of the Severn sea. All nature was rejoicing in the happy deliverance. The tender green of larch and beech was already standing out in bold relief against the dark foliage, almost black by contrast, of the venerable yews which, then as now, studded the banks and cliffs of Wye, clinging here and there to the bare rock and supporting a luxuriant life in clefts and crannies which seem to promise at best but a stunted growth and an early death ; yet they hold their own blithely from generation to generation, and outlive by many a long year their more favoured cousins of the vale. Verily all the trees of the wood were rejoicing before the Lord. Nor only they ; theirs is after all a mute jubilee, a silent thanksgiving, yet the voice of melody is not absent from their midst. The tuneful throng of dwellers in their branches is raising a pæan which fills the air, and which, for gladness and variety, can be matched by no choir upon earth. Who shall number the sweet throats that swell in

welcome of the returning sun? Who shall tell the multitude of the finches, or reduce to writing the ballads of throstle and blackcap, the soft wail of the cushat, the weird laughter of the spotted woodpecker, or the faint and fainter anthem of the skylark as he soareth heavenward?

In the age of which we write the outward aspect of the fair valley of the Wye was doubtless much the same as we know it to-day. The woods and the river were the same, the one hanging, the other winding, in the wondrous fashion which still makes the landscape unique; the ancestors of the same birds sang, of the same plants flowered. Yet there was one paramount difference. The majestic ruins on which we now gaze with wonder and reverence were then a real abbey and real castles. In that day the Cistercians of Tintern were not merely a legend and a memory; the stout buttresses of Chepstow were a veritable tower of defence, and monk and mailed warrior must have often met beneath the shadow of Windcliff or on the pleasant waters of the tortuous stream. It is with one of these same monks that we are now concerned. He is Fabian, the *Portitor*, or ferry-monk, of the Abbey hard by, and you may see him yonder leaning on his pole of office, and contemplating with apparent content the peaceful scene around. A stalwart wight he, for all he is disfigured by the cumbersome robe of his Order, with thew and sinew worthy of a more active calling; handsome, too, by all the canons of manly beauty, as his straight nose, broad, white forehead, and dark eyes abundantly testify. A delightful life must be that of



TINTERN ABREY.

his, free from all care save what is engendered of the task which belongs to him of seeing that the abbot's table is duly furnished with an adequate supply of lusty salmon, and of conveying to and fro his brother monks and men. If we approach him we shall catch the sound of his deep voice, for he is chanting to himself, or we are much mistaken. What is it? Surely that most appropriate sentiment which we owe to the Psalmist: ‘The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.’ We might search the Scriptures from Genesis to Apocalypse, and not find another verse to fit his case so well. But listen:—

‘The mavis sweet the spring doth greet,
Trilleth his note the livelong day;
To me one word would sound more meet
Of Lady May.

‘Adown the hill the tuneful rill
Runneth apace—none may him stay.
I care not—me the thought doth fill
Of Lady May.

‘She is my Spring; of her I’d sing,
Of her, and *to* her, every way;
For me e’en Death would lose his sting,
Happy, so I were perishing
For Lady May.’

Alas! alas! brother Fabian, and art thou, too, unregenerate?
Lurketh yet the old Adam under that sackcloth of thine?
What, good brother, of that oath of celibacy and careful

avoidance of the scheming daughters of Eve that thou swarest years ago, what time the spirit moved thee to forsake the world, the flesh, and the devil? Thou a monk? A wolf in sheep's clothing rather! But let us out with this story of thine, and on with it.

Perched high on the hillside, overlooking the little village of Bigsweir, stand, and have stood this many a day, the church and castle of St. Briavels. Who the saint was, whose name is thus kept alive, we cannot certainly determine, and it matters little. Probably he was of Welsh origin, and we must hope that he got into the calendar by fair means. Enough for our present purpose to know that the castle, which still bears his name, was once a place of no little importance and strength—strong by nature and stronger by art—much affected by King John on his hunting excursions in the Forest of Dean, and to this day an object of great interest.

In the time of our friend Fabian it was the stronghold of one of the many petty nobles or chieftains, the ruins of whose castles still mark in sundry places the line of the Marches between England and Wales. A daughter had this noble, and one only, whose destiny in the natural course of events it would be to wed the son of some neighbouring baron, and thus compass the alliance, for good or evil, of two powerful families. But that troublesome god, who is proverbially blind, yet whose vision, to suit his own ends, is so often preternaturally acute, had entered into the soul of the monk Fabian, and had

given him eyes to pierce the thick walls of the castle on the heights above the Abbey of Tintern. Who shall say how, and where, the first meeting came about? Possibly in that same ferry-boat which he piloted so deftly; possibly in the Abbey itself, when the fair lady came down to attend some special function of the Church, or to seek ghostly consolation of the Abbot. Met they had, and met often, yet were they both—monk and lady—conscious of the mutual attachment or ever a syllable on the subject had escaped the lips of either. And when at length the hour of mutual disclosure by word of mouth arrived, matters had already reached such a pass that they straightway bent their foolish young intellects to the congenial task of devising a convenient means whereby, despite the celibate's vow on the one hand and the parents' too certain opposition on the other, their fond hope of union might haply and happily be realized. Alas! poor fools! well for them had they agreed to rest content with the dream, and not hanker after the reality. Hard experience alone teaches us that most shadows are to be preferred before substances, most dreams before their realization. The nettle grows side by side with the rose; yet the grace and sweetness of the one banish from the hearts of men all thought of its dangerous neighbour.

And, sooth to say, the lady of this particular tragedy—or comedy, according to the point of view from which we regard it—was one for whom many a nettle and many a thorn might have been endured uncomplainingly. A girl still, and yet a woman—a woman already, and still a girl;

Graceful of carriage, sweet of temper, lovely of face, she could boast all the component parts of moral and material beauty: all save the one essential which was lacking in the mother of all flesh. What a depth of tenderness and faithfulness unto death in that dark grey eye! what an exquisite grace in those simple plaits of chestnut hair! And, again, what a terrible weakness within that beautiful head! Yet to see her was to love her, and wish her for one's own; and Fabian had seen her, had loved her, and in that broad breast of his, beneath that coarse cassock, did most resolutely swear that she should be his, and his alone—what though the whole Order of Cistercians, and Dominicans to boot, should rise up in judgment against him.

But how to win the prize? The difficulties seemed insuperable even to a pair of intrepid lovers as they were. The scandal of breaking his vows and plunging headlong into most secular levity, to use no stronger term, did not, it is true, weigh very heavily with good brother Fabian. In those days, as in all days since the first Order was instituted, there were monks and monks. In their ranks were to be found, not perhaps in any great plenty, men of undoubted piety, whose seclusion was not merely a cloak for indulgence, men who verily 'scorned delights and lived laborious days,' even though their life's labour resulted in nothing more solid than a series of illuminated Missals. Here and there, at long intervals of time and space, you might hit upon a genuine scholar of the mediæval type, narrow and shallow, of course, if judged by the modern standard, yet labouring honestly according to his lights and poring diligently over

the crabbed manuscripts of the dim library. Let us give them their due. But for their care and jealous guardianship the monuments of classical literature, now to be purchased by any man for a few pence, would never have survived an age in which chivalry, too often a synonym for licentiousness and rapine, was the highest virtue (save the mark!) to which man's nature was held capable of attaining. Yet even in the abbeys and other religious houses they were not all saints, or all scholars. There was always a very large proportion of *lustige Brüder*, of men miscalled monks, who nominally embracing, probably in obedience to no inward call, possibly in strongest opposition to the dictates of their own conscience and nature, the difficult monastic life, soon fell away in all essentials of monasticism, and became a melancholy legion of weak brethren. They were not, God help them, originally of the austere fibre which is able to blot out and annihilate in men's hearts the lust of the flesh and the pride of life. They cared little for the sanctity of the cowl or the dignity of the tonsure. Nature had provided them with a variety of appetites, and they hastened to indulge them even as the beasts that perish. In a word, they were men, when they had vowed to be monks. Step lightly on the graves of such as these, what time you gaze on the crumbling glory of the homes they dwelt in and the temples in which, with more or less of sincerity, they daily prayed; and pass in review, if you can, the pathetic array of passions, hopes, unsatisfied longings, and life-long disappointments, of which these old ruins must once have been the scene.

Fabian, then, was of this latter, and commoner, coarser, grain. As a Cistercian, his faults of omission and commission were grave enough in all conscience ; as a man in the heyday of strength and comeliness, of like passions with our first father and all his erring posterity, he was no better and no worse than thousands who have lived in circumstances much less trying than his, in centuries much later and infinitely more enlightened. He led perforce an idle life, and we know that in such ill-farmed fields as these it is that our common enemy is wont to reap his richest harvest. No ; Fabian verily cared not a doit for the scandal of running off with the fair maid of St. Briavels.

After infinite discussion under the safe shelter of the woods which clothe the slopes of the Wye a conclusion had been arrived at. Not indeed without much timid hesitation on the part of the Lady May, for she knew too well that, should the proposed plan miscarry, no liberty of life or limb would be hers again ; and much as she loved the worthy *Portitor*, and longed to share his life, she was not without some small regard for the safety of her own. Her scruples, however, were at length silenced or removed, and she gave in her adhesion to the line of action suggested by her bold swain. It was comprehended in a single word—a single syllable—Flight.

'But how, dear Fabian,' she had said ; 'how may we possibly make our way to a place of safety, when such dangers encompass us on every hand ? Whither shall we flee—whither, and by what means ?'

'Fear nought, lady mine !' stout Fabian had made

reply. ‘I have a friend who dwelleth far away on the hills of Somerset : to him will we repair. It shall go hard with me but I will, with sail and oar, carry thee safely over the broad waters of the Severn sea.’

And so the compact had been sealed ; and the fateful day had now arrived which was to see the issue of the momentous enterprise. Before, however, we proceed to the narrative of the actual flight, it will be well to give some short explanation of the minor details of the scheme.

By virtue of his office as *Portitor*, Fabian had in his keeping the various boats belonging to the brotherhood. They were, of course, of no very substantial build, being chiefly used for river excursions and for purposes of fishing,—for your ancient monk was a mighty angler before the Lord. Fabian knew by heart the navigation of the river both up and down the stream, up to Monmouth and the wild cliffs of Symond’s Yat, and down to the confluence of Wye and Severn beyond Chepstow. On occasion he had voyaged further even than this ; he had once crossed what now we call the Bristol Channel, and had actually landed on that coast of Somerset, whither, with that precious freight of his, he was this day again bound. It was a simple voyage enough to one who could ply the oar and work the single sail with which these fishing-craft were provided. Only necessary was it to avoid the rapids and rocks of the Wye as it hurries onward to join the broader river, and once past Portskewet there was nothing to fear save a few shoals and the Flat and Steep Holms ; and no man in his senses, with anything of a

moon to guide, could run against these, though he made his passage in the dead of night, and for obvious reasons it was to be a nocturnal voyage in the present instance. The water was usually smooth enough in this month of May, calm indeed as the river itself, and the rocks and other little obstacles aforesaid Fabian could tell over on his fingers quite as easily as he could tell his beads. Ah! yes, and there was the Severn 'bore,' but that was not a regularly recurring phenomenon, nay, weeks often passed without a sign of it, and nothing short of a hideous conspiracy on the part of the Fates could introduce so fell a hindrance to the happy progress of two innocent lovers. A fair breeze, and they would be safe across the Channel or ever the good Abbot of Tintern had risen for matins. Fabian, of course, would doff the monkish dress, and she who was to bear him company on the adventurous voyage would lie snugly, so long as any fear of detection remained, at the bottom of the gallant craft. It was the ferryman's duty, among other things, to see to the security of all bolts and bars, and thus to be the latest to enter his cell. His absence, therefore, would not be noted before the morning roll-call, and by that time, if nothing went amiss, he and his would be safely under the lee of that shore of Somerset, from whose kindly shelter he hoped so much.

And Lady May, what of her? She sat in one of the two circular towers which flank the gateway of St. Briavels Castle, and looked on this the last day of her sojourn among her kith and kin over the wide expanse of country smiling before her. Her eye wandered from Bigsweir to

the woods of Llandogo beyond the river, and thence to the Monmouth hills and the blue distance of Abergavenny under the shadow of the towering Sugar-Loaf Mountain. Mother she had none, and between her father and herself there was no shred of sympathy; this lovely prospect, familiar to her sight from the days of earliest childhood, had been father and mother, sister and brother, to her lonely life. It was hard to say farewell to friends so old, so faithful, and on this last afternoon they seemed to meet her tearful gaze with a look of wistful reproach. Would she ever see them again? Was the life of uncertainty and probable hardship and degradation, into which she was about thus recklessly to plunge, on the very brink of which she now stood trembling and expectant, was it worthy to be taken in exchange for even the humble blessings which hitherto she had been able to call her own? Could anything, anybody, compensate her for the abandonment of these pleasant, peaceful, scenes of her youth? Alas! Lady May, thou art struggling in that predicament, which sooner or later besets all fair maidens like thyself. Thou hast learned to be impatient of thy lot, and thou art burning to eat of that tree of knowledge, whose fruit is apt to be like the little book, which the Angel gave to John, and said, ‘Take it, and eat it up.’ Sweet as honey in the mouth, but gall and wormwood thereafter. Woe worth the day whereon thou didst heed the voice of the charmer!

She sat until the setting sun cast long shadows athwart the valley. An hour or two later, for in that simple age men had not yet learned the art of turning night into day,

there reigned deep silence throughout the castle, and she prepared to bid a long farewell to the home of her fathers. Softly descending the winding stair, she speedily crossed the courtyard, and emerging by the postern gate, sallied forth into the dark world. The die was cast. She sped along the woodland paths, so dear to her in other days; and, fearing lest each footfall should betray her flight, rested not until she reached the trysting-place by the river-side. A single glance assured her that Fabian had been true to his word. In the dim light she could distinguish the faint outline of the Abbey, and moored at the ferry, the little bark which, as she fondly hoped, was to bear herself and her chosen lord to liberty and life-long happiness. Never a word she spake, but, quickly stepping on board, laid herself down on the rude couch which Fabian had hastily improvised, and was silently wrapped by him in such simple coverings as he could command. A moment more and the moorings were slipped, and the voyage begun.

Soon the familiar abbey faded from their view, and the ever-winding stream bore them swiftly under the dark precipices of Tidenham Chase, the mighty ramparts of Ban-y-gor, and the mightier Windcliff. Not a word, not a sound, save the water's ripple, and anon the dismal hoot of the night-owl, or the short, sharp, bark of Russell the fox. Another horse-shoe bend, and they are under Llancaut and the fantastic rocks now known as the Twelve Apostles and St. Peter's Thumb. The Long Hope reach is speedily left behind, and the frowning

walls of Chepstow Castle loom in the distance. All is blank, dark silence as they glide under those sturdy buttresses, past Chepstow town, the stream ever widening, till suddenly they become aware that Vaga and Sabrina have met and kissed. The young May moon has risen now, and, standing forth bravely to sea, the tiny craft speeds merrily southward. The worst is surely over—the race nearly run and won.

So, at least, thinks Fabian as he turns for the first time to address a cheery word of love and sympathy to his still trembling companion. He assures her that they are now beyond the reach of pursuing Earl or Abbot, and that in two short hours, at their present rate of speed, they will reach the haven where they would be. He has long since abandoned the oar, and sits now with the sheet in his hand, ready to take advantage of the freshening breeze.

Lady May, however, is not for idle talk, and they soon relapse into a silence, broken only by the splash of little waves against the boat's head, or the bellying of the sail as it catches a stronger puff of the propitious wind. Each is thinking more of the irreparable past than of the future, be it never so smiling and hopeful. Those banks of Wye; that simple Abbey life; those familiar woodland bridle-paths; that wide prospect from the old castle's lancet windows—gone, all gone, never to return.

But as time wears on, and the end of the race draws nigh, a more cheerful tone of thought begins to colour the two simple mind. They are steering between those

strange islands now, the Flat Holm and the Steep, having successfully cleared the treacherous rocks yonder, the Wolves, and in another hour will be grounding on the Burnham Sands. On those pleasant hills of Somerset, of which in the gray dawn they can already trace the dim outline, they will lead an obscure but, peradventure, for that very reason, a happy and peaceful life, each finding perfect satisfaction in the love of the other. The lot will, indeed, have fallen unto them in a fair ground. *Sursum corda*, then, good monk and lady, for the end of your tribulation draweth nigh.

Was that the sound of waves lapping on the distant shore? And what is that dark line ahead which seems to move towards us on the face of the waters, a line stretching from shore to shore, and looming black and threatening? It is not, it cannot be, the 'bore' on this of all mornings in the year. If it be, then, brother Fabian, and fair daughter of St. Briavels, commend your souls and bodies to the kind mercy of Heaven, for verily are ye in a parlous case. Nearer and nearer, louder, darker, fiercer. The monk's eye quaileth not, but a look of distress and pain has stolen over his face, and he glances nervously from the unknown danger to the graceful lines of his lovely freight, as she reclines, in happy ignorance of her peril, at his feet. There can be doubt no longer. It is that old Scandinavian Jötun, Ægir as they call him, ranging abroad to wreak his vengeance on the puny sons of men. He visits us in Eastern Britain, and behold! he is here, too, in the far West. Now, by all the saints above thee, keep her head to the

wave, good *Portitor*, else wilt thou be speedily a passenger in Charon’s dusky bark, thou and that fair maid with thee. Fifty yards, twenty, ten ;—the *Ægir*, ruthless and rapacious, is upon them, tosses on high the little adventurer from the Wye, seizes her in his rude watery grasp, shakes her, fills her, swallows her,—and passes, roaring, on his way in quest of other spoil. And the monk and the lady? Alack! the waters, now once again placid, of the Severn sea have closed for ever over the lives and the loves of Brother Fabian and the Lady May.

ARTHUR GAYE.



The Dolls' Hospital.



HERE were two young ladies, charitable and pious, like all young ladies under twenty years of age, who were in the habit of visiting on Sunday afternoons the Soldiers' Orphanage at Hampstead, in order to teach the little ones what they ought to know about the two worlds of Heaven and Earth. But when the war broke out, and thousands of our English soldiers were sent to the deserts of Africa to fight the savage hordes which threatened to destroy the friendly realm of Egypt, the minds of the children were sadly disturbed. They crowded around their teachers with eager questions, anxiously seeking for news about the war. One had a brother, another an uncle, a third had a cousin, and many of them had other relatives and friends who were in the English army; and they had heard of the hardships and sufferings and wounds which had fallen to the lot of the poor soldiers.

Their young teachers found it difficult to answer all the inquiries uttered so pitifully and so eagerly by the crowd of little orphans; but as the elder one gave most of her thoughts to the fortunes of the land-soldiers, while the younger was more especially attracted by the deeds of the gallant seamen and marines, they contrived to make up between them the whole story of the campaign, its glory and its miseries. They told their little hearers how the

Englishmen were struggling with terrible foes ; how they were perishing for want of water, and dying from diseases bred by the dangerous climate ; how sunstrokes and fevers were laying low great numbers of men who had escaped the spears and the guns of the Arabs ; how the tents had been turned into hospitals, and a thousand poor fellows were lying on rough beds, with little help, and little hope of ever rising again.

‘Ah!’ said the elder young lady, ‘there has been a great deal of mismanagement at home. I cannot tell you who is most to blame, but some of our great people have done cruel wrong, and brought about most of this dreadful and unnecessary suffering. Many men in the country and in the Parliament are now speaking about it, and telling the world about the people who had the control of everything, and who turned the whole business into misery and wretchedness. I have read speeches which went to my very heart, and made it thrill with pain for the sufferings of our brave soldiers, and with indignation against those who have been the cause of all. Now, what will you do to help in the good work?’

‘Oh, I know, teacher!’ cried a bright little girl, who had been listening as attentively as though she understood and felt completely everything which had been said. ‘Let us have a DOLLS’ HOSPITAL!’

‘Silly child!’ said another ; ‘how can a dolls’ hospital help our poor soldiers and sailors?’

‘Wait a moment,’ said one of the young ladies : ‘let little Lizzie tell us what she means.’



THE DOLLS' HOSPITAL.

The child blushed with gratified pride, and went on thus : 'What I thought was this, dear teacher. If we have a dolls' hospital, we shall learn how the nurses do their work in real hospitals, and we shall be able to help when there are not enough of them to take care of the poor soldiers.'

'A kind thought, little one,' said the teacher, 'and so it shall be done. Dolls are like human beings in some ways ; they have accidents and mishaps, like the soldiers ; some lose their legs, some their arms, some have their eyes knocked out, some are bruised, and most of them want mending. Well, we will have a dolls' hospital, and there shall be regular visits of inspection. The big girls shall attend to all the more serious cases of injury and fracture ; the little ones shall learn to stitch up the minor wounds ; and so each one will have a duty which she will learn to fulfil with interest. And when you grow up to be young women, and many of you become nurses in the military infirmaries, you will find that you learned some useful lessons in the DOLLS' HOSPITAL.'

BERNARD QUARITCH.

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A Few RECIPES for HOUSEHOLD USE.

TO MAKE BREAD.—To every pound of flour add a *large heaped-up tea-spoonful* of BORWICK'S GOLD MEDAL BAKING POWDER with a little salt, and *thoroughly mix* while in a dry state, then pour on gradually about half-a-pint of *cold water*, or milk and water, mixing quickly but thoroughly into a dough of the usual consistence, taking care not to knead it more than is necessary to mix it perfectly; make it into *small loaves*, which must be *immediately* put into a *quick oven*.

PUFF PASTE.—Mix one pound of flour with a teaspoonful of BORWICK'S GOLD MEDAL BAKING POWDER, then cut half-a-pound of butter into slices, roll it in thin sheets on some of your flour, wet up the rest with about a quarter of a pint of water, see that it is about as stiff as your butter, roll it to a thin sheet, cover it with your sheets of butter, double it in a three double; do the same five times, it is then fit for use, or it may stand an hour covered over to keep the air from it.

TO MAKE A RICH PLUM CAKE.—Take half-a-pound of butter and half-a-pound of white sifted sugar, beat these with the hand well together to a cream, add four eggs, one at a time, and well beat each one with the butter and sugar, lightly mix in one pound of flour, previously mixed with one teaspoonful of BORWICK'S GOLD MEDAL BAKING POWDER, then lightly mix with the whole half-a-pound of sultanas; bake at once, thoroughly, in a quick oven.

TO MAKE A GOOD PLAIN CAKE.—Mix well together one pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of BORWICK'S GOLD MEDAL BAKING POWDER, a little salt and spice, and a quarter-of-a-pound of sugar, rub in a quarter-of-a-pound of butter, add six ounces of sultanas, two ounces of currants, and one ounce of candied peel, moisten the whole with two eggs and half-a-teacupful of milk, previously beaten together; bake in a quick oven very thoroughly.

SCOTCH SCONES.—Take one pound of flour, add a *full* teaspoonful of BORWICK'S GOLD MEDAL BAKING POWDER and a little salt, mix thoroughly while dry, rub in two ounces of butter, beat up one egg well in a quarter-of-a-pint of milk, then thoroughly and quickly mix together; bake immediately on a girdle or in a quick oven. This will make eight delicious scones.

TEA CAKES.—Use the recipe as for scones, but add a few currants, sultanas, or caraways if preferred.

SHORT BREAD.—Mix well together one pound and a quarter of flour, a large teaspoonful of BORWICK'S GOLD MEDAL BAKING POWDER, and half-a-pound of white sifted sugar, rub in half-a-pound of butter, mix the whole with three eggs, previously well beaten, and a little essence of lemon. Make four cakes out of five ounces of dough, mould into a round form, then roll them out into an oval shape, pinch them round the edges, put a piece of candied lemon-peel at the top, and bake slowly.

RICE BISCUITS.—Take half-a-pound of sugar, half-a-pound of best ground rice, half-a-pound of butter, half-a-pound of flour, and half-a-teaspoonful of BORWICK'S GOLD MEDAL BAKING POWDER, mix the whole into a paste with two eggs.

AN EXCELLENT PLUM PUDDING.—Take three-quarters-of-a-pound of flour, two large tea-spoonfuls of BORWICK'S GOLD MEDAL BAKING POWDER, two ounces of bread crumbs, one-and-a-half-pounds of suet, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, ten ounces of sugar, two ounces of almonds, one pound of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste, mix ingredients well together, and add six eggs well beaten, and three-quarters-of-a-pint of milk; divide in two and boil eight hours.

PANCAKES OR BATTER PUDDING.—Take half-a-pound of flour, two tea-spoonfuls of BORWICK'S GOLD MEDAL BAKING POWDER, a little salt, mix well in a dry state, add one egg and three-quarters-of-a-pint of milk.

NORFOLK DUMPLINGS.—Prepare the dough as for bread, put into a saucepan of boiling water immediately, and boil twenty minutes *without taking the lid off*.

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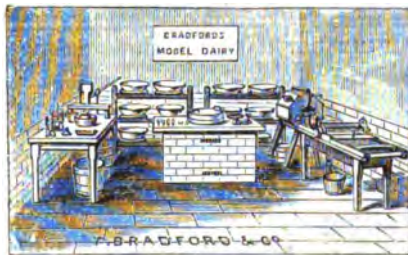
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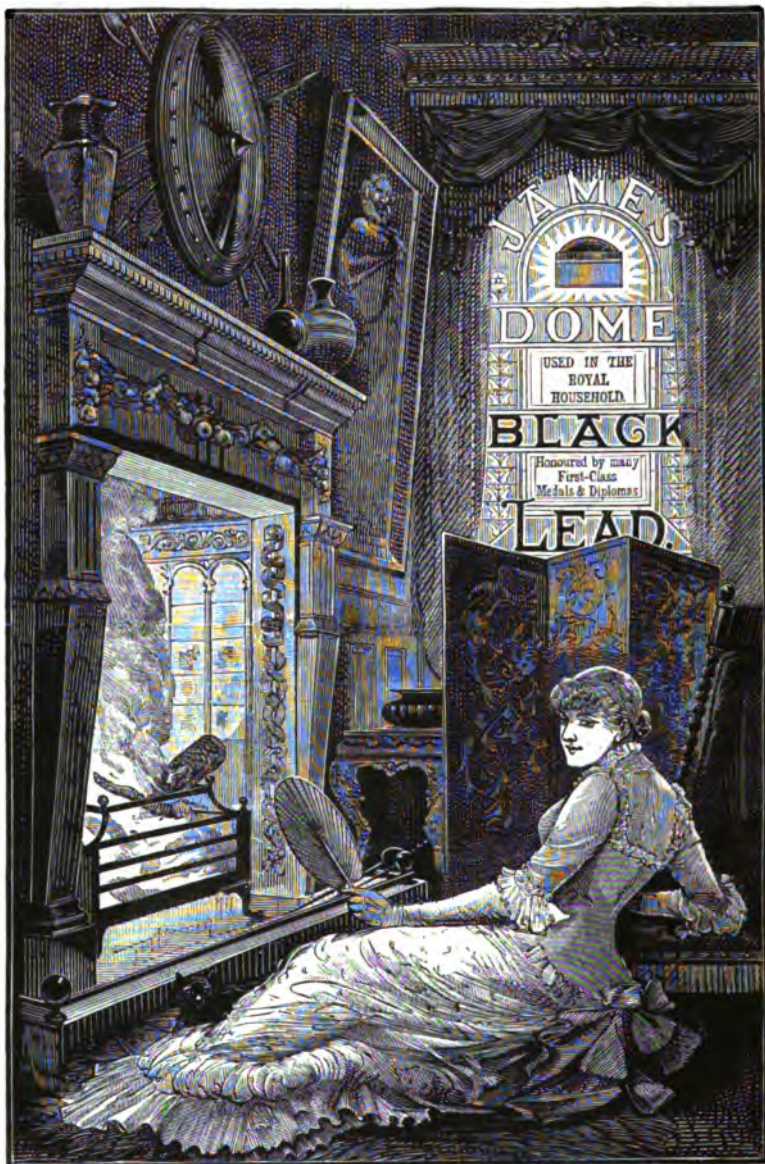
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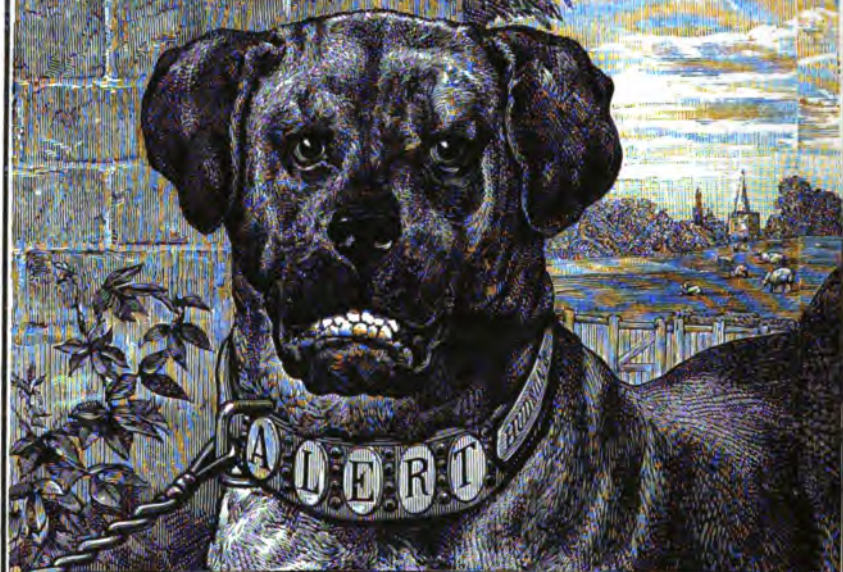
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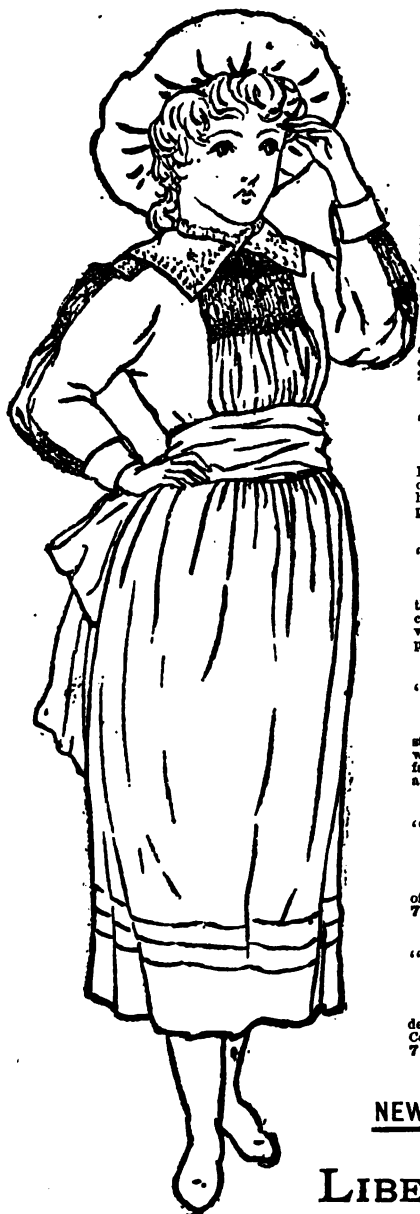
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